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THE LIFE OF
DON QUIXOTE
AND
SANCHO

according to

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

expounded with comment

by

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

TRANSLATED BY HOMER P. EARLE



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PART ONE

CHAPTER I

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE
FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

ABOUT the birth of Don Quixote, about his infancy and youth, we know nothing; nor do we know the process of fashioning the hardy manfulness of the Knight of Faith, who with his folly makes us sane. About his parents and lineage we are ignorant. Of how from time to time there drifted into his soul those visions of the quiet Manchegan plain where he used to hunt; of what went on within him while he gazed out over the wheat-fields, with here and there a poppy or a pink, we have no knowledge. We do not know what manner of young man he may have been.

Of his ancestry, birth, childhood, and youth every memory has faded away; neither oral tradition nor written record has saved them for us; if there ever was such a record, it has been lost or lies deep-hidden in the dust of ages. We are not informed whether or not he gave evidence of his bold, heroic spirit while still in tender infancy, like those born saints who while still sucklings refused the breast on Fridays and fast-days in order to mortify the flesh and set a good example.

He himself, concerning his lineage, declared to Sancho, while chatting with him after securing the helmet of Mambrino, that he did not descend from kings, yet he was *a gentleman of a*

*known house, of estate and property, and entitled to the five hundred sueldos mulct.*¹ And the sage who should write his history might, after all, clear up his pedigree so that he would find himself fifth or sixth in descent from a king. Indeed, in the long run, there is no one not descended from kings, and from dethroned kings. But he was of the breeds that are and were not. His lineage began in himself.

It is nevertheless strange that none of the diligent delvers, for all their persistent scrutiny of the life and deeds of our knight, have ever snuffed their way into at least the trail of that lineage, especially now that such weight is given, in compounding a man's destiny, to this matter of inheritance. It need not surprise us that Cervantes did not do so, for he believed that each of us is in reality the son of his own conduct, and that we keep forming our character by living and acting. But it does greatly astonish me that the matter is not pursued by those inquirers who, in order to explain the mettle of a hero, nose out the fact that his father was gouty, catarrhous, or cross-eyed; and I explain it only by supposing that they live in the belief, as widespread as it is detestable, that Don Quixote is only a fictitious and fantastic being — as if it were possible for human fancy to bring forth so stupendous a figure.

The hidalgo appears before us when already close upon fifty years old, in a village of La Mancha, living frugally on *an*

¹ The quotations from *Don Quixote*, printed in italics, have been worded after consulting Shelton, Motteux, Jervas, and Ormsby. In general, Ormsby has been followed, either verbatim or with substitutions from other versions; frequently the present translator has employed his own wording, either of the entire quotation or part of it. The sources of translations of passages from other works have been noted, except the versions of the present translator. — *Translator.*

olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, which made away with three fourths of his income, the rest being laid out in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches for holidays, with shoes to match, and on week-days . . . the very best of his own homespun. In a scanty fare went three-quarters of his income, and the other quarter in modest attire. He was, then, a poor gentleman, a gentleman perhaps of the humblest sort, yet of those with a lance on the rack.

A poor gentleman he was, but heir to an estate nevertheless; for, as his contemporary, Doctor Don Juan Huarte, said in the sixteenth chapter of his *Examen de Ingenios para las Ciencias*,¹ "the law of the Partida says that *hijodalgo* means *hijo de bienes*. This term is not to be understood to mean temporal wealth; for there are innumerable poor gentlemen, and innumerable rich men who are not gentlemen. But it means heir to that property which we call virtue, it has the meaning we have given it." And Alonso Quixano was the son of goodness.

In the poverty of our *hidalgo* lies the significance of the most of his life, for from the poverty of his people spring their vices and equally their virtues. The land that fed Don Quixote is a poor land, so wasted by the downpours of centuries that its granite bones crop out everywhere. Suffice it to see how its

¹ First published in 1575, the translated full title being: "Survey of Talents for the Sciences, showing the difference of aptitudes in man and the sort of profession adapted to each type. It is a work in which the attentive reader will find his own talent described and how to choose the science in which it will be most profitably employed; and if he is already engaged in a career he will learn whether it harmonizes with his natural faculties." — *Translator*.

rivers in winter run squeezed into cuts, gorges, and canyons, carrying to the sea in their muddy waters the rich coating that would have given the earth its verdure. This poverty of its soil made wanderers of its people, for they had either to go to distant parts in search of bread or to drive from pasture to pasture the sheep on which they lived. Thus year after year our gentleman saw the herders go by with their flocks, with no definite home, at the mercy of God. And perhaps, seeing them so, he sometimes dreamed of travel and of seeing new lands.

He was poor, *of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a keen sportsman.* From which we infer that he was of a choleric temperament in which predominated heat and dryness; and the reader of the already mentioned *Examen de Ingenios* by Doctor Don Juan Huarte, dedicated to H. M. King Philip II, will note how well what the gifted doctor says of hot, dry temperaments fits the case of Don Quixote. Of this same temperament was also that knight of Christ, Ignatius de Loyola, of whom we shall have here much to say; of him his biographer Father Pedro de Rivadeneira¹ tells us (Book V, chapter v) that he was of a very hot and irascible temperament, although he soon conquered his anger, "keeping the vigour and spirit which anger usually gives, qualities so necessary to doing the things that engaged him." And it is natural that Loyola should have been of the same temperament as Don Quixote, because he was to be the captain of a militia, and his art was to be the military art. Even in the smallest de-

¹ I call him Father to accommodate myself to the use, or abuse, common in such cases, although I know that Christ Jesus said: "Call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. xxiii. 9).

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tails appeared what was to be, since in describing his stature and physique in chapter xviii of Book IV his biographer tells us that his forehead was broad and smooth and that his baldness gave him a venerable look. This agrees with the fourth sign given by Doctor Huarte for recognizing one having military genius; namely, a bald head; for which "the reason is very clear," he says, "because this sort of imaginative faculty is found in the front of the head, like all the rest; and the excess of heat burns the scalp and closes the way through which the hairs must pass; besides, the materials of which they are made are, the doctors say, the excrements of the brain in the course of its nutrition; and, with the great fire which is there, these materials are all spent and consumed; and thus the components are lacking wherewith the hairs could have been engendered." Whence I deduce, although his very meticulous biographer does not say so, that Don Quixote also had a wide forehead, spacious and unwrinkled, and moreover bald.

Don Quixote was fond of hunting, in which sport one learns wiles and tricks of war; and so it was in the pursuit of rabbits and quail that he crossed and recrossed the boundary of his village, alone and care-free under the stainless sweep of the Manchegan sky.

He was poor and at leisure, his leisure filling most of the year; and there is nothing in the world more nourishing to genius than leisurely poverty. Poverty made him love life by withholding all surfeit and feeding him with hopes; while leisure must have led him to think of the unending, self-renewing nature of life. How often he must have dreamed, in his early morning hunts, of how his name would spread abroad over those open

plains, come to every fireside, and resound throughout the whole wide world and down the corridors of time! On dreams of ambition his leisure fed his poverty, and, tiring of the pleasures of life, he longed for unending immortality.

In those forty-odd years of his obscure life — which was bordering on fifty when our gentleman laid the foundations of his immortality — in those forty-odd years what had he done besides hunt and look after his property? In the long hours of his slow life with what reflections did he feed his soul? For he was a contemplative person, since only the contemplative give themselves to a work like his.

Note that he did not give himself to the world and to his work of redemption until he was nearly fifty: in life's well-seasoned maturity. Thus his folly did not flourish until his sanity and goodness had been thoroughly weathered. It was no fool of a boy throwing himself headlong into an ill-understood career, but a sensible, intelligent man becoming crazed by sheer maturity of spirit.

Leisure and an unfortunate love, of which I shall presently speak, led him to read books of chivalry *with so much zest and relish that he almost forgot the sports of the field and even the management of his domestic affairs* and he even sold many acres of arable land to buy books of chivalry; for man does not live by bread alone. He fed his heart on the deeds and prowess of those bold knights who, cut off from life that passes, aspired to glory that remains. Thirst for glory was the spring of his action.

And thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner that he came at last to lose

his wits. As to the drying up of his brain, Doctor Huarte, of whom I have spoken, tells us in chapter i of his work that the understanding demands "that the brain be dry and composed of subtle and very delicate parts"; and as for the cause of the loss of sense, he tells us of Democritus the Abderite, "who became so sturdy of understanding in his old age that he lost the imaginative quality, and thus began to say and do such queer things that all the city of Abdera took him for crazy"; but Hippocrates, when he went to see and cure him, found that he was "the wisest man in the world" and the ones who were out of their heads were those that induced him to go to cure him. And it was the good fortune of Democritus, adds Doctor Huarte, that all the topics he discussed with Hippocrates in that brief time "were in the field of the understanding and not in that of the imagination, where he had the lesion." So also in the life of Don Quixote one sees that on hearing him discourse from his understanding, all held him for the most intelligent of men and thoroughly sane; but on touching the things of the imagination, in which lay his lesion, all were astonished at his folly, at his really wonderful mania.

He came at last to lose his wits. For our good he lost them, to leave us an eternal example of spiritual generosity. Would he have been so heroic if sane? On the altar of his people he made the greatest of sacrifices, that of his reason. His fancy became crowded with beautiful absurdities and he believed to be truth what is only beauty. And he believed it with a lively faith, a faith that begat works, so that he decided to put into effect what his folly revealed to him. And simply by believing it he made it true. *In fine, having quite lost his wits, he hit upon one of the strangest*

notions that ever entered the head of any madman; which was that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant and wander through the world with his horse and arms in quest of adventures, practising whatever he had read to have been usual among knights-errant, redressing all kinds of grievances and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprises he might acquire eternal fame and renown. Acquiring eternal fame and renown was the kernel of the whole affair: the increase of his own honour first, the service of the state second. And what was that honour of his? What was that question of honour which then permeated all our Spain? What but to swell one's personality in space and prolong it in time? What is it other than to give oneself to tradition and live in it and thus not entirely die? This may seem egoistic, and it may appear nobler to seek service for the republic first of all, if not exclusively, because of that about "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," seeking it for love of goodness itself. But bodies must fall to earth, for such is their law; and souls must act according to a spiritual law of gravitation, a law of self-love and desire for fame. The physicists say that the law of falling bodies is a law of mutual attraction — the earth and a stone — proportional to mass. Likewise, between God and man: if He draws us to Himself with infinite tension, we, too, draw Him. His heaven is subjected to a force, "suffereth violence." And, above all, He is the eternal source of immortality.

| The poor and ingenious gentleman sought no passing profit nor bodily comfort, but eternal name and fame, thus plac-

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ing his name above himself. He submitted himself to his own idea, to the idea of Don Quixote eternal, to the memory of him that should remain. "He that loseth his life shall find it," said Jesus; that is to say, shall find his lost soul and not some other thing. Alonso Quixano lost his wits, to regain them, glorified, in Don Quixote.

Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so . . . he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution. He was not a purely contemplative person, but passed from dreaming to executing his dreams. *The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather,* for he was sallying forth to fight a world to him unknown, with arms inherited, which *had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner.* But first he scoured the armour

Which the rust of peace had wasted,
(*Camoëns, The Lusiad, iv. 22*)

and with pasteboard he added to the simple head-piece a visor, to give it the appearance of a complete helmet. And you remember how he tested it, but did not care to repeat the test, wherein he showed how shrewd was his madness. And *the next thing he did was to inspect his hack,* whom the eyes of his faith ennobled; and he gave him a name. Then he gave himself one, a new name, as required by his inner renovation, and called himself Don Quixote, wherewith he has acquired an eternity of fame. And he did well to change his name, for with the new one he truly came to be an hidalgo, if we heed the word of Doctor Huarte, who in the already cited work (chapter xvi) says: "The Spaniard who invented this name, *hijodalgo*, gave us to understand that men have two kinds

DON QUIXOTE

of birth; one is natural, and therein all men are equal, but the other is spiritual. When a man does something heroic, or a deed of great virtue and prowess, he is then born again, and acquires other and better parents and loses the self that he had before. Yesterday he was called Peter's son and Sancho's grandson; now he is called the son of his own deeds. Hence the Castilian saying that every man is the son of his own works; and because the Holy Scriptures call good and virtuous works something, and vices and sins nothing, man composed this name, son of something, *hijodalgo*, which now means descendant of one who did something of unusual merit." And so Don Quixote, descending from himself, was born in the spirit when he decided to sally forth in quest of adventures and gave himself a new name on account of the deeds he expected to do. |

And thereafter he looked out for a lady to be in love with; and, in the form of Aldonza Lorenzo, *a very good-looking farm-girl, with whom at one time he had been in love, though, so far as known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter*, he incarnated Glory and called her Dulcinea del Toboso.

CHAPTER 2

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY DON QUIXOTE MADE
FROM HOME

AND so, *without giving notice of his intention to anyone, in secret and unobserved, one morning before dawn . . . he donned his suit of armour, mounted Rocinante . . . and by the rear gate sallied forth upon the plain in the highest contentment and*

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satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning of his high emprise. Thus alone, unseen, by the back gate, like one about to do a thing forbidden, he went forth into the world. Singular example of humility! The fact is that by any exit one must go out into the world, and that when one prepares for achievement, there should be no thought of which way leads thereto.

But suddenly it struck him that he had not been dubbed a knight, and, submissive as always to tradition, *he made up his mind to have himself knighted by the first person he came across.* For he was not going into the world to abrogate any law, but to cause the fulfilment of the laws of chivalry and justice.

Does not this sally remind you of another knight, of the Company of Jesus, Ignatius de Loyola, who in his youth, after "surpassing all his fellows and getting the name of a brave man and acquiring military honours and glory"; who even at the beginnings of his conversion and while preparing to go to Italy was "greatly tormented by the temptation to vainglory"; and who before conversion had been "an eager reader of profane books of chivalry"; yet, after being wounded at Pamplona, when he had read the life of Christ and the lives of the saints, began "to experience a change of heart and a wish to imitate and do what he had read"? And so, one morning, heedless of the advice of his brothers, he "set out, accompanied by two servants," and began his life of adventures in Christ, immediately centring "all his care and effort in doing grand and very difficult things . . . solely because the saints whom he had taken for his pattern and example had taken the like course." Father Pedro de Rivadeneira tells us this in chapters i, iii, and x of

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Book I of his *Life of the Blessed Father Ignatius de Loyola*, which appeared in Spanish in 1583. It was one of the books in the library of Don Quixote, who had read it ere it was so undeservedly flung into the fire in the back yard after the examination held by the priest and the barber. They had not noticed it among the rest; for if he had, the priest would have done it due reverence and placed it on his head in token thereof. And that he did not notice it is well proved by the fact that Cervantes does not mention it.

Having resolved to be dubbed a knight by the first person he encountered, Don Quixote *comforted himself and pursued his way, taking that which his horse chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures*. And believing quite properly in so believing. His heroic spirit would exercise itself as well in one adventure as in another—in whatever it was the will of God to vouchsafe unto him. Like Christ Jesus, of whom Don Quixote was ever a faithful disciple, he was prepared for whatever the chance of the road might bring him. The divine Master, going to awaken the daughter of Jairus from her mortal sleep, stopped at the touch of the woman “which had an issue of blood.” The most urgent is the now and here; the passing moment and the narrow place we occupy are our eternity and infinity.

The knight let his horse carry him at random along the paths of life. What harm in this, if his heroic soul was ever the same and ever steadfast? He was going out into the world to right the wrongs he might encounter, but without plan, without any reformatory program. He went forth not to apply rules previously made, but to live as knights-errant had lived of old. Lives

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created and narrated by art were his models, not systems constructed and explained by any science. And it should be added that the thing we now call sociology (so as to call it something) was at that time not in existence.

Futhermore, we should see, in this drifting along as his horse chanced to turn, an attitude of profound humility and obedience to God's designs. He did not proudly choose his adventures, nor go to do this or that, but only what the hazard of the highway might offer; and as the instinct of animals depends more directly on the divine purpose than our free will does, so he let his horse guide him. Likewise Ignatius de Loyola, in a famous adventure of which we shall speak, allowed himself to be guided by his mount.

This obedience of Don Quixote to the will of God is one of the things we should most observe and admire in his life. His obedience was so blind and perfect that it never occurred to him to consider whether or not the imminent adventure was suitable to him; he let himself be led as, according to Loyola, the perfectly obedient should allow themselves to be led: like a staff in an old man's hand or "like a little crucifix that suffers itself to be moved this way and that without difficulty."

Thus setting out, our fire-new adventurer paced along, talking to himself and saying: "Who knows but that in time to come, when the veracious history of my famous deeds is made known . . . " and all the rest that, as Cervantes tells us, Don Quixote said to himself. His madness is always self-centred, seeking eternal renown and a writing of his history at a time to come. It was based in sin; that is, the root of his generous emprise,

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seeking renown in it, undertaking it for glory's sake, was profoundly human. Naturally! Heroic or saintly life has always followed in the wake of glory, temporal or eternal, earthly or celestial. Believe not those who tell you they seek to do good for its own sake, without hope of reward; if that were true, their souls would be like bodies without weight, purely apparitional. To preserve and multiply the human race there was given us the instinct and sentiment of love between man and woman; to enrich it with grand deeds there was given us the thirst for glory. The superhuman quality of perfection is merged in the infrahuman.

Among the follies which in his first sally our knight kept committing, one of the earliest was to remember the princess Dulcinea, Glory, who wounded him with dismissal and flouted him with rigorous insistence on the command not to show himself before her beauty. Glory is expugnable, but only by huge effort; and the good gentleman, with the novice's impatience, was greatly disheartened at having travelled almost that whole day *without anything remarkable happening to him*. Despair not, gentle sir; the heroic thing is to yield oneself to the grace of experiences bestowed, without trying to force them to come.

But late on this first day of his career of glory *he perceived not far out of his road an inn*, at which he arrived *at night-fall*. And the first persons he came upon in the world were *two young women, girls of the quarter, as they call them*. With two poor harlots was his first encounter in his heroic ministry. But to him they seemed *two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking their ease at the gate of the castle*, for such he understood the inn to be. Oh, redeeming power of madness! In the eyes of the hero

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the prostitutes seemed fair maids; his own chastity cloaks and chastens and refines them. In the eyes of Don Quixote the purity of Dulcinea envelops and cleanses them.

At this juncture a swineherd gave a blast of his horn to assemble his hogs, but Don Quixote took it for a signal of his own arrival given by some dwarf, and he approached the inn and the transfigured courtesans. These, in their fright — and what but fear could his unfortunate calling inspire in them? — turned to run into the house, when the knight, lifting up his paste-board visor and uncovering his withered, dusty face, accosted them *with courteous bearing and gentle voice*, calling them maidens. Maidens! Oh, the holy alms of that word! But they, hearing themselves called a thing *so much out of their line, could not restrain their laughter, and so immoderate was it that Don Quixote became angry.*

Behold the gentleman's first adventure, when laughter answers his candid innocence; when, lavishing on the world the purity that swelled his heart, he is repulsed by laughter, deadly to all generous, eager feeling. And observe that the poor wenches laugh at precisely the greatest honour that could be done them. And he, angered, reproves their boorishness, whereat they laugh the louder; and his wrath increases, whereupon out comes the innkeeper, *a man who on account of his fatness was decidedly peace-loving*, and offers him shelter. Before the humility of the innkeeper Don Quixote humbled himself and alighted. And the wenches, reconciled, set about unarming him. Two women of the streets, turned by Don Quixote into maidens — oh, the potency of his redemptive madness! — were the first to serve him with disinterested kindness.

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*Oh, never, surely, was there knight
So served by hand of dame.*

Call to mind Mary Magdalene washing and anointing the feet of the Lord and drying them with her hair, so often caressed in sin; that glorious Magdalene to whom Saint Teresa was so devoted, as she herself tells us in chapter ix of her *Life*, and of whom she besought intercession for her pardon.

The knight declared his wish to perform exploits in the service of those poor young women — who still await the Don Quixote who shall right their wrong. “*But the time will come,*” he told them, “*when your ladyships may command and I obey.*” And the lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, but rather to brutal indecencies, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would like something to eat. They were done with laughter; they felt themselves to be women, those bevirgined strumpets, and asked him if he was hungry. *Whether he would like something to eat* — In this sketch that Cervantes has bequeathed to us there is a deep mystery of the purest tenderness. The poor things understood the knight, gauging to the bottom his childlike soul, his heroic innocence, and they asked if he was hungry. The first to have a care for keeping the heroic madman alive were two poor compulsory sinners. The rehabilitated maidens, on seeing so strange a knight, must have been moved to their hearts’ core and the recesses of their maternity. Feeling themselves mothers, seeing the child in Don Quixote, like mothers they asked if he was hungry. Woman gives all her charity, benefits, and alms by virtue of the motherhood she feels. It was with motherly souls that these women of the town asked Don Quixote if he wanted anything to eat. See, then, how

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his madness changed them to virgins, since every woman when she is motherly is maidenly.

Whether he wanted anything to eat — *“I feel that it would come very seasonably,” said Don Quixote . . . “for the toil and weight of arms cannot be borne without care for the belly.”* He ate; and while he was eating, he heard the reed whistle of a sow-gelder, which quite confirmed him in the thought *that he was in some famous castle, that they served him with music, that the stockfish were trout, the coarse loaf the whitest wheat bread, the wenches ladies, and the host the castellan of the castle. And so, he concluded, his resolve had been well taken and his sally attended with success.* He told himself, and with reason, that nothing is impossible to the believer and nothing seasons and softens the hardest, coarsest bread so well as faith. *But still it distressed him to think he had not yet been dubbed a knight, for plainly he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had received the order of knighthood.* And this he decided to bring about.

CHAPTER 3

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE
TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT

ALONSO QUIXANO was about to receive his chivalric baptism as Don Quixote. So he knelt on both knees before the innkeeper and begged of him a boon, which was granted; namely, that he knight him, promising to watch his armour in the chapel of the castle. And his host, *in order to have something to make sport of, resolved to humour him;* wherein we see that he was one that takes

this world as a spectacle, quite natural in one so used to the traffic and bustle of many goers and comers. Why not take the world for a spectacle when one lives in it at a rest-house where nobody really rests? To be continually taking leave of people scarcely known or conversed with leads us to seek matter for a jest.

The innkeeper had seen a good deal of the world; he had sown adventures and reaped prudence, a prudence so ingrained that when in answer to his question Don Quixote said *he had not a farthing, never having read in the histories of knights-errant that they carried any money*, he replied that he was mistaken, for, supposing *it was not mentioned in the stories, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plainly indispensable as money and clean shirts*, it was not therefore to be inferred that they had none; and so he might be assured that all knights-errant carried their purses well lined for whatever might befall them. Whereupon Don Quixote promised to follow his advice, for he was a very reasonable lunatic; and at any allusion to money there is no lunacy that does not yield.

But, it will be objected, does the priest not live by means of the altar? And is it not well that the daring should live off their deeds? Money and clean shirts! Impurities of reality! Impurities of reality, yes; but such that heroes have to accommodate themselves to them. Ignatius de Loyola, too, tried to live divinely as a true knight-errant, and resumed his usual hardships when scarcely recovered from sickness, "but at last long experience and a frequent and serious disorder of the stomach," his biographer tells us in Book I, chapter ix, "together with the severe weather, weakened his resolution a little, so that he obeyed the counsel of his friends and devotees, who made him wear two short gar-

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ments of coarse greyish cloth to protect his body, and a cowl of the same to cover his head."

Don Quixote began to watch his arms in the courtyard of the inn, by moonlight, spied upon by the curious. A muleteer, coming in to water his mules, removed the arms, which lay on the cistern; he did it as naturally as we push away the debris at a spring when we would give drink to our stock. But he was paid off with a thwack of the lance that felled and stunned him. And the like befell another who later repeated the trespass. Then the other drovers began to shower stones on the knight and he to cry out, calling them *scoundrels* and *baseborn*, reproving them *with such vehemence and resolution* that he cowed them. Put your soul in your outcry, then; loud and valiantly call the drovers baseborn when they wrench from their place the arms of your ideal so as to water their mules, and you will succeed in terrorizing them.

The innkeeper, fearful of further trouble, cut short the ceremony, brought an account-book *which he used for entering the straw and barley he furnished the drovers, and with the stub of a candle carried by a boy, and accompanied by the two abovesaid damsels*, he commanded Don Quixote to kneel. Then, reading as if repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he gave him a blow on the neck and a whack on the shoulder. The straw-and-barley account-book served as the ritual; and when the Gospel is turned into a mere rite, it is the same thing. One of the damsels, La Tolosa, of Toledo, girded on his sword, wishing him success in battle; and he desired her to add to her name the Don and call herself Doña Tolosa; the other, La Molinera, of Antequera, buckled on his spur, and *he had a similar colloquy with her*. And soon he departed, without being asked to pay for his lodging.

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Now we have him knighted, by a rascal who, tiring of thieving a livelihood by the road-side, assures it by cleaning out his guests; and by two revirginated strumpets. Such were they who sponsored him into the world of immortality, in which canons and grave ecclesiastics were to reprove him. La Tolosa and La Molinera fed him, girded on his sword, and buckled his spur, showing themselves serviceable and humble towards him. Continually degraded in their fatal profession, consumed by their misery, and without even the stinking pride of degradation, they were by Don Quixote reinstated in purity and raised to the dignity of ladies. It was the first of the world's wrongs to be righted by our knight, and, like all the rest that he reformed, remains still unreformed. Poor women, who, in their simplicity and with no cynical ostentation, bend the neck to the necessity of vice and the brutality of men, resigning themselves to infamy to earn their bread! Poor guardians of other women's virtue, cesspools of a lechery that would befoul those others if not so disposed of! These were the first to be kind to the sublime madman; these were they who girded on him his sword and buckled his spur; from their hands he set out on the path of glory.

And does not that watch of arms remind you of the knight-errant of Christ, Ignatius de Loyola, and his watch of arms? On Christmas Eve, 1522, he, too, watched his arms at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat. Listen to Father Rivadeneira (Book I, chapter iv): "As he had read in books of chivalry that maiden knights used to watch their arms, he, as a maiden knight of Christ, in order spiritually to imitate that knightly rite and to watch his own apparently poor and fragile, but really strong and gorgeous, arms, which he had put on against man's natural enemy,

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all that night, partly standing and partly kneeling, remained watching before the image of Our Lady, offering himself to her with all his heart, bitterly weeping for his sins and promising to mend his ways thenceforth."

CHAPTER 4

OF WHAT BEFELL OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE LEFT THE INN

DON QUIXOTE rode away from the inn and, recalling the advice of the intelligent innkeeper, determined to go home and get the indispensable, and also to find a squire. This was no chance-driven fool, but a lunatic who learned the lessons of reality.

And while on the way home *to provide himself with everything*, he heard voices issuing from a thicket hard by in a wood, which he entered; and there he found a peasant whipping a boy who was *naked from the waist upwards*, accompanying every blow with scoldings. At sight of this flogging the knight's sense of justice was aroused; he rebuked the peasant for his cowardly attack on one who could offer no defence, and invited him to fight with himself. "*He is a servant of mine*," respectfully answered the chastiser, and told how the boy lost sheep in his charge, yet claimed the punishment was a mere excuse for not paying his wages; which was a lie. "*Lies? Lies before me, base clown?*" cried Don Quixote. "*By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance! Pay him at once, without another word. If not, by the God that rules us, I will make an end of thee and annihilate thee on the spot! Untie him instantly!*"

Lies? Lies in the presence of Don Quixote? In that

presence the only liar is he who accuses another of lying, provided the accuser is the stronger. In the base and dismal world the weak have generally no defence but lies wherewith to withstand the strength of the strong; and these, the lions, have declared their own arms, their powerful jaws and claws, to be noble, whereas vile is the venom of the serpent, the fleet feet of the hare, the fox's cunning, the ink of the cuttle-fish; and most vile of all, they declare, is the lie, which is the only weapon of him who has no other. But to lie in the presence of Don Quixote, or, rather, to lie in the sole presence of one that knows the truth? The liar here is the strong man who, having the weak man tied and whipped, reproaches him with lying. Lies? And why does Juan Haldudo the Rich, when caught in the act, aggravate the wrong by playing the part of an accuser, of a devil? Any master who takes the law into his own hands has to play the devil and invent imputations. The strong always seek reasons for justifying their violence, whereas the violence really suffices, for it is its own explanation. All further rationalizing is superfluous. When purposely done, it is better to have one's toes trodden on without comment than accompanied by a "pardon me."

The rich peasant bowed his head. And what else could he do in the presence of the truth, which, armed with a lance, addressed him menacingly? He bowed his head without replying, untied the servant, and offered, under penalty of death, to pay him sixty-three reals when he went home, for he had no money with him. The boy objected to going, for fear his master would whip him again. But Don Quixote replied: "*He will not do so; it is enough to keep him in awe that I lay my commands upon him; and on condition that he swear it before me by the order of knight-*

hood which he has received, I will let him go free and will be bound for the payment." The boy protested, declaring his master was no knight, but only Juan Haldudo the Rich, of Quintanar; Don Quixote replied that there might be knights of the Haldudo family; moreover, *every man is the son of his own works*. Don Quixote took him for a knight because he saw *he had a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied*; and who but knights use lances? And how is one to recognize a knight except by his lance?

Observe that sentence, *He will not do so; it is enough to keep him in awe that I lay my commands upon him*; a sentence proving the profound faith of the knight in himself, an exalting faith. For, not yet having deeds to his credit, he believed himself the son of those he expected to do, whereby he was to win eternal fame and renown. At first sight, it is not very Christian to hold a son of God to be the son of his own works. But Don Quixote's Christianity was deeper within him, much deeper, beneath grace, faith, and the merit of good works, lying at the common root of nature and grace.

Juan Haldudo the Rich having, then, promised to pay his servant every penny down, one upon another, and perfumed into the bargain — a perfuming that amused Don Quixote — he was commanded to do what he had sworn, for Don Quixote took oath, if he did otherwise, to return, seek him out, and chastise him; for he would find him out though he should lie closer than a lizard. Promised thus by Juan Haldudo, Don Quixote departed. But when he was past the wood and out of sight, the rich Haldudo turned to his boy, tied him to the oak again, and made him pay dear for Don Quixote's justice. Then *away he went weeping while*

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his master stood laughing. And Cervantes mischievously adds: *Thus did the valiant Don Quixote right that wrong.* With Cervantes, all speak mischievously who comment on the counter-balances of the ideal. But now, who now laughs and who weeps now? The knight went his way, full of faith, pondering his deed and how he had wrested the scourge from the hand of *yonder ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing that tender child.* To that tender child the second whipping, with which his master left him for dead, was doubtless a richer prize than the first, and doubtless well merited in human justice. That second furious cow-hiding was worth more to him and taught him more than the sixty-three perfumed pennies could teach or be worth. Besides, all the adventures of Don Quixote flower in time and on earth, but are rooted in eternity; and in eternity and unplumbed space the grievance of Juan Haldudo's servant was assuaged perfectly and for ever.

Don Quixote went on, Rocinante choosing the way, since all roads lead to eternal glory while within the breast some high emprise is forming. Likewise Ignatius de Loyola, on the way to Montserrat, after leaving the Moor with whom he had disputed, let his horse select the road and his future fortune. Don Quixote went on, and presently met the party of Toledo traders on their way to buy silks in Murcia. Herein he saw a new adventure, and, planting himself before them, sought to make them — traders! — confess that *in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.*

Those petty souls that measure the greatness of human achievement by the profit of the flesh or the comfort of external

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life praise Don Quixote's purpose when he tried to succour the needy or squeeze a payment out of Haldudo the Rich; but they see only madness in his trying to force out of these silk buyers, who had never seen the lady, a confession of the peerless beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso. Yet this is one of the most quixotic adventures of Don Quixote; that is, one that most lifts up the hearts of those that are redeemed by his madness. Here Don Quixote prepares to fight, not for the needy, but for the spiritual kingdom of faith; not to right a wrong, but to make faith prevail — to make those men, whose mercenary hearts knew only the material kingdom of wealth, acknowledge that there is a spiritual realm, and thus redeem them in spite of themselves.

The hardened, wary traders did not readily surrender; accustomed to bargain and haggle, they bargained and haggled over the confession of faith, excusing themselves as unacquainted with Dulcinea. And here the quixotism of Don Quixote mounts high as he exclaims: "*Were I to show her to you, what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The point is that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it.*" Wonderful Knight of Faith! How profound his sense of that faith! He was truly of his nation, which also went with the sword in the right hand, and in the left the Christ, to compel distant peoples to confess a creed they knew not of. Only they sometimes changed hands, and raised aloft the sword while they struck with the crucifix. *Arrogant and monstrous rabble* Don Quixote rightly called the Toledo merchants; for what greater arrogance is there than to refuse to confess, affirm, swear, and maintain the beauty of Dulcinea, without having seen her? But they, dull in the faith, insisted; like those contumacious Jews who begged the

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Lord for a sign, they begged the knight to show them some portrait of the lady, *though no bigger than a grain of wheat*; and, adding wantonness to stubbornness, they blasphemed.

They blasphemed in supposing the peerless Dulcinea — star to our feet along the paths of this lowly life, solace in adversity, spring of doughty deeds, maiden genetrix of high emprise, through whom life is bearable and death is livable — in supposing the peerless Dulcinea to *squint with one eye and distil vermilion and sulphur from the other*.

“*She distils nothing of the kind, vile rabble,*” cried Don Quixote, flaming with fury, “*nothing of the kind, I say; but rather ambergris and civet in cotton; nor is she cross-eyed or hump-backed, but straighter than a Guadarrama spindle!*”

Let us all repeat it: She distils nothing of the kind, infamous haggles! She distils only ambergris and civet in cotton! Ambergris flows from the eyes of Glory, baseborn traders, for with them she regards us!

And to make them pay, and pay dearly, for such horrid blasphemy, Don Quixote dashed at the blasphemers *with such furious rage that if luck had not made Rocinante stumble and fall in mid-career, it would have gone hard with the rash trader*.

On the ground lies Don Quixote, feeling in his ribs the hardness of mother earth. It is his first fall. Let us stop and consider it. *Down went Rocinante, and over went his master, rolling a good piece along the ground; and when he tried to rise, he could not, so encumbered was he with lance, buckler, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his old armour*. Thou hast fallen hard, my lord Don Quixote, because thou didst confide in thine own strength and the

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strength of that plough-horse to whose instinct thy road was entrusted. Thy presumption, believing thyself the son of thine own works, has betrayed thee. Thou hast fallen, my poor gentleman, and on the ground thine arms are rather a hindrance than a help. But care not! Thy triumph was ever a triumph of daring, not of succeeding. What the traders call victory was not worthy of thee. Thy greatness lay in never acknowledging defeat. To know how to fail and use the failure is a wisdom of the heart. The head knoweth it not. It is the Toledo merchants who are routed, and the glory is thine this day, noble chevalier!

And though flat on the ground and struggling to rise, thou didst go on cursing them, calling them *cowards and caitiffs*, assuring them that by thy horse's fault and not thine own thou didst lie stretched there. The like befalls us, thy believers; not by our fault, but that of the hacks that carry us over life's road, are we flat on our backs and powerless to rise; for we, too, are entangled in the antique armour we wear. Who will loose us therefrom?

One of the muleteers, *who could not have had much good nature in him*, says Cervantes, approached, and, *hearing the poor prostrate man bluster so vehemently, could not refrain from giving him an answer on the ribs*, and belaboured him *till he had vented the last of his wrath*, without heeding his masters' orders to let him alone. Now, now that thou art thus laid out and cannot rise, my lord Don Quixote, now comes the muleteer, worse intentioned than the merchants he serves, and savagely beats thee. But thou, peerless knight, fearfully bruised, thinkest thyself fortunate, for this seems to thee *a regular knight-errant's mishap*; and, so thinking, thou retrievest thy defeat and transmutest it to victory. Ah,

if we thy followers held ourselves happy in having been cudgelled, a mishap proper to knights-errant! Better a dead lion than a live dog.

This adventure with the traders reminds me of that of the knight Ignatius de Loyola recounted by Father Rivadeneira in chapter iii of Book I of his *Life*. While on the way to Montserrat, Ignatius "chanced to fall in with one of the Moors still remaining in Spain in the kingdoms of Valencia and Aragon" and they "rode along together and conversed; and, what with one thing and another, they got to discussing the virginity and purity of the most glorious Virgin, Our Lady," with the result that Ignatius on parting from the Moor was "very doubtful and perplexed as to what he ought to do: whether or not the faith he professed and Christian piety obliged him to hasten to overtake the Moor and stab him for his effrontery and insolence in so shamelessly insulting the ever blessed stainless Virgin." And on reaching a cross-road he left the decision to his horse's choice, whether he should come up with the Moor and stab him to death, or leave him alone. And God willed that his horse be enlightened, which, "leaving the wide and smooth road whereby the Moor had gone, turned into the one that was best for Ignatius." Observe that the existence of the Company of Jesus is due to an inspired horse.

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CHAPTER 5

IN WHICH THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISHAP IS
CONTINUED

WHILE lying there, powerless to rise, Don Quixote had recourse to a passage in one of his books, just as we in our helplessness take refuge in passages in ours; and he began to roll on the ground and recite couplets. In which we should see something like pleasure in his overthrow, a conversion of it into the substance of chivalry. Is not the same thing happening to us in Spain? Do we not take a sort of delight in our defeat and feel a certain pleasure like that of convalescents in their own sickness?

Pedro Alonso, a labourer and a neighbour of the knight, chanced to come along the road. He raised him up, recognized him, inspected his wounds, and took him home. They failed to understand each other in their conversation on the way, a conversation which Cervantes doubtless heard of from Pedro Alonso himself, a simple man of scanty wit. And it was in this conversation that Don Quixote uttered that sentence so pregnant with meaning: "*I know who I am!*"

Yes, he knows who he is, and the respectful Pedro Alonsos do not and cannot know it. "*I know who I am!*" exclaims the hero, because his heroism makes him know himself. The hero can say: "*I know who I am,*" and therein lie both his power and his misfortune. His power, because, as he knows who he is, he has no reason to fear anyone but God, who made him be what he is; and his misfortune, because he alone knows, here on earth, who he is; and, as the world knows it not, all he does or says will appear

to them as if done or said by one that does not know himself, by an insane person.

It is as grand as it is terrible to have a mission known only to him that has it, which he can make no one believe in; to have heard in his innermost being the still voice of God saying: "This thou must do," yet without saying to mankind: "This my son whom ye here behold must do this thing." A terrible thing it is to have heard: "Do this thing, which thy brethren will deem a breach of the general law whereby I rule you all; do it, because I who command thee am the supreme law." The hero alone hears and knows; and, as obedience to and faith in the commandment are what make him the hero he is, he may very well declare: "I know who I am; God and I alone know; the world does not know." "Between me and my God," he might add, "there is no mediating law; we understand each other directly and personally; and that is why I know who I am. Do you not remember the hero of faith, Abraham, on Mount Moriah?"

A grand and terrible thing it is that the hero alone sees his heroism within him, deep in his vitals, while all others see the outside of it only. It makes the hero live alone in the midst of men; but that solitude serves him as companionship and solace. And were you to say that anyone, by alleging such an intimate relation, and with the pretext of feeling himself a hero raised up by God, could thereby exalt himself at will, I should tell you that to say it and declare it will not suffice, for he must believe it as well. It is not enough to exclaim: "I know who I am!" One must know it. The fraud of one who says, but does not know, and perhaps does not even believe, is soon discovered. If he says and believes it, he

will resignedly endure the enmity of his fellows who judge him by the general law and not by God.

I know who I am! On hearing this arrogant affirmation some will be sure to exclaim: "Out upon the gentleman's presumption! For ages we have been saying that man's greatest effort should be to know himself, and that from self-knowledge springs all health; yet here comes this very presumptuous person and flatly says: '*I know who I am!*' That alone measures the depth of his madness."

Well then, you that so speak are mistaken. It was Don Quixote's will that worded the statement. In saying: "I know who I am" Don Quixote said only: "I know what I will to be!" That is the hinge of all human life: to know what one wills to be. Little ought you to care who you are; the urgent thing is what you will to be. The being that you are is but an unstable, perishable being, which eats of the earth and which the earth some day will eat; what you will to be is the idea of you in God, the Consciousness of the universe; it is the divine idea of which you are the manifestation in time and space. And your longing impulse toward the one you will to be is only homesickness drawing you toward your divine home. Man is complete and upstanding only when he would be more than man. And if you who reproach Don Quixote's arrogance would not be more than you are, you are lost, irredeemably lost. You are lost if you awake not Adam within you and his happy guilt, the guilt that has won us our redemption. For Adam had the will to be a god, knowing good from evil, and to attain it he ate of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge; and his eyes were opened and he saw himself subjected to labour and progress. From that moment he began to be more than man, taking

heart from his frailty, turning his fall into glory, and with his sin laying the foundation of his redemption. Even the angels envied him; for the Jesuit Father Gaspar de la Figuera tells us in his *Spiritual Summary* — and when he assures us of it he doubtless has excellent authority — that Lucifer and his companions rejoiced in themselves, and “when the commandment came from God that all his angels should adore the Christ, it being revealed to them that God was to become man and be a child and die, they held it to be a great abatement of their spiritual nature, and deemed themselves affronted, so that they had rather deprive themselves of the grace of God and of the glory it could give them than to suffer such debasement.” Thus we understand that the fallen angel cannot be saved — if it be that he cannot — and that fallen man can be saved; for the former fell because satisfied with himself, because he was proud; and man fell on account of his longing to be more than he was, because he was ambitious. Through pride fell the angel and fallen remains; man fell through ambition and now raises himself higher than ever he has been.

Only the hero can say: “I know who I am!” because for him to be is to will to be; the hero knows who he is, who he would be, and only he and God know that, while others scarcely know even who they are, since they really have no will to be anything; and much less do they know who the hero is. The pious Pedro Alonsos do not know it, though they lift him from the ground. They content themselves with picking him up and taking him home, without seeing in Don Quixote more than their neighbour Alonso Quixano, and waiting till nightfall so that while bringing him into town none may see *the belaboured gentleman riding in such miserable plight*.

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Meanwhile the priest and the barber were with Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, discussing his absence and talking much greater nonsense than the knight talked. He arrived, and, without paying much attention to them, he ate and went to bed.

CHAPTER 6

HERE Cervantes inserts that chapter vi in which he tells us about *the diverting and important scrutiny which the priest and the barber made in the library of our ingenious gentleman*, all of which is literary criticism and should concern us very little. It treats of books and not of life. Let us pass it by.

CHAPTER 7

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

EVEN in his dreams Don Quixote was true to form, and his eagerness for valiant ventures presently roused him; but he fell asleep again. And when he next awoke, it was to find that the enchanter Freston had made off with his books, incautiously presuming he had carried with them the ardent courage they inspired. Freston was supported by the niece, who begged her uncle to leave off squabbling and *looking for rainbow gold*; for she did not realize it is that same super-gold which makes the man the superman. It was just so that Martin García de Loyola sought to dissuade his younger brother Ignatius from seeking adventures in Christ, from throwing himself into causes "which not only rob us of what we expected of you," he said, according to Father

Rivadeneira (Book I, chapter iii), "but also soil our lineage with everlasting infamy and dishonour." Ignatius briefly answered that he would look after himself and remember his worthy origin; and then he set forth as knight-errant.

For a fortnight our gentleman stayed at home, and at this time *he worked upon a neighbouring farm-hand, honest, but with very little wit in his pate* — a gratuitous assumption of Cervantes, which he recanted ere long by relating his shrewdness and bright repartee. There is in fact no honesty, no genuine honesty, where there is no wit in the pate, since no fool is really good. Don Quixote worked on Sancho and persuaded him to be his squire.

Now we have Sancho the Good in the field, leaving wife and children, as Christ required of those that would follow Him. Sancho *engaged himself as esquire to his neighbour*. Don Quixote is now complete. He needed Sancho. He needed him to talk to; that is, to think aloud, frankly and unmuffled; he needed to hear himself and hear the lively recoil of his voice in the world. Sancho was his chorus, was for him all mankind.

And in the person of Sancho he loves all mankind. "Love thy neighbour as thyself," we were told, and not "love humanity," for this is an abstraction which each of us makes concrete in himself. To preach love of humanity is therefore to preach self-love, of which, by original sin, Don Quixote was full, his whole career being but a refinement thereof. He learned to love all his kind by loving them in Sancho; for it is not through the community, but in the person of a neighbour that one learns to love all others. Love that does not fit to an individual is not really love. And who that truly loves another can hate anyone? If one hates, does not this envenom one's loves? Or, rather, one's love,

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not loves, for it is single though directed to many ends. As to Sancho, let us begin to admire his faith, that faith which carries him to the immortality of fame by the path of belief in things not seen, things of which he had not even dreamed. Through all eternity he can say: "I am Sancho Panza, the esquire of Don Quixote." And this is and will be his glory for all time.

Greed, some may say, was what tolled Sancho away from home, just as Don Quixote was led by thirst for glory; and some may add that we have here separately, in master and in man, the two springs of action which, joined in one, have called the Spanish into action. But the marvel of it is that though in Don Quixote there was no trace of greed, Sancho's greed was not without a background of ambition, which gradually encroached on his greed until his thirst for gold was at last transformed into thirst for glory. Such is the wonderful power of single-minded craving for fame and renown.

And where will you find a man devoid of greed, and what is he who knows not ambition? Ignatius de Loyola so feared them both that when Ferdinand of Austria, King of Hungary, with the Pope's approval, named Father Claudio Jayo to be Bishop of Trieste, Ignatius appealed to the Pope to reconsider, for he wished not to see his spiritual sons, "dazzled and blinded by the false and misleading splendour of mitres and dignities, enter the Company not to escape the vanities of the world, but rather to find there that very world" (Rivadeneira, Book III, chapter xv). And did he succeed? May not this fleeing from dignities and prelacies involve a pride more refined and subtle than the pride of accepting them, and perhaps even of seeking them? For "what greater illusion is there than, by means of humility, to strive after honour and

esteem? And what more swollen pride than to seek to be held for humble? ” So asks one of Loyola’s spiritual sons, Father Alonso Rodríguez, in chapter xiii of the third treatise in his *Exercise of Perfection and the Christian Virtues*. And would not the pride spread from individuals to the Company itself, making it a collective pride? What but a refinement of pride is the assertion of the sons of Loyola that all that die within the Company are saved and that not all are saved who are not members of it?

It is pride, subtle pride, to abstain from action in order to avoid criticism. The grandest act of humility would be that of a God creating a world that would not add an atom to his glory, and then a breed of men to criticize it; and if he should leave some loose ends for their criticism to seize upon, so much greater the humility. And as Don Quixote plunged into action and exposed his deeds to mockery, he was one of the purest patterns of true humbleness, whatever appearances feign otherwise. And by that humbleness he drew Sancho after him, converting his greed into ambition, his thirst for gold into thirst for glory — the only efficacious cure for greed and lust for gold.

In pursuance of the advice of the fat innkeeper, Don Quixote scraped together a little money, *selling one thing, pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case*. Our knight was a reasonable lunatic; he was not a fictitious creature, as the worldlings believe, but a man who has eaten and drunk, slept and died.

Sancho made ready his ass and saddle-bags, and Don Quixote provided himself with some shirts and other necessities; then, *without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece*, thus robustly breaking the bonds of the sinful flesh, *they sallied forth from the village*

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one night, unseen by anybody. This is the second unobserved sally of the knight into the world, sheltered by the darkness. But now he goes not alone; he takes Humanity with him. They are chatting together as they go along, Panza reminding his master of the island. The malicious would see in this another instance of his covetousness and find in it Sancho's reason for serving his master, not noting that it reveals a greater quixotism for a sane man to follow an insane one than for the madman to follow his own madness. Faith is catching, and that of Don Quixote was so ardent and vigorous that it overflows upon those that love him, and they are filled with it, while he loses none, but has even more thereby. Such is the virtue of a lively faith. It grows by pouring itself out; it increases by being distributed. For, if it is genuine and active, it is love!

Marvels of faith! Scarcely has he set forth with his master when Sancho begins to dream of being a king, and Juana Gutierrez, his "old woman," a queen, and their children princes. All for the family! Yet, on account of his wife — woman is ever the cause of stumbling — he hesitates: there is no kingdom that would suit her. "*Leave it to God, Sancho, for He will give her what suits her best,*" answers the devout Don Quixote; and Sancho, also touched by devotion, said that his master would be able to give him all that would be suitable for him and that he could bear. Oh, good, simple, devoted Sancho! Thou askest now not for island, kingdom, or county, but only for what thy master's love will be wise enough to give thee. This is the wholesomest of requests. Thou didst learn it in "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*" Let us all pray to take in good part what in bad part may be given us and we shall have asked for all there is to be asked for.

CHAPTER 8

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE
HAD IN THE DREADFUL, UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF
THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES
WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED

IN such talk they were engaged when they *came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain*, and Don Quixote took them for monstrous giants; and without heeding Sancho he commended himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea and charged at them, and again was hurled to the ground.

The knight was right: fear, and fear alone, made Sancho and makes all of us poor mortals see windmills in the monstrous giants that sow evil through the world. Those mills ground flour for bread, and men confirmed in blindness ate of that bread. To-day they do not seem to be windmills, but locomotives, dynamos, turbines, steamships, automobiles, telegraphy with and without wires, bombs, instruments of ovariotomy; but they conspire to the same damage. Fear, sanchopanchesque fear, alone inspires the cult and worship of steam and electricity, makes us fall on our knees and cry mercy before the monstrous giants of mechanics and chemistry. And at last, at the base of some colossal factory of an elixir of long life, the human race, exhausted by weariness and surfeit, will give up the ghost. But the battered Don Quixote will live, because he sought health within himself, and dared to charge at windmills.

Sancho came up and reminded him of his protest that *those were only windmills, which anyone would know unless he*

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had something of the same kind in his head. Quite so, Sancho; quite so: only he that carries gristmills, only he that has mills in his head, of the kind that grind the raw wheat that enters through the senses and make of it the flour of our spiritual bread, can attack the other kind, the seeming ones, the monstrous giants disguised as mills. In the head, friend Sancho, in the head is where one should carry the mechanics, dynamics, and chemistry, the steam and electricity; and then — attack the artifacts and contraptions in which they are enclosed! Only he who carries in his head the eternal essence of chemistry, who can divine in the law of his own affections the universal law of attraction, who feels that the rhythm of the universe is the rhythm of his own heart — only such a one is without fear of the art of forming or transforming drugs or of setting up machinery.

The worst was that Don Quixote broke his lance in this attack. That is what giants can do to us — break our weapons. But not our hearts. As for the lances, oaks abound wherewith to make more.

And they went on their way, Don Quixote not complaining, for that is unseemly in knights-errant. When Sancho offered food, he did not want it; so Sancho ate as they rode, and took a frequent pull at the winebag, which made him forget the promises his master had made him and caused him to find this going about in search of adventures a pleasant recreation. Sinister power of the belly, which darkens the memory, obscures faith, and fixes us in the passing moment! While one eats and drinks, one is made up of meat and drink. Night came on and Don Quixote passed it in thoughts of his lady Dulcinea, while Sancho slept the dreamless sleep of the just. It was the next morning that Don Quixote

instructed Sancho not to put hand to sword to defend him, except from the rabble and base folk. It rather hinders than helps a strong man to be defended by his followers.

This dialogue was interrupted by the adventure of the Biscayans, where Don Quixote rode forth to rescue the enchanted princess whom two Benedictine monks were abducting. They sought to pacify Don Quixote, but he showed the treacherous rabble that he knew them and that soft words would not avail. So saying, he put them to flight. Sancho ran up to strip off the gown of the one on the ground, doubtless in view of the proverb that the gown does not make the monk.

Ah Sancho, Sancho, how earthy thou art! What, dis-frock friars! What gainest thou by that? It was thus thou camest to be kicked senseless by the muleteers.

Observe how promptly Sancho makes for the booty the moment an adventure begins, revealing how true to his breed he was. Few things so elevate Don Quixote as his contempt for worldly riches. He embodied the best of his caste and his people. He went not out like the Cid to battle, "foretasting booty" and with intent to "cast out care and gain riches" (*Poema del Cid*, v. 1189); nor would he ever have said what is attributed to Francisco Pizarro on the island of Gallo when, tracing on the ground with his sword an east-and-west line, and pointing to the south as his course, he exclaimed: "This is the way to Peru and riches; that is the way to Panama and poverty; let every good Castilian choose the course best for him." Of another temper was Don Quixote. He never sought gold. And even Sancho, who began by seeking it, we shall see little by little acquiring a craving and love for glory, and faith in glory, a faith to which Don Quixote was

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leading him. And it must be admitted that even our conquerors of America always united a thirst for glory with their thirst for gold, although it is not in each case possible to distinguish the one from the other. Upon a peak in Darien, on that glorious September 25, 1513, when, on his knees and weeping for joy, Vasco Núñez de Balboa discovered the new sea, it was with the same breath, they say, that he spoke to his companions of both riches and glory.

The sad part is that glory was usually a pander to avarice. Greed, ignoble greed, was our undoing. Our people can say, in the words of that grand poem *Patria* by Guerra Junqueiro, what the Portuguese people there say:

New worlds I saw, new wide and fertile regions,
But no new thing to learn there or adore.
Ferocious lust alone did guide my legions;
'Twas pride that swung the weapon that I bore.
Smeared with my brothers' blood, my hand and sabre
Milleniums of my tears will wash in vain;
Contrition cannot heal the wound I left there;
For ever must I bear the mark of Cain.
O Cross of Christ! there wast thou devastation.
My hero's sword a cross of death became.
O Cross on which God died for our salvation,
With thee I slew, and justified my shame!
I raised up empires on the ocean shore,
But God beheld — and now they are no more.

After Sancho's adventure the generous knight drew near the princess to give her the good news of her liberation, for the abducting friars had flown. But oh, the blindness of noble hearts! he did not pause to consider that perhaps the lady harboured a weakness for friars. He requested that in return for being rescued she go to Toboso and present herself before

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Dulcinea. But he had not counted on the Biscayan, who addressed him *in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan*; he certainly did, for it is doubtful that Don Sancho de Azpeitia spoke precisely as Cervantes makes him speak. Don Sancho de Azpeitia's words are often cited with intent to make sport, though sometimes respectful and affectionate sport, of our Biscayan manner of speech. It is true that we have been slow in learning the language of Don Quixote and we shall be a long time yet in learning to use it easily; but now that we are beginning to employ it for the expression of our spirit, which heretofore has been nearly dumb, you will hear — Tirso de Molina could say:

Biscayan is the blade I leave thee:
Short in words, but long in deeds.

But it will be worth while to hear us when we lengthen our words to the measure of our long deeds.

Don Quixote, so quick to call anyone he met a knight, denied that quality to the Biscayan, forgetting that of the Basque people — and I am of them — Tirso de Molina sang:

Their nobility came from a grandson of Noah,
They rest on no letters patent their claim,
Nor mix with their blood or their costume or language
Any villain mosaic to outrage their fame.

Did Don Quixote not know the words of Don Diego López de Haro, as Tirso de Molina makes him speak in the first scene of Act II of *Prudence in Woman*? He begins by saying:

Four barbarians have I for my vassals
Whom all the power of Rome could ne'er subdue;
Without arms, without walls, without horses,
Their naked valour guards their freedom still.

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And did he not know what Camoëns had already said in the eleventh strophe of the fourth canto of his *Lusiad*? —

The Biscainers, who lack polished phrases,
And ill endure an alien's abuse.

At least, since *La Araucana* by Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, a Biscayan gentleman, was one of the books found in his library and respected by the examiners, he must have read canto xxvii, where it speaks of

the asperity

Of ancient Biscay, where, certainly,
Nobility arose, and whence it spreads
To wherever it is found.

“*I no gentleman?*” justly retorted the offended Biscainer; and thereupon two Quixotes confronted each other. Hence the prolixity of Cervantes in narrating this encounter.

Challenged by the Biscayan, the Manchegan threw down his lance, drew his sword, embraced his buckler, and fell furiously upon him.

CHAPTER 9

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED AND FINISHED THE STUPEN-
DOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BIS-
CAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN

AND then began the single combat or, as Cervantes calls it in the heading of the chapter, giving it all the importance it merits, *the stupendous battle between the gallant Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan*.

Now it is file cut file, madman against madman. They seem to threaten heaven, earth, and hell. Oh, what a spectacle,

the like of which is not to be seen for centuries together! Oh, that clash of the two Quixotes, the Manchegan and the Biscayan, he of the dun prairie and he of the green mountains! It must be reread as Cervantes relates it.

I no gentleman? I no gentleman! A Biscayan hear that, and from the mouth of Don Quixote? No, that cannot be endured!

Allow me, Don Quixote, to speak of my blood, my caste, my race; for to it I owe whatever I am and am worth, and to it also I owe the ability to feel thy life, thine achievement.

O land of my cradle, my parents, my grandsires and forefathers all; land of my childhood and youth, land where I found the companion of my life, land of my loves — thou art the heart of my soul! Thy sea and thy mountains, my Viscaya, made me what I am; of the earth from which sprang thy oaks, thy beeches, thy walnut- and chestnut-trees, was my heart made, my own Viscaya!

A Montmorency, irritated by dispute with a Basque, boasted to my countryman that the Montmorencys dated back to the eighth, tenth, or twelfth century, I am not sure which; and my Basque retorted: "Yes? Well, we Basques don't date!" And that is so; we Basques don't date; we know what we are, and who we will to be.

So thou seest, Don Quixote, a Basque has sought thee out in thy Mancha and attacks thee because of thy remark about gentlemen.

And speaking of Basques, and of a Basque from Azpeitia, how could one fail to recall once again that other Basque knight-errant, from Azpeitia, too — Iñigo Yáñez de Oñaz y Saez de Balda,

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of the domain of Loyola, founder of the Militia of Christ, the Company of Jesus? Does not our whole people culminate in him? Is he not our hero? Shall we Basques not claim him for our own? Yes, ours, our very own, much more ours than the Jesuits'. The Jesuits have made of Iñigo de Loyola an Ignatius of Rome; of the Basque hero, a petty Jesuit saint. It was in an evil hour that the hero mounted that fateful mule!

The other mule, that of Don Sancho de Azpeitia, bucked and threw the Biscayan; which ought to teach us to fight on foot. He was conquered, not from weakness or lack of courage, but by fault of his mule, who was surely no Biscayan. Had it not been for that pesky mule, it would have gone hard with Don Quixote, you may be sure, and he would have learned how to behave in the presence of the Biscayan blade,

Short in words, but long in deeds.

Brothers of my blood, learn to fight on foot. Alight from your sullen and stubborn mule, who carries you at her own slow gait over her own choice of roads, not yours and mine, not by any road of our spirit, and who with her plunging and bucking will surely throw you, if God does not intervene. Get off that mule, who was not foaled yonder nor ever pastured there, and forward, all of us, to the conquest of the kingdom of the spirit: we know not what we may yet accomplish in this world. At the same time, learn to embody your thought in a language of culture, abandon the ancient speech of our fathers. Alight immediately from the mule, and our spirit, the spirit of our breed, will encircle the whole world in that language, in the language of Don Quixote, like the caravel of our Sebastián Elcano, the doughty son of Guetaria,

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which, launched upon our Sea of Biscay, was the first to circumnavigate the globe.

Through the intervention of the friar-escorted ladies, Don Quixote granted life to Don Sancho de Azpeitia, upon their promise that Don Sancho would present himself before Dulcinea. Had the promise been that of Don Sancho himself, he would have visited her, assuredly. And it is even highly credible that he would have fallen desperately in love with her, and she with him.

CHAPTER 10

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE
AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA

SANCHE, the carnal Sancho, the Simon Peter of our knight, comes now to beg for the island; and Don Quixote answers: "*Thou must know, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and those like it, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-roads, in which nothing is got but a broken head or an ear the less.*" Ah, Peter, Peter — I mean, Sancho, Sancho — when will you learn it is not the island, not temporal power, but the glory of your lord, love eternal, that is your reward? But carnal Sancho renewed the siege, this time to beg his master to take refuge in some church for fear of the Holy Brotherhood. But "*Where hast thou ever seen or heard,*" let us with Don Quixote say to him, "*that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?*" Whoever keeps the law in his heart is above man-made law; for the lover there is no law but his love; and if for love's sake he slays, who shall inculcate him? Besides, Don

Quixote has power more than enough to deliver Sancho *out of the hands of the Chaldeans, to say nothing of the Holy Brotherhood.*

It soon occurred to him to explain to Sancho the balsam of Fierabras, and to Sancho to request, as the sole recompense of his services, the recipe for making that balsam; for such is the way of carnal servitors, however great their faith: they beg for recipes to sell and trade with. A little later comes the knightly oath to take the helmet of Mambrino, to compensate the damage to the morion ruined by Don Sancho de Azpeitia. Then his belly brought him to reason and he asked for food.

Sancho had only an onion and a little cheese, which he thought were not victuals fit for so valiant a knight. But the knight made him know it was his glory *to go without eating for a month*, and even if he ate, it should be of what came first to hand. "*And this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have; for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they lived, as it were, on air.*" What joy, my lord Don Quixote, if we could always live on air! For though with eating comes all the strength of heroism, with it also comes all its weakness.

And then, while Don Quixote explained to Sancho that knights-errant *could not do without eating and performing all other natural functions*, he revealed to him, and to us, a fundamental truth, most consoling to those who know not how to live their madness; namely, that knights-errant *were men like ourselves*. Whence we infer that we, too, can come to be knights-errant, which is no small matter. "*So, friend Sancho, let not that distress thee*

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which pleases me, and seek not to make a new world or unhinge knight-errantry." No, poor Sancho, seek not to make a new world by curing the great-hearted of their delusions, or by taking a madness off its hinges, for it is as plumb and as securely hinged as sanity itself, or what is called common sense. Sancho, as he could neither read nor write, was, as he himself said, quite unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession. What thou sayest, Sancho, is very true: madness came into the world through reading and writing.

CHAPTER II

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS

THEY went on their way, and were cordially welcomed by some kindly goatherds, whom God will have rewarded for that piety. Don Quixote accepted the invitation and seated himself upon a trough which they placed for him upside down, and, treating Sancho like a brother, made him take his seat beside him. It was then, when he had quite appeased his appetite, that he took up a handful of acorns and directed to his hosts that eulogy of the golden age which has been reproduced in so many manuals of rhetoric. But we are not here making literature, nor are we interested in sonorous cadences, but in the fruitful spirit, however silent. That discourse is but one of so many commonly recited, and that past golden age but a dim gleam of the age to come in which, as the prophet Isaiah foretells us (xi. 6), the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

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In itself the speech contains little to consider. *Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of golden . . .* and so on. Be not surprised to hear Don Quixote sing the days of yore. Visions of the past are what spur us to conquest of the future. We arm our hopes with memories. Only the past is lovely; death beautifies it all. When the stream reaches the sea and faces the abyss about to swallow it, think you it does not dream of the hidden spring from which it sprang and would not, if it could, remount its course? If lost it must be, better to be lost in the bosom of mother earth.

This speech of Don Quixote's is not what we have to analyse. The knight's words avail nothing and profit nothing save in so far as they are commentaries on his deeds and repercussions of them; his talk, as such, conformed to his reading and to the wisdom of the age that was so fortunate as to shelter him; but his deeds were done according to the dictates of his heart and of wisdom eternal. And so, in regard to the harangue in question, it is not the trite harangue itself that we are to contemplate, but the fact that it was addressed to a group of rustics, goatherds, who of course could not understand it. There lies the heroism of this adventure.

An adventure it is, indeed, and one of the most heroic. All speech is a hazard; oftener than not it is the most hazardous kind of deed. It is a fateful thing to administer the sacrament of the word to those destined not to understand the real significance of what we say. No faith in the spirit is too robust for us when we address the slow-witted, trusting them to understand us without understanding, and confident that the seed will drop, all unknown to them, in the furrows of their souls.

DON QUIXOTE

Speak, thou who with me considerest the life of Don Quixote, full of faith in it; speak, although they understand thee not; for they will understand at last. It is enough if they see merely that thou speakest without asking aught of them, or because they gave it thee gratis before. Speak to the goatherds as thou dost to God, from the depths of thy heart, and in such wise as thou communest with thyself in silent solitude. The deeper they live sunken in the life of the flesh, the more limpid and cleared of mists will their minds be, and the music of thy words will sound therein more sweetly than in the minds of bachelors of arts like Samson Carrasco. What illumined the thoughts of the goatherds was not the careful rhetoric of Don Quixote, but the fact that they saw him armed cap-à-pie, his lance by his side, the acorns in his hand, and, seated on the overturned trough, giving to the air they all breathed those resounding peaceful cadences full of love and hope.

Some will believe that Don Quixote should have adjusted his words to his hearers, talking to the goatherds of goats, or of ways to raise themselves above the lowly lot of the goatherd. This would have been Sancho's approach, had he been competent to make it. But not the approach of Don Quixote, who well knew that there is only one question, the same for all, and that what will redeem the poor from their poverty will redeem at the same time the rich from their riches. Away with stopgap remedies! For those that go about hawking nostrums, peddling cures, crying specifics for this and for that, the following lines by the Gaucho poet Martín Fierro will be fitting:

The city folk use a vast number of words
And they talk of their troubles all day,

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But you'll see that they do after all like the birds
When they carefully lead you astray
By singing out loud on one side
While their eggs on the other they hide.

When they talk to you, candid goatherds, of the goat question, it is because they are singing loud to lead you away from the place where they hide their eggs.

And besides, must one speak only in view of the immediate profit, of the fruit our hearers pluck from what we say? That spiritual teacher, Father Alonso Rodríguez, in treating this matter in his *Exercise of Perfection* (Part 3, Book I, chapter xviii), tells us that "neither our merit nor the perfection of our works depends on whether or not our neighbour profit thereby. We can, rather, add here another thought for our solace, or, better, for the comfort of our discomfort; that is, our merit and our reward do not depend on the conversion of others and their consequent profit; and we can even say that, as it were, we accomplish more and merit a greater reward when there is nothing of all that than when we have the fruits in full view."

Was this discourse of Don Quixote to the goatherds perchance less heroic and more useless than Francisco Pizarro's at Santa Cruz in the house of the Indian woman Capillana, when he explained to the Indians the bases of the Christian religion and the power of the King of Castile? Pizarro's address was not without its results since the Indians, to please him, thrice raised aloft the Spanish flag. Pizarro's argument was not quite in vain; nor was that of Don Quixote.

The mischievous Cervantes, indeed, calls it useless; but he added that the goatherds listened *gaping in amazement*. Here he

is swayed by historical fact, for if Don Quixote amazed them and made them gape with his recital, it was not useless. This is further attested by the courtesy they showed him by having one of their comrades sing for him. The youth was deep in love, and his song was most solacing to the knight. Spirit produces spirit, as letter yields letter and flesh begets flesh; so the words of Don Quixote begot songs accompanied by a rebeck. Thus the bare word was not useless, nor is it ever. If the people do not understand it, they nevertheless wish to do so, and upon hearing it they break into song .

And what was Sancho doing while Don Quixote, inspired at sight of the acorns, was thus holding forth? *Sancho . . . held his peace and ate acorns, and paid repeated visits to the second wineskin, which they had hung up on a cork-tree to keep the wine cool.* And he must have thought to himself: "This is the life for me! "

I do not know what Sancho thought of his master's remarks, but I do know what present-day Sanchos are likely to think of it; for they seek, above all, what they call concrete solutions, and when they go to hear a speech, they listen for remedies for the national ills or any other evils. They have attuned their ears by listening to the charlatans who stand in a coach in the market-place, selling bottles of whatever drug; thus, whenever accosted, they expect the bottled drug to be exhibited forthwith. While listening they keep still and eat acorns; after which they ask: Well, in plain terms, what of it? All that about the golden age goes in at one ear and out at the other; what they are after is an elixir for toothache or rheumatism, a remover of grease-spots, a regenerative potion, the Catholic balsam, the anti-clerical counter-irritant, the customs

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plaster, the hydraulic blister. Concrete solutions, they call them. They presume that speech is merely a means of offering or asking for something, and there is no means by which they can feel what it reveals of the music within the soul. The other and exterior music, which regales their carnal ears, they do not fail to understand and appreciate; it is almost the only enjoyment they permit themselves. But if they are spoken to, it must be either to caress their ears with rhythmic phrases adjusted to drum-beats, or to impart some recipe for domestic or political use.

Concrete solutions! O practical Sanchos, positivist Sanchos, materialist Sanchos! When will ye hear the silent music of the spiritual spheres?

Difficult it is to talk with the Sanchos, born and bred in hamlets where nothing is heard but gossip and sermons. But harder still is it to talk to college graduates. The best listeners are the goatherds, accustomed to the voices of woods and fields. The others will not understand, or will misunderstand, what you say; they do not receive your words with inner silence and virgin attention; however you sharpen your explanations, they will not sharpen their understandings; not they.

Dreary it is that wherever you go in this Spain of ours, pouring truths from your heart, you get ever the same response: that they do not understand; or they understand the contrary. This is because people go to hear specifically this, that, or the other thing; they go to hear something already told them, but not to hear what you may say. Some are clericals, others anti-clericals; unionists these, or centralists; federalists or regionalists those others; here traditionalists, yonder progressivists; and they want you to address them in one of those languages! They fight each

other, but in the only way given to terrestrial fighters: on the same ground, in the same plane, and face to face; and if you begin calling out to them from another plane, whether above or below their own, you distract them from their scrimmage and yet they do not learn what you are after. "Why!" they exclaim, "we are fighting! And welcome to him who comes to cheer us on, to cry Forward! At them! or to warn us of peril with a Look out! or Fall back! But who is it that from the clouds or from under the ground warns us to look aloft or underground? Does he not see that meanwhile our enemies will cut us down? While in battle, one cannot look at the sky, nor try to gaze into the earth." Thus they exclaim. They do not see that you offer them peace. Each party counts you in the opposition. All you can do is to go and talk to the goatherds, who will regale you with music; to the simple and naïve you must go, and talk to them with no thought of putting yourself within their reach, speak to them in the most elevated tone—certain that without understanding you they do understand you nevertheless.

Only Sancho, carnal Sancho, was rather for sleeping than for listening to songs, for he knew not their dreamy virtue.

CHAPTERS 12 AND 13

OF WHAT A GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE WITH DON
QUIXOTE, AND END OF THE STORY OF THE SHEP-
HERDESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

PEDRO the goatherd now tells the story of Chrysostom and Marcela, with pedantic interruptions by the bookish knight, correct-

ing Pedro's verbal errors. We cannot deny the impertinence of Don Quixote in this particular.

At the obsequies of Chrysostom, dead from love of Marcela, he met Vivaldo. Of course their conversation turned to knight-errantry, a profession which, if not so strict as that of the Carthusians, is equally necessary, since only an example unattainable by the masses can teach these to set their mark beyond their reach. Thus horse-races, which serve only for breeding racehorses, maintain the purity of the breed by saving the noble animal from the drudgery of the cart, the treadmill, and other wasting servitudes. Between the two professions, of praying to Heaven for the world's welfare and of carrying the prayer into effect with lance in hand, creating the kingdom of God which the prayer had asked for, between these two there can be no choice of first and second. "*Thus we are God's ministers on earth and the arm by which His justice is done therein,*" added Don Quixote.

Unfortunate cavalier, may not the common source of thy prowess and mishaps have been the noble sin of believing thyself the minister of God on earth, the arm by which His justice is done therein, a sin of which thou wast cleansed ere thy Dulcinea could lift thee to glory? Thy sin was the sin of thy people, original sin, a collective sin in whose evil effects thou didst participate. Thy people, too, arrogant knight, believed itself the minister of God on earth and the arm by which His justice is done therein; and they paid, and still pay, very dearly for that presumption.

But were they not right? Are we not all ministers of God on earth, and arms whereby His justice is done here? And might not our certainty of this be the best means of purifying and ennobling our acts? Instead of trying to do something other than

what thou art doing, instead of struggling against thy nature, persuade thyself, rather, that in all thou dost, both what thou findest good and what seems to thee bad, thou art a minister of God, an arm whereby His justice is done. Under this persuasion thy acts will become good ones. Esteem them as God-sent, and thou wilt make them divine. There are unfortunates whom what we commonly call a perverse nature or a bad character drives to be scourges of mankind; yet if such a one is convinced that the scourge is one which God has put into his hand, what we call in him badness or perversity will give forth good fruits.

Cling not to the false legal criterion of outward consequence and material damage suffered by the plaintiff. Seek the inmost consequence; learn what profound feeling and thought are embraced by the truth that a damage done with good intent is better than a benefit with an evil one.

They revile thee, my people, for seeking, they say, to impose thy faith with force and arms. Sad to say, it was not wholly true. Thou didst go, on the contrary, also, indeed chiefly, to seize gold from its owners, to rob them. If thou hadst gone merely to impose thy faith! —— I rebel against him with sword in one hand and book in the other to save my soul in spite of myself; but after all he does take care of me and I am in his sight a man. But in the sight of him who is after nothing but my money and tries to fool me with toys and trinkets, I remain always the client, the customer, the hanger-on. This problem is being considered today, and there is a demand for a society so thoroughly policed that damage would be impossible and nobody would do wrong, although none would have a generous impulse, either. What a horrible state of things! What rottenness under the peaceful verdure! What a

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quiet lake of poisonous waters! No, no, a thousand times no! God give us, rather, a world in which all would have the right feeling even if all did harm, in which men would wound each other in the blindness of love; and all would suffer in silence for the ills we should be forced to inflict on the rest. Be generous, and attack thy brother; thrust at him with thy spirit, even if it come to blows. There is something more intimate than that which we call morality; it is a jurisprudence that eludes the police, something deeper than the Decalogue, which is but the Tables of the Law. Tables! Tables, and of the Law! There is also a spirit of Love.

You say there is no right feeling without right doing; you say good acts bubble forth from, and only from, good sentiments, as from their spring. But I answer, with Paul of Tarsus, that the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. And I add that the angel sleeping within us awakes when driven by the beast and mourns his slavery. How many right feelings spring from the bad acts to which we are urged by the beast!

Don Quixote continued discussing with Vivaldo whether knights-errant ought to commend themselves to their ladies before commending themselves to God; in giving the arguments that he had read, he came to the truth that there is no knight-errant without a lady, *because to such it is as natural and proper to be in love as to the heavens to have stars; most certainly no history exists in which there is a knight-errant without an amour, for the simple reason that without one he would be held no legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one who had gained entrance into the stronghold of the said knighthood, not by the door, but over the wall like a thief and a robber.* Behold here how from love for woman all heroism springs. From it have come the noblest and

most fertile ideals, the most superb fabrics of philosophy; in it is rooted the longing for immortality, for within it the instinct of perpetuation overcomes and subdues the instinct of preservation, thus seating the substance above the mere appearance. Longing for immortality makes us love woman. Don Quixote therefore joined in Dulcinea woman and glory; and since he could not perpetuate himself through her in sons of the flesh, he sought to eternalize himself through her in deeds of the spirit. He was a lover, but a chaste and continent one, as he himself said on another occasion. By his chastity and continence did he fail in the aim of love? No, for he begot in Dulcinea enduring spiritual children. He could not as a married man have been so crazy; the children of his flesh would have prevented his doughty deeds.

He was never embarrassed by care for a wife, which clips the wings of other heroes; for, as says the Apostle (1 Cor. vii. 33), "he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife," and he cannot "attend upon the Lord without distraction."

Even in the purest spiritual state, where there is no trace of perversity, man tends to seek support in woman, as Francis of Assisi sought it in Clara. But Don Quixote sought it in the lady of his thoughts.

What an impediment is woman! Ignatius de Loyola would never allow his Company to have women under its obedience (Rivadeneira, Book III, chapter xiv), and when Doña Isabel de Rosell endeavoured to form a community of women under the obedience of the Company, Loyola induced the Pope, Paul III, to exempt it from that burden, by letters apostolical of May 20, 1547. "It is unsuitable," Ignatius told him, "for this least of Com-

panies to have special charge of ladies with a vow of obedience." Not that he depreciated woman, for he honoured her in what is held to be in her the most base and vile; because, whereas Don Quixote was armed a knight by the two strumpets who girded on him his sword and strapped on his spurs, Ignatius de Loyola, himself personally, escorted through the midst of Rome "lost public women" on his way to place them "in the convent of St. Martha or in the home of some honoured and honourable lady, where they might be instructed in every virtue" (Rivadeneira, Book III, chapter ix).

Don Quixote was a lover, but a chaste and continent one, and only because (as he said, although we shall see that there remained within him yet another love) — only because knights-errant must of necessity have ladies to love in order to comply with the rite prescribed. Perchance some thoughtless youth may find here cause for depreciating Don Quixote, since there are those that judge a man wholly by his conduct in love-affairs; that is, in what at a certain age is called love. I don't remember who it was that said — and said very shrewdly, whoever it was — that when one loves deeply, the love — for a woman, you understand — is something subordinate and secondary in one's life, but is the chief thing for those that love little. There are those that value spiritual freedom only from the point of view of love; there are young men who judge a poet entirely by his attitude toward love. What would the chaste and continent Don Quixote say if he returned to this world and saw the swarm of incentives to lust that now lead love astray? What would he think of the pictures of light women in provocative attitudes? Moved by his love for Dulcinea, his pure and noble love, he would assuredly attack the shops where such

things are displayed and leave them total wrecks, as he left Maese Pedro's puppet-show. Such things withdraw us from love of Dulcinea, of glory. Being incentives to self-perpetuation, they draw us away from true perpetuation. The flesh must be renounced if the spirit is to survive.

Don Quixote loved Dulcinea with a complete and perfect love, which did not run after selfish pleasure. He gave himself to her without thought of her surrender to him. He went forth to acquire laurels to lay at her feet. Don Juan Tenorio would have tried to win her with the aim of possessing her and satiating his appetite upon her, for the sole purpose of enjoying her and then boasting of it. Not so Don Quixote. He did not go to Toboso, did not go to woo and win her; he went out to conquer the world for her. What, in most cases, is that thing we call love but a miserable mutual selfishness in which each of the two lovers seeks his own happiness? May not an act that most widely separates the lovers be a supreme act of union? Don Quixote loved Dulcinea with a perfect love that did not exact a response; he gave all of himself wholly to her.

Don Quixote loved Glory incarnate in woman. And Glory loved him. *Don Quixote heaved a deep sigh and said: "I cannot say positively whether my sweet enemy is pleased or not that the world should know I serve her,"* and so on. Yes, my Don Quixote, thy sweet enemy, Dulcinea, carries from town to town and from age to age the glory and the folly of thy love. Her lineage, ancestry, and descent are *not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, or Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas or Orsini*, nor any of the families of different countries named by Don Quixote to Vivaldo, *but she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a lineage that, though modern, may furnish a source of gentle blood for the most*

illustrious families of the ages that are to come. The ingenious gentleman thus showed us that the birthplace of glory is the village and the age in which it lives. Only that glory endures through the ages and overruns vast lands which grows, spreads, breaks bounds, and overflows its own place and time. The universal overwhelms the cosmopolitan; the more essentially a man is of his own time and country, the more he is of all lands and ages. Dulcinea is of El Toboso.

And now, my Don Quixote, carry me away with thee alone, for I would that we talk together, heart to heart, concerning things that many dare not say even to themselves. Was it really thy love of glory that led thee to embody in the form of Dulcinea the person of Aldonza Lorenzo, with whom at one time thou hadst been in love; or was it thy love for the comely peasant girl, that love *of which she was never aware*, which in thee was transformed into love of immortality? Understand, my good hidalgo, that I see how timidity rules the hearts of heroes, and it is clear that when thou wast burning with desire for Aldonza Lorenzo, thou didst never dare to make love to her. Thou couldst not break through the shame that sealed thy lips with a seal of bronze.

Thou didst thyself declare this to Sancho, taking him for thy confidant, when, remaining to do penance in Sierra Morena (chapter xxv), thou saidst: "*My love and hers have always been Platonic, not going beyond a modest look, and even that so seldom that I can safely swear I have not seen her four times in all these twelve years I have been loving her more than the light of these eyes that the earth will one day devour; and perhaps even of those four times she has not once perceived that I was looking at her: such is the retirement and seclusion in which her father,*

Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up. Only four times in twelve years! What a fire must have flamed from her to have for twelve years warmed thy heart, with only four distant, furtive warmings! Twelve years, my Don Quixote, and when thou wast bordering on fifty. Thou didst, then, fall in love when nearly forty. What can young men know of the flame kindled in full maturity? And thy bashfulness, thy insuperable timidity of a gentleman already along in years!

Glances from thy innermost recesses, smothered sighs of which she was not even aware, the double-quick of thy heart enthralled by her witchery each of the four times thou stolest a look. This love withheld, its current dammed, not finding in thee the dash and audacity to guide it to its natural end — did it perchance turn and remould thy soul and transform itself into thy wild heroism? Was it not so, good cavalier? Perhaps even thou didst not suspect it.

Look within thyself, search, scrutinize. There are loves that cannot burst bounds, but overflow within. And there are loves inconfessable which formidable destiny represses and constricts within their source. Their very excess congeals and arrests the former; the doom of the latter aggrandizes and makes them sublime. Imprisoned, ashamed, hiding from themselves, striving to be humble, longing to die since they cannot flourish in the light of day and in view of all, much less bear fruit, these loves acquire a passion for glory, immortality, and heroism.

Tell me, my Don Quixote, while we are here alone by ourselves, tell me: the unfaltering courage that urged thee to all thy prowess, could it not have been the outburst of that agony of love which thou couldst not confess to Aldonza Lorenzo? If thou

art so brave before all men, is it not because thou art so cowardly before the woman of thy longing? From the depths of thy flesh thou wast assailed and harried by the urge to perpetuate thyself, to leave in the earth thine own seed; the life of thy life, like the life of all men's lives, was to eternalize life. And as thou couldst not conquer thyself so as to give thy life by losing it in love, thou wast invaded by a longing to live on in the memories of men. Observe, sir knight, that the thirst for immortality is but a sublimation of the craving for descendants.

May it not have been that thine idle hours were filled with reading books of chivalry because thou couldst not break through thy fear and fill those hours with the love and caresses of that peasant lass of Toboso? Didst thou not seek in those eager readings not only a food, but also an assuasive to mitigate the fever that consumed thee? Only an ill-starred love is spiritually fruitful. Only when shut off from its natural course does love rise heavenward. Temporal barrenness alone gives fecundity eternal. And thy love, my Don Quixote, was ill-starred because of thy insuperable and heroic humility. Thou wast in fear of profaning it by confessing it even to her who kindled it, in fear perhaps of staining it first and afterward wasting and losing it if carried to its trite and commonplace conclusion. It made thee tremble to imagine slaying within thine arms the purity of thy Aldonza, brought up by her parents in the most secret retirement and seclusion.

And tell me: did Aldonza Lorenzo know of thy fearless deeds and distinguished gallantry? If so, it is certain that they somehow served to solace her solitude or to amuse her in company. It would be worth while to have listened to Aldonza Lorenzo, in some winter of her last years, before the fire on the hearth, her

grandchildren grouped about her, or in the evening flow of gossip at a neighbour's, to have listened to her story of the fortunes and misfortunes of poor Alonso Quixano the Good, who sallied forth, lance in rest, for the righting of wrongs, invoking a certain Dulcinea del Toboso. Would she, at such times, remember thy stealthy glances, courageous cavalier? Might she not have whispered secretly to her inmost, deep-hidden self: "It was I, it was I who drove him mad."

Thou needest not reply, my Don Quixote, for I understand what it must be to make sacrifice before an altar unnoticed by the god thereon. I believe thee without thy oath, I believe thee implicitly; I believe there are Aldonza Lorenzos that speed their Alonso Quixanos to wonderful heroisms, then die in peace, unconscious of having mothered such careers.

Grand is the passion that breaks like a torrent through all, breaks laws and overturns usage with its swollen flood; but grander still is that other passion, which dreads to befoul its rapids with soil torn away by mighty waters, and therefore whirls upon itself, condenses, withholds its power, seems to engulf itself within itself, struggles with impossibilities, and at last fills all the deeper depths within, converting the heart into a great sea. Was it not so with thee?

And now, come closer to me, my Don Quixote, and whisper thine answer to my heart: After Glory had so exalted thee, didst thou not sigh for that unconfessed love of thy middle years; wouldst thou not then have given all the glory for one, for only one sweet glance of thy Aldonza? Had she rejoiced in thy love, poor knight, had she compassionately gone to thee one day with open arms and parted lips and beckoning eyes; had she sur-

rendered herself to thee and conquered thy high purpose, saying: "I have divined thee; come to me and suffer no more!" — wouldst thou then have sought fame and renown? But even so, would the charm not soon have broken? I believe that now, today, while Dulcinea clasps thee to her breast and carries thy memory from age to age, even today a certain melancholy envelops thee because thou canst no longer hope that very secret, silent, anxiously hidden hope to feel Aldonza's arms about thee, upon thy lips that kiss of hers that died before it was given, that embrace which never was.

How many immortal mortals, whose memory flourishes imperishable, would give that deathless fame for a kiss full on the mouth, for only a kiss dreamed of throughout their mortal life! Oh, to go back to earth, to be again at the august moment which, departed, returns no more, to put aside the shame and fear, rend the veil of respect, break the bar of law, and dissolve in ecstasy within the arms of the loved one, for ever! —

While Don Quixote was talking to Vivaldo of Dulcinea del Toboso, Sancho, the good Sancho, made the most marvellous profession of faith. Like Simon Peter, who though desiring to set up tabernacles on the heights of Tabor, there to live in comfort and free from pain, and though denying the Master, was after all the one that most ardently believed and loved Him, so Sancho with Don Quixote. For while the rest of the party went along listening with great attention to the conversation of the pair, and *even the very goatherds and shepherds perceived how exceedingly out of his wits our Don Quixote was*, Sancho Panza alone thought, Cervantes tells us, *that what his master said was the truth, knowing who he was and having known him from his birth*. O good

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Sancho, heroic Sancho, quixotic Sancho! Thy faith shall save thee. While the petty Toledan traders sought after a sign from Don Quixote, even as the Jews sought after a sign from Jesus, in order to believe, some portrait of that lady, though it were *no bigger than a grain of wheat*, the heroic Sancho thought what his master said was the true, knowing who Don Quixote was and having known him from his birth. Light-minded people will not see, heroic Sancho, the greatness of thy faith and the fortitude of thy soul; they insist on belittling and slandering thee, using thee for a pattern of what thou never wast. They will not recognize that thy simplicity was as mad, as heroic, as the madness of thy master, because thou didst believe in his madness. The most that such folk can do is to sneer at thee for a simpleton because of thy belief in thy master. But it is clear that thou wast not so, thy sublime faith not the blindness of the dupe, for thou hadst some difficulty in believing *that about the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, because neither any such name nor any such princess had ever come to thy knowledge although thou hadst lived so close to El Toboso*. Faith is won inch by inch and blow after blow. And since thou believest, heroic Sancho, in thy lord and master Don Quixote, thou shalt come to believe in his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and she shall take thee by the hand and lead thee through Elysian fields.

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CHAPTER 15

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE
THAT DON QUIXOTE FELL IN WITH WHEN HE FELL
OUT WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS

AFTER the episode of Marcela, Don Quixote was left again alone with Sancho on the highways of the world. Having determined to go in search of the shepherdess Marcela and offer her his services, he entered the wood into which she had disappeared and after two hours of search he came to a halt in a pretty glade where they, master and squire, rested and took their repast. Rocinante had been turned loose and he trotted off to disport himself with the Galician ponies belonging to some Yanguesan carriers. The mares received him with their heels and teeth, and the carriers completed the reception by beating him with stakes. When Don Quixote saw this, and observed that they were not knights, but *base folk of low birth* — his being on foot cured the blindness of his delusion — he requested aid of Sancho, who promptly made him see that they could not take vengeance on more than twenty when they were but two, or, indeed, perhaps not more than one and a half.

"I count for a hundred," replied Don Quixote, and without more words he drew his sword and attacked the Yanguesans, and, incited and impelled by the example of his master, Sancho did the same. One does not know which to admire most, the quixotic heroism under the faith of *I count for a hundred* or the sanchopanchesque heroism derived from the faith that his master did indeed count for a hundred. The faith of Sancho in Don Quixote

is even greater, if possible, than that of his master in himself. "*I count for a hundred,*" and without more words he drew his sword and attacked. If thou thinkest thyself worth a hundred, why talk about it? True faith does not talk, even with itself.

The Yanguesans, seeing themselves so many against two, seized their stakes and laid them low. The adventure is ended.

The Saracens came and they beat us full sore,
For God helps the bad when the good are not more.

Sancho begged his master for some of the balsam of Fierabras, and presently came that profound remark of Don Quixote's: he took all the blame upon himself, said he, for having put hand to sword against men not dubbed knights like himself, which was properly a case for Sancho to settle. With men not dubbed knights, men who do not, like thee, dear reader, possess illumined minds, but receive only reflected lights, thou shouldst refrain from discussion. Say thy word and go on thy way; leave them to gnaw it to the bone.

Profounder even than his lord and master was Sancho in saying that he was a man of peace, meek and quiet, who could put up with any affront "*because I have a wife and children to support and bring up.*" Oh, sensible and most discreet Sancho! If thou couldst know how many there still are, having a wife and children to support and bring up, who come to us with circumlocutions about honour and dignity! These should be luxuries of only the rich; they have others to care for their families, and might even serve them best by leaving them widow and orphans, since that is no belittlement. Such, friend Sancho, was the error of thy people, they say — I myself am silent on this point — the error of failing to learn that honour lasts while the purse is full.

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In that sublime and noble error thy master was and is; while still lying bruised on the ground, he then and there sought to lead thee out of that error and show thee what need thou hadst for valour to attack and defend, since when least expected thou mightst find thyself lord of an island.

Today they offer thee Morocco, giving the very reasons thy master gave thee. Among these is the gold argument, and the change-of-fortune argument. Pay no attention, friend Sancho, to all that about powerful peoples and moribund peoples, for the wind of fortune has many shifts, and what may fail to triumph in the fashionable style of today may tomorrow be the very best form of triumph. Thou art patient, and victory comes at last to the patient. Thy patience is worth more than all thy master told thee about emerging from the fray with the Yanguesans cudgelled, but not affronted, "*for the arms those men carried, with which they pounded us, were nothing more than stakes.*" They say that Philip II remarked, when he heard of the defeat of the Invincible Armada, that he had not sent it to fight with the weather. And the last time they cudgelled us, with broadsides from a fleet, they likewise told thee, friend Sancho, it was not valour that conquered us, but science and riches. But thou smilest at such rationalizing, keepest quiet, and waitest. Keep on waiting, for therein is thy strength. Whether or not thy cudgelling was an affront did not worry thee, but the pain of it; and that was right, because the pain of the cudgelling will cease, but not that of an affront; and he that thinks lightly of bruises has healed them by so thinking. As thy master told thee, *there is no recollection which time does not put an end to, and no pain which death does not remove.* This is the source of strength, because it is the source of patience and consolation.

After this and other conversations Sancho set Don Quixote on the ass and they journeyed on until they came to an inn.

CHAPTER 16

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE

AGAIN Don Quixote found himself with women who performed the womanly office for him, kind-hearted and thoughtful women, for between the innkeeper's wife, her daughter, and Maritornes, they made him up a very bad bed, on which he stretched himself as soon as they had covered him with plasters from top to toe. Don Quixote thanked them for it, addressing the hostess as *fair lady* and calling the inn a castle; they stared in wonder, for he seemed to them a man of a different sort from those they were used to, as well he might.

It was then that it occurred to Don Quixote to expect a visit from the daughter of the lord of the castle, suddenly enamoured of him; and it was just then that Maritornes cautiously entered the chamber to satiate the flesh of the carnal carrier and stumbled upon the spiritual knight, who exculpated himself in an ingenious discourse, demonstrating to her first of all that even if of his own inclination he were ready to comply with hers, it would be impossible, so bruised and broken was he; to which was to be added the promise made to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; were it not that these two things stood in the way, he would not be so insensible a knight as to miss the happy opportunity.

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This is virtue refined and worthy continence; the rest is rubbish. Naturally, such virtue had its reward in the blows and kicks of the brutal, quarrelsome carrier.

CHAPTER 17

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE INNUMERABLE TROUBLES
WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE
SANCHO PANZA ENDURED AT THE INN, WHICH TO HIS
MISFORTUNE HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE

ENCHANTMENTS, however provoking, are not proper objects of anger, *for, as they are invisible and visionary, we shall find no one on whom to avenge ourselves, do what we may.* How shrewdly thou camest, O marvellous cavalier, to the very bottom of wisdom, which consists in taking for invisible and visionary the things of this world, and therefore not worth our vexation!

For what but *a hand attached to some arm of some huge giant* could that be which so unseasonably, while thou wast so deeply engaged in thy colloquy, gave thee such a blow on the jaw? These are things of another world; they recall how one night in the year 1541, while Ignatius de Loyola lay asleep, “the Devil tried to strangle him,” we are told in chapter ix, Book V, of his *Life*, “and it was as if he felt a man’s hand clutching his throat, stopping his breath, so that he could not call upon the Most Holy Name of Jesus.” They recall, too, another incident narrated by the brother Juan Paulo to Father Rivadeneira, as he states in this same chapter: “One night, while he was sleeping, as usual, next to Loyola’s

room, and having awakened unseasonably, he heard a noise as of blows and whippings dealt to the Father, who seemed to be sighing and groaning. He jumped up at once and ran to him, finding him sitting up in bed embracing the bed-clothes, and said to him: 'What is the matter, Father, what do I see and hear?' And he answered: 'What hast thou heard?' And when he told him, the Father said: 'Go, and go to sleep.'"

Things of another world, and to cure their effects the balsam of Fierabras is sufficient, save that it does not act miraculously except upon knights, as is shown in Sancho's case.

Soon after this came Don Quixote's conviction, at a single word of the innkeeper, that he was in an inn and not a castle, in which we see again how sane he was in his insanity. But even so, he very cavalierly refused to pay, which cost Sancho a blanketing. After which the kindly Maritornes gave him some wine to drink. God requite her! It was generosity and disinterestedness personified. She loved greatly, in her own way, and should be pardoned for her affairs with carriers since she indulged them out of pure softness of heart.

You may well believe that the bountiful Asturian wench sought rather to give than receive pleasure; if she yielded her person, it was, as happens to not a few Maritornes, in order not to see men fret and suffer. She wished to purify the carriers of the base desires that soiled their minds, and to leave them clean for their work. *She plumed herself greatly on being a lady*, says Cervantes, and in that quality she had arranged to visit the carrier *and meet his wishes unreservedly*, not satisfy hers. She

wished to give
What Nature gave her to bestow,

although she had not read Camoëns, from whose *Lusiad* (ix. 76) this philosophic reflection is quoted. And for this simple selflessness, as free from taint of vice as from namby-pamby innocence, the Asturian girl has been immortalized. She lived beyond both innocence and the mischief caused by its loss.

There are, believe me, few chaster passages. Maritornes is not a strumpet who, through distaste for work or for another's sins, traffics with her body, nor does she bewitch and pervert men, kindling their lust in order to lead them astray and distract them from their labour; she is simply and solely a servant at an inn, working hard, smoothing the difficulties and relieving the straits of travellers, removing a weight from them so they may, less encumbered, go on their way. She kindles no desires, but extinguishes those that others, less unselfish, or in the exuberance of carnal life, have kindled. If this be sinful, it is more so to kindle them purposely, with malice aforethought, like the coquette, than, like Maritornes, to put out those already inflamed. Maritornes does not sin either through sloth, or greed, or lust. That is, she is hardly to be called sinful at all. She neither plots to live without work nor lays traps for men. There is a reserve of purity in her gross impurity.

She was good to Sancho, who left the inn delighted with not having paid.

CHAPTER 18

OF THE DISCOURSE SANCHE PANZA HELD WITH HIS
MASTER, DON QUIXOTE, AND OTHER ADVENTURES
WORTH RELATING

DON QUIXOTE returned to the source of all strength; that is, to take blanketeers and bruisers for *phantoms or beings of another world*. Rage not at what befalls thee in this shadowy world; wait for the world of substance, or seize the substance now, from the depths of thy madness. That is the true faith and the deep one. It was weak in Sancho, for he had heard the blanket-tossers named with names, and could not help taking them for men of flesh and bone; this emboldened him to argue the propriety of returning home, now that it was harvest time.

His master endeavoured to comfort him in the faith, to which Sancho opposed what his eyes had seen and his ribs had felt; but Don Quixote discoursed to him of Amadis, and the squire presently became quieted. And thou didst well, Sancho, for thou must learn that when men revile or blanket us, merely thinking them phantoms makes our rage disappear and cures us. Remember, thy enemies are doomed to die.

They now encounter the adventure of the two droves of sheep which Don Quixote took for two armies and described in detail, like one who holds within him a world of reality; while the good Sancho, submerged in the other and apparent world of flesh-and-blood blanketeers, saw nothing, *perhaps* because of some enchantment. Oh, admirable Sancho, what a fund of faith lies in that *perhaps!* The faith that saves begins with a perhaps. Whoever

doubts what he sees, however tiny the doubt, ends with believing things not seen. Thou, Sancho, heardst nothing but a bleating of ewes and sheep, but thy master very truly told thee, "*The fear thou art in, Sancho, prevents thee from seeing or hearing correctly.*"

Yes, fear, and only fear, of death and of life prevents us from seeing or hearing correctly; that is, seeing and hearing within, in the substantial world of faith. Fear hides the truth; yet that very fear, when precipitated in agony, reveals it to us.

Don Quixote commanded Sancho to stand aside, for he rather hinders than helps who sees merely with the eyes of the flesh; and, heedless of the protest of the senses, he attacked the army of Alifanfaron of Trapobana, spearing sheep as unopposed as Pizarro and his men at Cajamarca lanced the subjects of the Inca Atahualpa, who made no effort to defend themselves. But the shepherds of the Trapobanans were not so effortless, and knocked Don Quixote off his horse with a shower of stones.

On touching earth, the knight, like Antæus, recovered his strength; and there, too, the voice of common sense reached him, from the mouth of Sancho, reproving him for slaughtering sheep. But he could oppose his faith to the enchantments of his persistent enemy. He consoled Sancho's faltering faith with evangelical words.

Ere long arrived the adventure of the dead body, the merit of which consisted in the fact that Don Quixote, so perfectly fearless when faced with reality, but whose hair stood on end at first sight of the ghosts, immediately stifled his fear of the phantasmal. His reward for that victory was his putting the

encamisados to flight, for they took Don Quixote to be a devil from hell. Conquer ghosts with the ghostly, scare the bugaboos. Fear, if it fails to slay its prey, comes to a point where it is heightened and, passing through agony, is transformed into courage.

It was in the midst of this hobgoblin adventure that Sancho gave Don Quixote the title of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

They descended into a valley and met the adventure of the fulling-mills, met by Don Quixote with the firm resolve to die worthy of his lady Dulcinea, of Glory, while Sancho's wobbly faith put in his mouth persuasive words to divert his master from that resolve; and as words were in vain, he resorted to tricks, and hobbled Rocinante; and so on, as Cervantes narrates it, until dawn, when they saw what had terrified them. Sancho mocked his master, who smote him twice with his pike, accompanying the blows with the profound retort: "*Well, then, if you are joking, I am not.*"

"Look here, my lively gentleman, if these, instead of being fulling-hammers, had been some perilous adventure, have I not, think you, shown the courage required for the attempt and achievement? Am I, perchance, being, as I am, a gentleman, bound to know and distinguish sounds and tell whether they come from fulling-mills or not?"

It is a clear case: to right wrongs and revive chivalry and restore uprightness in the world it is not required to distinguish sounds and tell whether they come from fulling-mills or not. Heroism has nothing to do with all that. Most of the knowledge acquired by instruction adds not a mite to the sum of the goodness there may be in the world. The knight has quite enough

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for all his powers to cope with if he listens anxiously to his own heart and distinguishes the sounds that come from it.

It is necessary at the present day to preach this quixotic doctrine, for sanchopanzism keeps reiterating that the one thing needful is to learn to distinguish sounds and tell whether or not they come from fulling-mills, not noticing that while it is yet night and while the fear endures, not even Sancho can make the distinction, and that, too, although they are quite audible and he does not need to see them. Sancho, in order to recover serenity and to venture into mockery, must see the cause of the sounds, must see it; Sancho, who by night dares not let go of his master, for fear of the dreadful sounds which through fear he cannot identify, makes sport of him when he sees the machine they come from. Such is the sanchopanzism called now positivism, now naturalism, again empiricism: when the fear has gone, it begins to ridicule quixotic idealism.

Why should Don Quixote, knight that he was, be expected to classify sounds? "*Especially when, as is the case, I have never in my life seen any fulling-mills, as you have, low boor that you are, who have been born and bred among them. But turn me those six hammers into six giants, and bring them to beard me, one by one or all together, and if I do not knock them head over heels, then make what mockery you like of me.*" Admirably said! Vigour of purpose marks the hero, not exactitude of learning.

But, really, it is better for Sancho to cling close to Don Quixote. Low boor that he is, bred among fulling-mills, when night comes and he cannot see them, yet hears their dreadful sound, he trembles and shakes with fear and creeps close to Don Quixote, and to detain him he hobbles Rocinante so the knight cannot move,

thus saving him, possibly, from certain death among the mills. Why, then, when day comes, should he make sport of the one who harboured him in his distress and kept him safe till break of day, one without whom he might have died of fright? If the heart's presentiments and faith in the eternal remove the anguish of the night of superstition and the fear of the unknown, shall we sneer at that faith and those presentiments when the light of experience shines? Especially since we shall need them again, for as day follows night, night follows day, and we go on living through one and the other, making our way to an end which is neither darkness nor light, but something wherein they merge together and coalesce, something in which head and heart are blended, in which Don Quixote and Sancho are commingled in one.

Today Sancho discriminates between sounds and recognizes fulling-mills, provided it be by day and the hammers plainly visible; but at night he is shaken with fear, and never ventures to try conclusions with the six big fellows, neither one by one nor all together. But Don Quixote challenges them, today as aforetime, and trembles neither by day nor by night, though he does not differentiate fulling-mill sounds from others. The day will come, however, in which they will be fused in one, or, better, Sancho quixotized rather than Don Quixote sanchified. On that day Sancho will fearlessly distinguish sounds by night and will challenge both fulling-mills and giants. But it is the wrong way thither to scoff at the knight and to believe that all depends on acoustics. No, it is not science that is the redeemer of life, not science alone, however lofty or profound.

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CHAPTER 21

WHICH TREATS OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE
OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, WITH OTHER THINGS
THAT BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT

AFTER this, Don Quixote took the helmet of Mambrino, and Sancho, as spoils of victory, exchanged the gear of his ass for the trappings of the barber's mount, which were better; this done, *they broke their fast on the left-overs in the spoils of war plundered from the sumpter-mule. Then they set out, guided by Rocinante's will, which carried along with it that of his master, and even that of the ass;* and while they jogged on, Sancho complained of how little was gained by those adventures, "*where, though you do the hardest and most dangerous jobs of knight-errantry, yet not a living soul sees or hears on't, and so it is every bit as good as lost, and defeats your worship's intention.*" Service in the army of some emperor engaged in war, he thought, would be better; and there his worship would not be at a loss for some learned scholar to set down "*your exploits in writing so as to preserve their memory for ever.*" And, touched now by the lunacy of his master, he added: "*As for mine, I say nothing, as they will not go beyond squirely limits, though I make bold to say, if notice is taken in chivalry of the deeds of squires, mine should not be left between the lines.*"

How now, Sancho? Dost thou, too, intend to leave eternal fame and renown? Art thou, too, enamoured of Dulcinea, although without knowing it? Thou hast had no Aldonza Lorenzo to kindle in thee a love of immortality; thou hast had no unconfessed and inconfessable love; thou, when grown up, and considering that it

is not well for man to live alone, didst take Juana Gutierrez from the hand of the priest, to be the companion of thy toil and the mother of thy children. Yet now thou hast left her and them and goest quixotizing about with Don Quixote!

In this chat Don Quixote explained how a knight may marry a king's daughter, saying: "*All we want now is to find out what king, Christian or pagan, is at war and has a fair daughter; but there will be time enough to think of that, for, as I have told thee, fame must be won in other quarters before repairing to the court.*" This would seem to say that fame is sought not as an end, but as a means; nevertheless it can be said and should be insisted upon that Don Quixote would not have abandoned Dulcinea for any princess in the world, however fair, and however rich and mighty her father the king. The knight himself presently expresses a doubt of the king's desiring him for a son-in-law, since he is not of royal lineage *or even second cousin of an emperor*, and he fears he may thus lose what his arm has fairly earned. "*It is, however, true,*" he adds, "*that I am a gentleman of a known house, of estate and property, and entitled to the five hundred sueldos mulct; and it may be that the sage who shall write my history will so clear up my ancestry and pedigree that I may find myself fifth or sixth in descent from a king*"; whereupon he explains to Sancho the two kinds of lineages there are in the world: those that were and are not and those that are and were not.

Here fits in what that captain said of whom Doctor Huarte speaks in chapter xvi of his *Examen de Ingenios*: "Sir, I well know that your lordship is a very great gentleman, and so were your fathers before you; but I and my right arm, whom I now take for my father, are better than you and all your line." This is

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precisely what Don Quixote observed at times by declaring himself the son of his own works.

And so it is. My humanity begins in me; and each of us, rather than think of his descent from his fathers and that he is a reservoir into which so many and such diverse streams have flowed, ought to consider that he is the ascendant of his grandchildren and the fountain from which shall flow so many brooks and rivers. Let us think of being fathers of our future rather than sons of our past, and in any case nodes in which all the force of the past is gathered and then irradiated as the power of what shall be; and as for lineage, all grandsons of dethroned kings.

CHAPTER 22

OF THE FREEDOM DON QUIXOTE
CONFERRED ON SEVERAL UNFORTUNATES WHO AGAINST THEIR
WILL WERE BEING DRIVEN WHERE
THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO

IN such converse they went on until one of Don Quixote's greatest adventures occurred, perhaps the greatest of them all. This was the freeing of the galley-slaves, who were going where they were being taken *by force and not of their own will*. This was enough for Don Quixote.

He inquired into their crimes, and the net result was that, although they had been condemned for their undeniable faults, the punishment they were about to suffer promised them no great pleasure, and that they went to it unwillingly, very much against their will, indeed, and perhaps unjustly sent to it. Wherefore he

decided to take them under his protection as conspicuously needy and oppressed, for "*it seems a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free. Moreover, gentlemen of the guard,*" added Don Quixote, "*these poor fellows have done nothing to you; let each answer for his own sins yonder; there is a God in heaven who will not fail to punish the wicked or reward the good; and it is not fitting that honest men should be instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way concerned.*" And so he gently asked that they be freed. The guard would not voluntarily do it, so Don Quixote resorted to force and, assisted by Sancho and the galley-slaves themselves, succeeded in liberating them.

We must pause to consider the stern and just spirit shown here by the gentleman. My unfortunate friend Angel Ganivet, a great quixotist — which is a thing very different from and even opposed to what is usually called a cervantist — the unfortunate Ganivet in his *Idearium Español* touches on this matter and says:

"The mind that most deeply penetrated the soul of our nation, Cervantes . . . in his immortal book absolutely separated Spanish justice from the common law of the codes and the courts; the former he incarnated in Don Quixote and the latter in Sancho Panza. The only moderate, prudent, well-balanced judicial decisions contained in the *Quixote* are those handed down by Sancho during his term of office on the island; on the other hand, those of Don Quixote are to all appearances absurd, for the reason that they are concerned with transcendental justice; they may at times be a trifle excessive or a trifle scanty, but all his adventures are aimed at maintaining ideal justice on earth; and when he encounters the

gang of galley-slaves and sees them to be genuine criminals, he hastens to set them at liberty. His reasons for freeing those condemned to the galleys form a compendium of the reasons that feed the rebellion of the Spanish spirit against the enacted law of the land. One must, indeed, work for the supremacy of law in the world, but there exists no strict right to punish one culprit while others wriggle out through the meshes of the code; in the long run a general impunity would conform to a noble and generous aspiration, although contrary to the prevailing social regulations; whereas the punishment of some and the impunity of others is a mockery of both the principles of justice and the sentiments of humanity." Thus far Ganivet.

It is deplorable that so keen a mind as that of our Granadan entertained the common belief that Cervantes embodied something in Don Quixote, and failed to rise to the faith, the saving faith, that the story of the ingenious gentleman was, as indeed it was, a history, real and genuine, and moreover eternal, for it is continually being realized in each one of its adherents. Cervantes did not deliberately set about incarnating Spanish justice in Don Quixote; he merely found the life of Don Quixote to be thus and so, and there was nothing to do but narrate it as it was, although without quite apprehending all its connotations. He did not see even the vivid contrast between the fact that it was Don Quixote, the chastiser of the Toledan traders, of the Biscayan, and of so many more, who denied to others the right to chastise.

Ganivet stops at the threshold of quixotism in supposing that the justice done by Don Quixote to the galley-slaves was founded on the doctrine that "there exists no strict right to punish one culprit while others wriggle out through the meshes of the

code," and that the impunity of all is preferable to oppressive and one-sided law. It could, I admit, be sustained that Don Quixote was moved by such reasons to free the galley-slaves, by basing an argument on an extract from his address on the golden age delivered before the goatherds, to the effect that *arbitrary law had not yet established itself in the mind of the judge, for then there was no cause to judge and no one to be judged*. But although Don Quixote himself is deceived in believing this to be his reason for freeing those unfortunates, the fact is that the deed was still more deeply rooted in his heart. And this should not surprise you, dear reader, nor should you make the mistake of taking it for a paradox, because the doer of a deed is not the one who best knows its motives; our rationalizings are generally arguments *a posteriori*, or, in plain English, afterthoughts, arguments we trump up to explain to ourselves and to others the motives of our acts, the real motives generally remaining unknown to us. I do not deny that Don Quixote believed, with Ganivet and perhaps Cervantes, that he liberated the galley-slaves from horror of arbitrary, judge-made law and because it seemed to him unjust that one should be punished while others wriggle out through the meshes of the code; but I deny that he liberated them because really moved, down deep in his heart, by any such consideration. If it were not so, with what reason or what right could he, Don Quixote, administer the chastisements that he did administer, knowing that the majority would escape from his strong right arm? Why did Don Quixote inflict punishment if there is no absolutely just human punishment?

Don Quixote imposed punishment, it is true, but he punished as God and Nature do, immediately, as the wholly nat-

ural consequence of sin. It was thus that he punished the carriers who meddled with his arms while he was watching them, raising his lance with both hands, striking the carriers on the head and knocking them down, then resuming his pacing to and fro with the same repose as before, without giving them another thought; it was thus that he menaced Juan Haldudo the Rich, but let him go upon his oath to pay Andrés; thus he attacked the Toledan merchants, the moment he heard them blaspheme Dulcinea; in this manner he conquered Don Sancho de Azpeitia, releasing him on the promise of the ladies that he would present himself before Dulcinea; for the same reason he charged at the Yanguesans on seeing them abuse Rocinante. His justice was sudden and direct; sentence and execution were for him the same thing; having righted the wrong, he held no rancour against the wrongdoer. And never did he seek to enslave anybody.

It might have been well, on the arrest of each of those galley-slaves, to have given him a whipping, but — send him to the galleys? *It seems a hard case, as the knight said, to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free.* And he added: *“Let each answer for his own sins yonder; there is a God in heaven who will not fail to punish the wicked or reward the good; and it is not fitting that honest men should be the instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way concerned.”*

The guards who escorted the galley-slaves did so in cold blood, perfunctorily, at the command of a superior who perhaps knew nothing of the convicts; and they escorted them to slavery. When punishment is transformed from a natural reaction to guilt, an instant reflection of offence, into an application of abstract justice, it becomes something odious to every good heart. The

Scriptures tell of the anger of God and of the immediate and terrible punishments which He thundered upon breakers of His commandments; but an eternal damnation, a torment without end, based on a cold theological argument about the infinitude of the sin and the need for unending satisfaction, is a proposition repugnant to quixotic Christianity. It is well that guilt be followed by its natural consequence, the buffet of God's wrath or of the anger of Nature. But the ultimate and definitive justice is pardon. God, Nature, and Don Quixote chastise only to pardon. Chastisement not followed by pardon, either immediate or ultimate, is not chastisement. It is useless rage.

But, you may say, if pardon is to follow, why punish at all? Why? In order that the pardon may not be gratuitous and thus lose all its virtue; in order that it may become valuable because costly to acquire, being bought with the pain of punishment; in order that the delinquent may reach the proper state for receiving the fruit, the benefit of the pardon, the remorse that would have prevented this having been wiped out by the punishment. The punishment satisfies the offender, not the offended; gratuitous pardon is repugnant even to the offender, seeming to him to be the quintessence of vengeance, the flowering of disdain. A pardon not demanded by the circumstances is a sort of alms. The weak avenge themselves by pardoning without having punished. We are more grateful for an embrace, if it is cordial, after the buffet with which our provocation was answered.

When a man feels himself offended, he is impelled to revenge; but, having taken his revenge, if he is well-bred and noble, he pardons. From that desire for revenge arose so-called justice, which is an intellectualizing of the desire, a rationalizing of

it; revenge is very far from being ennobled thereby; it is, rather, degraded. It is more human to meet an insult with a slap; and, being more human, it is nobler and purer than any application of the penal code.

The proper end of justice is pardon, and in our transit to the life to come, in the hour of death, while alone with God, the mystery of pardon is consummated for all men. With the pain of life and the penalties attached to it, all the misdeeds of life are compensated; the anguish of having to die is a full return for them. And God, who made man free, will not condemn him to perpetual captivity.

Let each answer for his own sins yonder; there is a God in heaven who will not fail to punish the wicked or reward the good. Here Don Quixote refers the punishment to God, without telling us why he believes that God punishes; but he could not have believed, however orthodox he may have been, in eternal punishment, and he did not believe in it. The punishment must, indeed, be referred to God, but not with the intent of making Him the executive of our own justice, as many of us do when we ought, on the contrary, to be the ministers of His justice. Who is the mortal that dares pronounce sentences, prescribe punishments, in the name of God, and leave to God their execution? Who is he that thus makes God his own instrument? He who thinks he is saying: "In the name of God I condemn you," really means: "God, in my name, condemns you." Observe carefully and you will see that those who arrogate to themselves the special ministry of God do so because at bottom they expect that God will be their minister. Not so Don Quixote, who believed he was a servant of God on earth and an arm by which His justice was executed, but only in the way in which we

are all His servants; Don Quixote left to God the judgment between the good and the bad, and the pardon to be allotted to the latter.

My faith in Don Quixote teaches me that such was his intimate feeling about this matter, and if Cervantes does not reveal it to us, it is because he was not qualified to grasp it. We are not to suppose that because he was Don Quixote's evangelist, he was the one who penetrated farthest into his spirit. It suffices that he has preserved for us the narrative of his life and deeds.

It is not fitting that honest men should be the instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way concerned. Don Quixote, like the people of whom he is the flower, frowned upon the hangman and upon all the agents of the law. It is quite right to take justice into one's hand since it serves a natural instinct; but to be the executioner of other men as a means of livelihood, to be the servant of odious abstract justice, is not right. If justice is impersonal and abstract, let it punish impersonally and abstractly.

At this point I see my timid readers clasp their heads in their hands and hear them exclaim: "How atrocious!" And then they will talk of social order and security and other such gibberish. Yet I tell you that if all convicts were set free, the world would not be any worse confused than now, and that if all men had faith in their ultimate salvation, in the ultimate pardon of all and the admission of all to joy in the Lord, who to that end created us all free, all of us would be better men.

Yes, I know that against this you will argue from the behaviour of the galley-slaves and the way they repaid Don Quixote for having set them at liberty. For no sooner did he see them

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free than he collected them round him, saying: "*To be grateful for benefits received is the part of persons of good birth, and one of the sins most offensive to God is ingratitude.*" And he went on to command them that, laden with the chain, they should proceed to the city of El Toboso and there present themselves before the lady Dulcinea. The unhappy wretches, fearful of being seized again by the Holy Brotherhood, responded by the mouth of Ginés de Pasamonte, saying that they could not comply with Don Quixote's request, and suggesting its alteration to a certain quantity of Ave Marias and credos. Pasamonte's coolness irritated the knight, who was quick to anger, and he reproved him. Pasamonte gave the wink to his companions and, *falling back, they began to shower stones on Don Quixote at such a rate . . . that they brought him to the ground.* Once on the ground, one of them beat him, and they stripped off his jacket and took Sancho's coat.

This should teach us to free the galley-slaves precisely because they are not going to thank us for it; for, were we to count beforehand on their gratitude, our deed would lack valour and value. If we bestowed benefits only for the anticipated gratitude, how would they serve us in eternity? We should, on the contrary, do good not only in spite of being unrequited, but precisely because it is thankless. The infinite value of good works inheres in the lack of adequate return in this life, and thus they abound in life. Life is a poor possession compared with the good that can be done in it.

But here comes a passage as sad as it is beautiful. While exhibiting to us a carnal weakness of Don Quixote, it shows at the same time that he was of flesh and bone like us and subject like us to human miseries.

DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER 23

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN
THE SIERRA MORENA, ONE OF THE RAREST AD-
VENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS
HISTORY

AND it came when, seeing himself served in this way, he said to his squire: "*I have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to boors is to throw water into the sea. Had I heeded thy advice, I had avoided this misfortune. But since the thing is done, it is needless to repine. This shall be a warning to me for the future.*" The poor knight, stretched on the ground, felt his faith weaken. But see Sancho, the heroic Sancho, full of quixotic faith, come to his aid: "*Your worship will take as much warning as I am a Turk.*" How clearly thou sawest, heroic Sancho, quixotic Sancho, that thy master could not take warning against doing right and dealing justly!

And because they stoned Don Quixote and stripped off his jacket, are we to presume that the galley-slaves did not go away grateful and that liberty did not do them good? They took the jacket because they needed it, and this did not exclude gratitude. Thankfulness is one thing, and one's trade is another; and the trade of most of them was thieving. Besides, perhaps they merely wished to carry away some garment of his as a remembrance. And the stoning? Yes, this also out of gratitude. It would have been worse to have turned their backs on him.

Rising above this adventure, Don Quixote complied with Sancho's entreaties to withdraw from the fury of the Holy Brother-

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hood; but not through fear of it. They entered the Sierra Morena and encamped *between two rocks among some cork-trees*. That was the night the unfortunate galley-slave Ginés de Pasamonte stole Sancho's ass. And ere long they found Cardenio's valise and the pile of gold crowns, which made Sancho exclaim: "*Blessed be all Heaven for sending us an adventure that is good for something!*"

Ah, Sancho, thou weathercock! Again the flesh claims thee, and thou namest it an adventure to have stumbled upon a pile of gold crowns! Thou art of the land of the lottery. His master gave him the money; Don Quixote was not seeking treasure-trove adventures; he was far more interested in the amorous lament of the sonnet found in the valise. Then he saw the solitary figure of a man leaping from rock to rock and told Sancho to head him off; but Sancho answered in these notable words: "*I cannot do that, for the moment I part one step from your worship, I am scared almost out of my wits.*"

Of course, Sancho my friend, and why not? Thy master may be crazy, he may be stark mad, as thou declarest; but thou couldst not, canst not, nor ever wilt be able to live without him; thou cursest his lunacy and the blanketings it brings thee, but let him leave thee, and fear is at once upon thee at finding thyself alone. Thou without thy master art as alone as without thyself. The shelter of Don Quixote was a comfort to thee, faith in him grew up in thee; and if thy faith should leave thee, who would free thee from fear? What is fear but the loss of faith? And do we not acquire faith through fear? Faith, friend Sancho, is adherence, not to an idea, not to a theory, but to something alive, to a real man or to an ideal one; it is the faculty of confiding in the wonderful. And thou, faithful Sancho, believest in a lunatic and in his lunacies;

and, now that thou hast tasted quixotic madness, if thou art left alone with thy former sanity, who shall save thee from the fright that will surely assail thee? Here is thy reason for begging thy lord and master not to leave thee to thyself.

And thy Don Quixote, strong and magnanimous, answers thee: "*It shall be so, and I am very glad that thou art willing to rely on my courage, which will never fail thee, even though the soul in thy body fail thee.*" Have faith, then, Sancho, have faith, though the very soul in thy body fail thee; the courage of Don Quixote will not fail thee. Faith has accomplished in thee its miracle; the courage of Don Quixote is now thy courage; no longer livest thou in thyself; he, thy master, it is who lives in thee. Thou art quixotized.

The meeting of Cardenio and Don Quixote now occurs, and hardly does the knight see the other madman, mad with love, than *he held him for a while close in his arms as if he had known him for a long time.* And so, indeed, he had. Don Quixote announced his purpose to serve him, and, should his misfortune prove irremediable, to join him *in lamenting and mourning over it* so far as he could. And in lamenting and mourning over Cardenio's misfortune, dost thou not lament and mourn over thine, good cavalier? In lamenting Lucinda's disdain, dost thou not mourn over that constraint that forbade thee to open thy heart to Aldonza?

There are nevertheless those malicious enough to think that all of this was intended merely to move Cardenio to tell his story, for Don Quixote had a lively curiosity and an eagerness to inquire into the lives of others.

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CHAPTERS 24 AND 25

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE
SIERRA MORENA AND WHICH TREAT OF THE
STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE
BRAVE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA
MORENA, AND OF HIS IMITATION
OF THE PENANCE OF
BELTENEBROS

HERE Cervantes, not confiding too implicitly in the attractive power of his hero's story, inserts that of Cardenio. But even so he notes Don Quixote's interruption of Cardenio and narrates his sally to the defense of Queen Madasima, slandered by Cardenio. Cervantes here intended to teach us not to tolerate the offence committed by those that insist on regarding Don Quixote as a mere conception, without real existence. And it will not do to argue that such persons are not in their right minds; for, as Don Quixote said on this occasion, one should stand up for the essential truth *against men in their senses and against madmen*. The hidalgo stood up for it; and if he is to be criticized, it should be for his boastfulness, for at this very time he asserted he knew the rules of chivalry *better than all the knights in the world that have professed them*.

As they made their way through the solitudes of the Sierra Morena, he recurred to his ruling passion and told Sancho that what led him into those parts was his desire "*to perform among them a deed wherewith I shall win eternal name and fame throughout the known world.*" To realize it he purposes to imitate

his model, Amadis of Gaul. He well knew that perfection is attained by imitating men and not by trying to put theories into practice. And to imitate him in the penance he did in Peña Pobre, having changed his name to Beltenebros, Don Quixote decided *to play the victim of despair, the madman, the maniac*, an easier adventure than that of *cleaving giants asunder, cutting off serpents' heads, slaying dragons, routing armies, sinking whole navies, and breaking enchantments*.

And as the brave madman was very much in his senses he declined to imitate Roland by plucking up trees, troubling clear waters, slaying shepherds, destroying their flocks, burning their huts, demolishing houses, dragging mares after him, and *a hundred thousand other unique achievements worthy of everlasting record and renown*, but only in essentials, perhaps even contenting himself with the simple imitation of Amadis, *who, without giving way to any mischievous madness, but merely to tears and sorrow, gained as much fame as the most famous*. The point was in getting fame and renown, and if the madness of peril was not necessary for that purpose, why, there was the madness of madness.

When Sancho asked him why he had to go mad though Dulcinea had not failed him, he answered with that most pregnant sentence: "*There is the point and that is the beauty of this business of mine; no thanks to a knight-errant for going mad when he has cause; the thing is to turn crazy without provocation, and to let my lady know, if I do this in cold blood, what I might do if driven to it.*" Just so, my Don Quixote; the point is to turn crazy without provocation, in whole-hearted rebellion against logic, the implacable foe of the spirit. Most of those in this thy fatherland who are held to be insane have become so with provocation, in hot

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blood, and for cause; they are not insane, but exceptionally silly and extremely vexatious, if not, indeed, complete rascals. Madness, genuine madness, is with us a crying need, and a possible cure for this pest of common sense which has inhibited the individual sense of each one of us.

Sancho's was inhibited, since he doubted thee, heroic cavalier, when thou spokest anew of the helmet of Mambrino; he was at the point of thinking all thy promises false because his eyes made him see the helmet in the guise of a barber's basin. Aptly didst thou answer him, however: "*What seems to thee a barber's basin seems to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another it will seem something else.*" This is the truth, pure and simple. The world is what it seems to each observer, and wisdom prompts us to make the seeming match our will, lose our wits without provocation, burn with faith in the absurd. When carnal Sancho saw Don Quixote begin his penance, he thought it was in jest and not in earnest, but his master undeceived him. No, friend Sancho; true madness is always in earnest; it is the sane who jest.

And what madness! It was then that Don Quixote told Sancho that Dulcinea was Aldonza Lorenzo, daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo and Aldonza Nogales. Sancho vividly describes her earthy charms: *a notable lass, a strong-built, sizable, upstanding, manly lass*, who can pitch a crow-bar *as far as the lustiest young fellow in all the parish*. She clambered one day *o' top of the belfry to call some ploughmen at work in a field of her father's, and though they were better than half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the churchyard*. And she is heard today, transformed into Dulcinea, heralding thy name, cunning

Sancho. "*She is fit for a courtier,*" he added, "*and makes a jest of everybody and has a grin and joke for everything.*" Yes, Glory derides all her favourites.

Sancho concluded his encomium with an appraisal of Dulcinea from his own gross outlook, and his master told him the story of the fair widow, young and free and rich, who fell in love with a strapping young fellow, but brainless. For what she wanted of him — Yes, for him who would embrace the ideality of the world there is in it nothing base or gross, and Aldonza Lorenzo may very well incarnate Dulcinea.

But there is here something more intimate. Alonso Quixano the Good, who for twelve years had secreted in the sanctum sanctorum of his heart that love which was perhaps what led him to sink himself in books of chivalry and then to become Don Quixote, Alonso Quixano, his timid shame now overcome and broken down, thanks to his chivalresque madness, confesses his love to Sancho. To Sancho! By confessing it he profanes it. The sly fox of a squire is unaware of what is laid before his perceptions and placed in his trust, and talks of Aldonza as of any sturdy village lass. Then Don Quixote, weighed down by seeing how coarsely Sancho understood his love, and not knowing that for every true lover his own love is unique and as if such had never been before in the world, tells him the meaty story of the widow and the idiot, and adorns the tale with "*for all I want of Dulcinea del Toboso she is just as good as the most exalted princess on earth.*" Poor knight! What a struggle it must have been for thee to be dumb and to bury thy love in the depths of thy heart! Had shame not thwarted the excessive love that seized thee in the autumn of thy years, quite otherwise than by invoking her upon

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the highways under the name of Dulcinea wouldst thou have loved the pretty daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo and Aldonza Nogales. Say, wouldst thou not have given glory for her, that glory which for her sake thou rodest forth to seek?

After this colloquy, Don Quixote wrote the letter to Dulcinea, though Aldonza Nogales could not read, and also the order for the three ass-colts, and delivered both to Sancho. Ah, Sancho, Sancho, thou carriest the greatest of commissions, a *billet-doux* to Dulcinea, yet must needs take with it an order for three ass-colts!

Renewing the colloquy, Don Quixote said: "*In faith, Sancho, to all appearance thou art not sounder in thy wits than I am.*" Quite so, for thou, noble knight, hast infected him.

When Sancho was about to go, his master pulled off his breeches in all haste *and stripped himself to his skin and his shirt and then, without more ado, he gave two or three frisks in the air and a couple of somersaults, heels over head, making such a display that, not to see it a second time, Sancho wheeled Rocinante round, feeling satisfied that he could swear he left his master mad.*

CHAPTER 26

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE REFINEMENTS WHERE-
WITH DON QUIXOTE PLAYED THE PART OF A LOVER
IN THE SIERRA MORENA

DON QUIXOTE passed the time in telling his beads on a rosary made of oak-galls from a cork-tree, pacing up and down the little meadow, writing and carving on the bark of trees and on

the fine sand a multitude of verses, in sighing and calling on the fauns, satyrs, and nymphs of that region.

Wonderful adventure! A contemplative rather than an active adventure! There are people, my Don Quixote, who are blind to the value of these adventures of sighing and cutting deliberate capers. Only those that have capered or can do so can give the finishing touch to great undertakings. Unfortunate is he who is sound of mind in solitude as well as in public.

This penance of Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena reminds us of Ignatius de Loyola's penance in the cave of Manresa, especially of the occasion at Manresa and in the monastery of Santo Domingo when "there occurred to him" — as Father Rivadeneira tells us in Book I, chapter vi — "the example of a saint who, in order to receive from God the object of his prayer, determined not to break his fast until he had obtained it. In imitation of which he, too, decided not to eat or drink until he found the peace his soul so craved, if he did not find himself in danger of death thereby."

A pious author at the end of his *Life of Saint Simeon Stylites* adds: "This life is one to be admired rather than imitated"; and Saint Teresa de Jesús in the third paragraph of chapter xii of her *Life* says the Devil "tells us or makes us understand that the deeds of saints are to be admired, but not performed by us sinners"; and she herself says the same, but that "we must distinguish between what is amazing and what is to be imitated." Thus it is credible that Don Quixote's penance in the Sierra Morena is rather to be wondered at than copied. But I assert that his capers issued from the same source as his most perilous achievements, the two being inseparable. Those follies inflamed his

love of Dulcinea, and that love was the lodestar and spring of his acts.

The beautiful is the superfluous, it has its aim within itself, it is the flower of life. And those capers in the air are most beautiful because they have no other purpose than their mere execution. Although, after all, they did have another purpose: that of self-education. Let me tell you a story.

Two reapers came to mow a field. One of them, anxious to cut a great deal, began to mow without stopping to sharpen his scythe, which presently, being dented and dull, began to flatten down the grass without cutting it. The other reaper, eager to do a good job, spent most of the morning in sharpening his blade. At nightfall neither of them had earned his pay. Likewise there is the man whose sole care is to be at work, without sharpening and scouring his will and his courage; and there is another who spends his life in sharpening and polishing, whom death overtakes while he is preparing to live. Mow, therefore, reap and sharpen your scythe; work and prepare for work. Without the life within, there is no outer life.

Those deliberate and solemn capers in the air, those prayers, sighs, and invocations, those carvings on the barks of trees, are a spiritual exercise preparatory to attacking windmills, spear-
ing sheep, conquering Biscayans, freeing galley-slaves, and being stoned by them. There, in that retreat, and with those capers, the world's mockery was assuaged by self-mockery; it eased his love; he cultivated there his heroic madness with aimless vagaries.

Sancho meanwhile took the road to El Toboso, and when he drew near the inn where they had blanketed him, he met the priest and the barber of his village, who at once inquired after

Don Quixote and where he was. Sancho, guided by unerring instinct, tried to mislead them. How well didst thou understand, faithful squire, that the worst enemies of the hero are his own relatives, those that love him with the love of kinship! They love him not for himself nor for his work, but for themselves. They love him not for his work, which is his soul and his reason for being; they love him not in eternity but in time. Mark the Evangelist tells us in chapter iii of his Gospel that when Jesus had ordained his disciples, so surrounded by the multitude "that they could not so much as eat bread" (verse 20), his people, *οἱ παρ' αὐτοῦ*, his kinsmen, his mother and brothers, "heard of it" and "went out to lay hold on him; for they said: He is beside himself" (verse 21). That is, He is crazy. "And they said unto him: Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee. And he answered them, saying: Who is my mother, or my brethren? And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said: Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother" (verses 31-35). The hero, the saint, the redeemer, is for no one so beside himself as for his own family, his parents and his brethren.

The priest and the barber were acting on their intention to escort Don Quixote to his home, in conformity with the wishes of the housekeeper and the niece of the hidalgo, who believed him to be beside himself. But the true nieces of Don Quixote are those that are kindled by the flame of his noble knightliness, they are his spiritual relatives. The hero ends in having no friends; he is of necessity solitary.

So Sancho was right in trying to hide his whereabouts from the priest and the barber; but his cunning did not avail, for

he was alone, and, without the shelter of his master, they could attack him through his fear; consequently they forced from him a full confession, a confession so naïve that his hearers *were again filled with astonishment at the vehemence of Don Quixote's madness, which could run away with this poor man's reason.* Vehemence? More than vehement; contagious, with the contagion of heroism. And it is neither just nor intelligent to call him a poor man who was acquiring such spiritual riches by merely entering the service of a knightly gentleman.

They did not care to take the trouble of disabusing him of his error, considering that since it did not in any way hurt his conscience, it would be better to leave him in it, and they would have all the more amusement in listening to his simplicities. See how these two worldlings, the priest and the barber, regard Sancho, taking his faith in heroism to be error, and his words to be amusing simplicities. Do nothing heroic, therefore, nor say anything subtle or new, to give pleasure to those who will regard it as merely an ingenious invention.

I presume that not a few Manchegan priests and barbers, or those worthy to be such, will read these commentaries of mine, and I even go so far as to suspect that most of them will be more like than unlike our priest and barber, and will consequently believe it well to leave me in what they judge to be my errors, in order to make merry over my simplicities. One can almost hear them saying that I diligently search for paradoxes in order to appear ingenious and original. But I say to them merely this: if they neither see nor feel what passion and kindling of the spirit, what profound unrest and ardent anxiety I put into these commentaries on the life of my lord Don Quixote and his squire Sancho, and have put into

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other works of mine; if, I say, they do not see this and feel it, I am sorry for them from the bottom of my heart, and regard them as unfortunate slaves of common sense, as apparitions strolling amid the shades, reciting in chorus the rhymes of Mother Goose. And I commend myself to our lady Dulcinea, who will, at last, render an accounting of them and of me.

On reading the above paragraph they will only smile once more and murmur: "Paradoxes! new paradoxes, always paradoxes!" But see here, you blockheads, you incorrigibles, tell me, what do you understand by "paradox" and what do you mean by it? I suspect that you reserve a further meaning, unhappy routineers of common sense. What you do not want is to stir up the dregs of your souls or have them stirred up for you. What you refuse is to sound the depths of the spirit. You seek the barren stillness of those that rest in external institutions, repose in store-houses of dogma, and are tickled by the simplicities of Sancho. And what tickles you you call a paradox. You are lost, irretrievably lost. Spiritual sloth is your perdition.

CHAPTER 27

HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN PRACTICE, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF RECORD IN THIS GREAT HISTORY

RETURNING to our story, I shall remind you, for all my readers know it already, of the scheme of the priest and the barber for removing Don Quixote from his place of penance, which they

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sacerdotonsorially regarded as useless. The scheme was for the priest to go dressed in the costume of a damsel-errant, since priests, like maids and those that have been such, are used to putting on their clothes over their heads; and for the chin-scraper to disguise himself as a squire; thus arrayed, they were to go *to where Don Quixote was, pretending that she was an aggrieved and distressed damsel*, and all the rest of it, the purpose being to get Don Quixote out of the Sierra Morena and take him home. So the priest, dressed like a girl and riding his mule like one, sideways, and the barber, with an oxtail for a beard, set off to seduce the knight. Pretty soon it struck the priest as indecent for him to rig himself out in that fashion; he thought an oxtail suited his cloth better than women's clothes. So they exchanged rôles. And they deceived Sancho, simple faithful Sancho, and trapped him into selling his master, giving him a barber for a damsel-errant.

CHAPTER 29

THE DELIGHTFUL NEW ADVENTURE THE PRIEST AND
THE BARBER HAD IN THE SIERRA MORENA

BUT not even this was necessary, for fortune sent them the lovely Dorothea — nearly every woman in this story is beautiful — who consented to play the part of the distressed damsel, Princess Micomicona, which she did so perfectly, both in costume and acting, as to deceive the incautious Sancho.

Don Quixote meanwhile was still stripped to his shirt, lank, yellow, half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea. He was clothed, however, when the Princess Micomicona

found him and knelt before him; he strove to raise her up, but she refused to rise until he should grant her a boon, which the knight accorded before it was stated, provided it were without detriment or prejudice to his king, his country, or her who held the key to his heart and freedom. This was a cautious and un-entangling promise. The princess then prayed that he accompany her without digressing into any other adventure until he had avenged her of a traitor who had usurped her kingdom. Don Quixote assured her that she might lay aside all melancholy, for with the help of God and of his arm she would soon see herself restored to her realm. If God directed the arm of the knight, the second aid was superfluous. The princess endeavoured to kiss his hand, but he would by no means allow it, for *he was in all things a polished and courteous knight*; and he made haste to follow her.

Here we must admire the union in Don Quixote of his faith in God and his faith in himself, when he assured the princess that she would soon see herself restored to her kingdom and seated on the throne of her ancient and mighty state, notwithstanding and in despite of the felons who would gainsay it. The fact is that there is no faith in oneself like that of the servant of God, for he sees God in himself; there is no faith equal to his who, like Don Quixote, though led by the bait of fame, seeks first of all the kingdom of God and His righteousness. All the rest will be added unto him, and, leading all those things, faith in himself, a necessary accompaniment of his works.

Fathers Lainez and Salmerón, in attempting to found the College of Padua, found themselves in great difficulties with the government of Venice, and, having lost all hope of success, Lainez in a letter to Ignatius de Loyola described "the straits

they were in, and begged him to say a mass for the enterprise, that Our Lord might bestow success upon them," because, otherwise, Lainez could see no way out. "The Father said the mass as requested, on the very day of the Nativity of Our Lady, and then he wrote to Lainez: 'I have done what you asked me; be of good cheer and not cast down by this affair, which you may consider as good as completed according to your wishes.' And it was so" (Rivadeneira, Book III, chapter vi).

The sad part of the adventure was that *the barber was all this time on his knees, at great pains to hide his laughter and not let his beard fall, for had it fallen, maybe nothing would have come of their good*, according to Cervantes, *intention*. Thus far all have been adventures vouchsafed the hidalgo by chance, the fortunes of highway and by-way, natural adventures ordained by God for his glory. But now begin those contrived for him by men, and with them comes the most strenuous period of his career. We now have the hero, as hero, in the rôle of a plaything and laughing-stock of men; now the posse comitatus of men is after him. The barber hides his laughter so as not to be found out, knowing that laughter betrays us, snatching off the mask of gravity, a beard as removable as it is false.

There now begins, I say, the sad part of the quixotic career. His most beautiful and spontaneous adventures are now ended; henceforth the most of them will be artificial, devised by the mischievous. The world till now has ignored the hero, and he in turn has endeavoured to be heroic in his own way; but now the world recognizes and accepts him, only to make sport of him and, adapting itself to his humour, mould him at will. Now art thou reduced, my poor Don Quixote, to be the game and pastime of

barbers, priests, bachelors, dukes, and idlers of all sorts. Thy passion begins, and of the bitterest kind, the passion of mockery.

For this very reason thy adventures gain in depth what they lose in daring, for they are now witnessed by the world, in one way or another. It has been thy wish to make the world thy world, by righting its wrongs and establishing justice in it. But now the world receives thee and thy world as only a part of itself; thou art about to enter into the common life. Thou wilt become somewhat dequixotized, but only by quixotizing thy mockers. By force of laughter thou drawest them into thy following; they wonder at thee and then love thee. Thou wilt make the bachelor Samson Carrasco at last take his jests in earnest, and pass from mock fights to genuine. So let the barber grin beneath his false beard. "Behold the man!" they said, in mockery of Christ Our Lord. "Behold the madman!" they will say of thee, my lord Don Quixote, and thou wilt be the madman, unique, The Madman.

And Sancho, poor Sancho, though having been behind the scenes and fairly well informed about the farce, nevertheless believes, with an heroic faith, in the kingdom of Micomicón, and has even dreamed of getting rich by importing Negroes from that country. Oh, robust faith! And let no man say it was greed that kindled it. Not at all. On the contrary, it was his faith that awoke the greed.

It is now that the priest stages the meeting with his neighbour Alonso Quixano, saluting him as his dear old friend and compatriot Don Quixote de La Mancha, *the flower and cream of gentility . . . the quintessence of knights-errant*, devoting him thus to the amusement of his fellow men. The ingenious gentleman, as soon as he recognized him, tried to dismount, since the priest

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was on foot. He paid homage to the mocker, for, after all, he had the cure of souls in his village.

The barber's false beard accidentally fell off and the priest came to his rescue with a special charm for sticking on beards, *whereat Don Quixote was beyond all measure astonished, and begged the priest to teach him that charm when he had opportunity*. Alas, my poor knight, how the tricks of thy tormenters begin to work in thee! No longer dost thou find thine own marvels; they invent them for thee!

But the priest, not content with his burlesque rôle, thought it well to play the part of reprover besides, and, pretending not to know the man who released the galley-slaves, he severely censured the valiant doer of that deed. And the knight, *who changed colour at every word*, kept silent, not daring to say that it was he; because, after all, the censurer was his priest, his confessor.

CHAPTER 30

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADDRESS DISPLAYED BY THE
FAIR DOROTHEA WITH OTHER MATTERS PLEASANT
AND AMUSING

AND he would never have spoken of it if Sancho had not given him away and said it was his master who set at liberty those notorious rogues. His man had spoken, the one who for him was the world. "*Blockhead!*" said *Don Quixote at this*, "*it is no business or concern of knights-errant to inquire whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed whom they meet on the high-roads go that way and suffer as they do because of their faults or*

because of their fortunes. It concerns them only to aid them, as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings, not their crimes, and the rest that he added, challenging all that liked not what he had done, saving the reverend clergyman's presence. An admirable retort and a worthy crown for the reasoning expressed at the time of the liberation. The priest quite naturally discussed the mundane, terrestrial aspect of the case, as did all the priests with whom in the course of his career the hidalgo came into contact; for, after all, they were mundane and terrestrial who paid him to officiate as priest. But it was the divine and celestial aspect which concerned Don Quixote. Oh, my lord Don Quixote, when shall we come to see in every galley-slave first of all and above all a needy man, and to regard only the pain of the misdeed and nothing else whatever! Until, at sight of even the most horrid crime, we learn to exclaim to its doer: "Poor brother!" our Christianity will not sink in any deeper than the skin of our souls.

Proceeding with the farce, the Princess Micomicona now reeled off the string of nonsense which she had patched together in order to justify herself. And it sadly befell that Don Quixote and Sancho believed it all; for heroism is always credulous. And then the fun began. Don Quixote renewed his promises, but demonstrated the impossibility of marriage with the princess, which so disgusted Sancho that he broke forth in protest, putting the Micomiconan above Dulcinea. Such blasphemy was, of course, insufferable, and, lifting his pike, his master, *without saying a word to Sancho or giving him the least warning, gave him two such thwacks that he brought him to the ground.*

This silent reproof, the only dignified action amid so many buffooneries, raises our spirits. The reasons Don Quixote

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gave in justification of the punishment were very serious ones indeed; were it not for the courage breathed into his breast and the might infused into his arm by Dulcinea, he would not have enough to kill a flea. The valour was not his, but hers, his arm but the instrument of her achievements. And so, indeed, it is: when we conquer, it is Glory conquering through us. *She fights in me and conquers in me, and I live and breathe in her.* Heroic words, which we should carry engraved on our hearts! Words which are to quixotism what these words of Paul of Tarsus are to Christianity: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20).

And so it always is in every great work; if it is to be truly great, it must be a man's offering to a man, or to a woman; better a woman than a man. The end of man is humanity, personalized humanity, individualized. And when nature is taken to be the end, nature is first humanized. God is the ideal of humanity, man projected to infinity and to eternity. So it must be. Why speak of the "error" of anthropocentrism? Do you not say that an infinite sphere has its centre everywhere and anywhere? For each of us the centre is oneself. But it cannot function until it is polarized; it cannot live until decentralized. And how shall it become decentralized but by tending toward another? The love of man for man, I mean of man for woman, is the source of all wonderful things.

I live and breathe in her and owe my life and being to her. On saying this of thy Dulcinea, my Don Quixote, did not thy Alonso the Good recall that Aldonza Lorenzo for whom during twelve years he sighed without daring to confess his vast love? *I live and breathe in her!* In her lived and breathed thy Alonso Quixano and owed to her his life and being, he whom thou carriest

within thee, steeped in thy madness; he lived and breathed in her for twelve long, cruel years of torturing sanity; his modest dreams were of her; from four brief glimpses of her sweet face he formed his hopes; memories he was to have none. In her he had his life and being, a life occult and silent; a life that flowed below the level of his spirit as the waters of the Guadiana run a long way underground, but refreshing there, at those levels, the roots of his future career. Oh, my Alonso the Good, to live and breathe in Aldonza, without her knowing or suspecting it, to have life and being in the dear, pictured memory that feeds the soul!

But Sancho did not own himself beaten; he insisted on the marriage with the princess, after which his master could go back to Dulcinea; there must have been kings who kept mistresses. What hast thou said, Sancho, what hast thou said! Knowest not thou hast pierced clear through the soul of Don Quixote and wounded the most sensitive spot in the heart of Alonso Quixano? Besides, Dulcinea suffers no sharing, and he who loves her in all ways must give himself to her wholly and without reservation. Many there are who would marry Fortune and take Glory for their mistress; but jealous Fortune scratches their faces, and Glory laughs at them and holds aloof.

Continuing their conversation, the master presently asked pardon for beating Sancho, since the squire had not seen Dulcinea so leisurely as to take particular note of *her beauty and her charms, piece by piece*. "But," he added, "*taken in the lump, I like her looks*." This is the concession that the Sanchos make when they have been beaten, telling lies favourable to Dulcinea, whom they have never seen or known. Then Sancho, spurred on by the princess, kissed Don Quixote's hand and begged his pardon,

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which the generous gentleman granted, and he added his blessing. Blessed thwacks with the pike, friend Sancho, which have brought thee thy master's blessing! Surely, on receiving a pardon so redundant, thou must have rejoiced in a punishment so fruitful.

They withdrew from the others a little, to talk of their own affairs, and presently Sancho recovered his ass, ridden by Ginés de Pasamonte disguised as a gipsy, who, on spying Don Quixote and Sancho, slid off and took to his heels.

CHAPTER 31

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCUSSION BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA HIS SQUIRE,
WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

IN the savoury dialogue between Don Quixote and Sancho concerning the interview with Dulcinea, Sancho said he found her *in the yard winnowing two bushels of wheat*. Don Quixote replied: "*Why, then, be assured that the grains of that wheat were pearls when touched by her hands.*" When Sancho told him it was red wheat, "*Then I promise thee,*" said Don Quixote, "*that, winnowed by her hands, beyond a doubt the bread it made was of the whitest.*" The squire added that when he offered the letter, the winnower told him to lay it on a sack, for she could not read it until she had finished what she had in the sieve; to which Don Quixote responded: "*Oh, discreet lady! That was in order to read and enjoy it at leisure.*" Sancho observed that she smelled something mannish, and, "*It could not be that,*" said Don Quixote, "*thou must have had a cold in the head, or must have smelt*

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thyself, for I know well the fragrance of that rose among thorns, that lily of the field, that liquid amber." Sancho then reported that Dulcinea, unable to read or write, tore the letter into small pieces, so no one in the village might know her affairs, saying what he had told her by word of mouth concerning his master's penance was enough; and she expressed her desire to see Don Quixote, whom she commanded to set out at once for El Toboso. When Sancho revealed that Dulcinea had not, as a parting gift, bestowed on him any jewel, but some bread and cheese, "*She is generous in the extreme," said Don Quixote, "and if she did not give thee a jewel of gold, no doubt it was because she had not one at hand there to give thee. Well, a gift is not lost that comes at last; I shall see her, and all shall be made right."*

I beg the reader to reread all this delightful dialogue, because it holds the essence of quixotism in respect to the doctrine of knowledge. To Sancho's lies, invented occurrences in keeping with ordinary and apparent life, Don Quixote responded with the lofty truths of faith, based deeply in life fundamental.

Not the intelligence, but the will makes our world. The old scholastic aphorism, *Nihil volitum quin præcognitum*, Nothing is wished for but the previously known, must be corrected to *Nihil cognitum quin prævolitum*, Nothing is known but the thing already desired.

In this treacherous world
there is naught false or true;
It is all in the tint
of the glass you see through,

as our Campoamor said. This also should be corrected by saying that all is true and all is false in this world. All is truth in so far as

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it feeds generous longings and bears fruitful works; all is falsehood that smothers noble impulses and aborts sterile monsters. By their fruits ye shall know them, men and things. Every creed that leads to living works is a true creed, as that one is false that conducts to deeds of death. Life is the criterion of truth; logic is but the criterion of reason. If my faith leads me to create life or increase it, what further proof of my faith would you have? When mathematics kills, it is a lie. If, trudging half dead with thirst, you see a vision of what we call water, and, rushing to it, you drink, slake your thirst, and revive, that vision was genuine and the water true water. Truth is that which, by causing us to act this way or that way, makes us accomplish our purpose.

A student of so-called philosophy would say that, in this chat with Sancho, Don Quixote stated the now famous doctrine of the relativity of knowledge. It is clear that all is relative, but is not relativity also relative? By juggling with concepts, or, perhaps better, with words, one might say that everything is absolute within itself, but relative in respect to other things. In this game of words all logic collapses unless based upon faith and looking to the will for its chief prop. The logic of Sancho was scholastic, purely verbal; it started from the supposition that we all mean the same thing when using the same words; but Don Quixote knew that with the same words we commonly say opposite things, and with opposite words the same thing; thanks to which we can converse and understand each other. If my neighbour understands by what he says the same thing that I understand, his words do not enrich my mind, nor mine his. If my neighbour is another myself, what good is he to me? For my self, I suffice, and even more than suffice.

The grains of wheat are of red wheat or of white according to the hands that touch them. And those hands, my Don Quixote, are never to be laid in thine. Where Don Quixote was profoundest was in asserting that if Dulcinea smelt somewhat man-nish to the Sanchos, it is because they have bad colds or smell themselves. Those for whom the world smells only of matter, smell themselves only; those that see nothing but passing phenomena, see themselves and no deeper. Not in contemplation of the stars that wheel across the sky shall we discover Thee, O God, Thou who didst enrich with madness Don Quixote! The discovery comes by watching, from the depths of our hearts, the soaring of love's aspirations.

The bread and cheese that Dulcinea handed thee over the wall became for thee, friend Sancho, an eternal jewel. By that bread and cheese thou livest and wilt live while men remember men, and longer. By that bread and cheese with which thou wouldst have lied, thou enjoyest enduring truth. Endeavouring to lie, thou toldest the truth.

They went on talking, master and squire, and in the course of their talk Sancho again brought up the subject of Don Quixote's alliance with the princess, and when he again declined it, "*Ah!*" moaned Sancho, "*What a sad state your worship's brains are in!*" For him his master's madness appeared in deserting riches for Glory, and so are the Sanchos all. They hold for sane the lunatic who by his lunacy prospers in comfort and consider demented the man of sound mind whose sanity prevents his getting rich. Sancho would love and serve God for what He could do. Pure love was not in him.

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CHAPTER 32

OF WHAT BEFELL ALL DON QUIXOTE'S PARTY AT THE INN

AFTER this discussion, and the meeting of Andrés, servant of Juan Haldudo the Rich, of whom we have spoken, they came to an inn; and while Don Quixote slept, the priest became entangled in a conversation with the innkeeper and his family concerning books of chivalry, and flatly declared that the tales of Don Cirongilio's adventures and those of Felixmarte were mendacious and full of folly and nonsense, but that the story of the Great Captain was real history, as was also the story of Diego García de Paredes.

But listen, Señor Licentiate, and tell me: Now, at present, at the moment in which you are thus speaking, in what part of the earth are the Great Captain and Diego García de Paredes? The moment a man is dead and has, perhaps, passed into the memories of other men, in what respect is he more than one of those poetic fictions which you so abominate? You by your studies must know that *operari sequitur esse*, doing follows being; and I add to this that only that exists which acts, and that to exist is to act. If Don Quixote performs, upon them that know him, works of life, he is much more historical and real than the many names, mere names, to be found in those chronicles which you, Señor Licentiate, hold to be so real. The only living things are those that perform acts. To investigate whether or not a certain personage did indeed live comes from obstinately shutting our eyes to the mystery of time. That which was and is no longer is nothing more than that which is not, but some day will be. The past exists no more

than the future, nor does the one actuate the present more than the other. What should we say of a traveller who insisted on denying the existence of the road ahead of him and considered the portion already traversed to be the only true and genuine road? And who dares to affirm that those individuals whose actuality you deny may not some day exist, and that in consequence they even now exist in eternity; and even that there is nothing conceivable which may not be effective and real in eternity?

The landlord, now quixotized — for not in vain had he received the hero under his roof — was right in saying to your worship, Señor Licentiate: “*Hold your peace, sir, for if you were to hear this*” (the deeds of Don Cirongilio of Thrace) “*you would go mad with delight. A fig for your Great Captain and your Diego García!*” In eternity, legends and fictions are truer than history; and in the argument between your worship, a rationalistic priest, and the faith-inspired innkeeper the latter had the better part. Your worship succeeded, indeed, Señor Licentiate, in tempting Sancho’s faith as he listened to the dispute; but faith not acquired amid the temptations of doubt is not a faith fruitful in enduring works.

Before proceeding, it is fitting to say here something — just a glance, for the matter is unworthy of more — about those vain and saucy fellows who say that Don Quixote and Sancho never existed and are no more than mere fictitious characters.

Their pompous and puffed-up reasoning is too ridiculous and absurd to merit even refutation. It makes one shudder with nausea to hear it. But since there are simple people who are subdued by the apparent authority of those that pour out such pestiferous doctrine and listen to it carefully, it is well to call their at-

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tention to the matter and to the wisdom of holding to what has so long been accepted and applauded by the most learned and influential. For the solace and support of the simple and honest I hope, with God's help, to write a book in which will be proved with excellent reasons and by a multitude of the best authorities — which is what counts in this matter — that Don Quixote and Sancho really and truly existed and experienced all we are told about them and just as it is set down for us. And there I shall prove that, apart from the fact that the joy, consolation, and profit derived from this history are more than sufficient evidences of its truth, apart from all this, if that truth be denied, many other things must also be denied and we should end by sapping and undermining the whole social order on which we rely today, a social order which is well known to be today the supreme criterion of the truth of all doctrine.

CHAPTERS 33 AND 34

THESE two chapters are taken up with the novelette of *The Ill-advised Curiosity*, a tale quite irrelevant to the action of the history.

CHAPTER 35

WHICH TREATS OF THE HEROIC AND PRODIGIOUS
BATTLE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH CERTAIN
SKINS OF RED WINE, AND BRINGS TO
A CLOSE *THE ILL-ADVISED CURIOSITY*

AFTER the discussion between the priest and the landlord and while the reading of the irrelevant novelette of *The Ill-advised*

Curiosity was in progress, occurred the regrettable adventure of the slashing of the wineskins by Don Quixote while asleep and dreaming. Cervantes might well have spared us this adventure, although Don Quixote rehearsed in dreams his deeds awake. The harm was lessened by the losing of nothing but wine, which might all be lost without disadvantage.

In order justly to weigh this adventure it would be necessary to know something we do not know; namely, what it was that Don Quixote was dreaming of at the moment. To judge it without that evidence would result in a judgment like that which one of our upstart wise men would have formed had he heard Ignatius de Loyola while in the hospital of Luis de Antezana at Alcalá de Henares, a hospital "discredited at that time by the many ghosts and hobgoblins that haunted it," when one evening, "at nightfall," his whole room quaked and shivered and so startled him that "his hair stood on end, as if he had seen some frightful thing; but he at once regained his calm, and, seeing there was nothing to fear, he knelt and called out in a loud voice, defying the demons and saying" — according to Father Rivadeneira, Book V, chapter ix, of the *Life* — "'Infernal spirits, if God has given you any power over me, here I am; do His will, for I shall not resist anything that comes to me by that way. But if He has given you no such power, what can ye gain, O spirits lost and damned, by frightening me so? Why flit ye about terrifying children and timid men so vainly with your silly bugbears and empty ghosts? Oh, I understand you: because ye cannot do harm with your deeds, ye would dismay us with those false and horrid shapes!'" And the reverend biographer adds that "with this intrepid act he not only overcame his present fear,

but ever afterward remained very daring in the face of all diabolical threats and the intimidations of Satan."

While narrating this adventure of the wineskins, the meticulous author reveals a secret detail to the effect that Don Quixote's legs were *far from clean*. He might have omitted that. Nevertheless it shows the knight as typical of his kind, who never included personal cleanliness among knightly duties. This is so true that if we were told that a Spanish gentleman was clean, it would soon appear that he did not carry that virtue too far. In chapter xviii of Book IV of the *Life of the Blessed Father Ignatius de Loyola* we are told by Rivadeneira that "although he loved poverty, neglect of cleanliness displeased him"; yet in chapter vii of Book V we learn that "he allotted a rigorous penance to a novice for washing his hands sometimes with soap, regarding that as too dainty for a novice." Again, Doctor Huarte, in his previously mentioned *Examen*, chapter xvi, in stating the traits that distinguish notable masters of the military art, to which both Don Quixote and Loyola were devoted, mentions as the third of such traits "carelessness in regard to their persons," and adds: "They are nearly all untidy, dirty, with fallen and wrinkled hose, ill-adjusted cloak, an old coat, and with never a change of linen." He explains the negligence by declaring that "great imagination and acute understanding scoff at all worldliness, for there is no value or substance in any of it," adding that "contemplation of the divine alone gives them pleasure and contentment; in these they expend their care and diligence, and reject the rest."

It is true that in the time of Don Quixote, Ignatius de Loyola, and Doctor Huarte, microbes, asepsis, and antisepsis had not yet been invented, nor were people bewitched into thinking

that by means of micro-organisms we could almost or quite do away with death, and that happiness depends on hygiene, a superstition no less harmful and ridiculous than that of believing filthiness to be a way to heaven. A dirty man will of course always be something more than a clean hog, though he would be much better for a bath.

Returning to the adventure, it is to be noted that Sancho, the good Sancho, believed in the beheading of the giant, and that the wine was blood; and *they all laughed*. They all laughed except the landlady, who raged at the loss of her wineskins, and Maritornes, who backed her up; *the daughter held her peace and smiled from time to time*. Here is a poetic touch! The daughter, enamoured of books of chivalry, smiled. What a grateful refreshment in the midst of the passion of mockery through which Don Quixote was passing! In that torment of laughter the smile of the landlord's daughter was a lovely touch of compassion.

CHAPTER 36

OF OTHER CURIOUS INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED AT
THE INN

AFTER that, new actors arrive on the scene, and now occurs the disillusionment of Sancho on learning that the Princess Micomicona is Dorothea, while the coming of Fernando completes his conviction that the head of the giant was a wineskin.

Oh, poor Sancho, how bravely thou fightest for thy faith; how, amid reverses and discouragements, thou gainest ground, losing today only to recover tomorrow! Thy career was a struggle

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between thy coarse common sense, incited by greed, and thy noble upward impulse toward the ideal, inspired by Dulcinea and thy master. Few realize how much there was of battle in thy career as a squire; few are aware of the purgatory thou wast in; few see thee rising to that degree of sublime and simple faith to which thou wilt attain when thy master dies. From enchantment to enchantment thou didst at last ascend to the heights of a saving faith.

CHAPTER 38

WHICH TREATS OF THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON
QUIXOTE DELIVERED ON ARMS AND LETTERS

WITH the happy outcome of the meetings at the inn the number of Don Quixote's tormentors was increased. To them he addressed his discourse on learning and arms. And as he did not address it to goatherds, let us pass it by.

CHAPTERS 39, 40, 41 AND 42

THESE contain the story of *The Captive*, and tell how the judge found his brother.

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CHAPTER 43

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE
MULETEER, AND OTHER STRANGE THINGS THAT
OCCURRED AT THE INN

LET us skip the muleteer, who does not concern us.

When all those people were collected and had composed themselves for the night, Don Quixote went forth to act as sentinel of the castle; and the Devil, who never rests, suggested to the landlady's daughter, she of the smile, and to Maritornes, that they play a trick on Don Quixote in payment of his sentry duty.

Alone and on guard, Don Quixote was apostrophizing his lady Dulcinea when the landlady's daughter *began to call to him softly, saying: "Señor, come over here, please."* The fragile gentleman softened and yielded, and instead of turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of a playful semi-damsel he set about explaining to her how impossible it was for him to satisfy her, without noting the peril of entering upon a discussion with temptation, thus recognizing its belligerency and facilitating its victory. So they begged him to hold out one of his hands, his fair hands, as they said. And the unfortunate hidalgo, won by the blarney, held forth the hand which no other hand of woman had ever touched, not to be kissed, but that they might admire the power of the arm that had such a hand.

Admire? Seest thou not, simple cavalier, the dangerous game in which thou art caught on extending thy hand to be admired by ladies? Knowest thou not that a woman's admiration for a man is only a token of something more intimate than the ad-

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miration? One admires only what one loves, and in woman there is but one way of admiring man. And she admires, not thy purpose, not thy deed or accomplishment, not thy thoughts, but thy hand! Oh, if thou hadst had Aldonza Lorenzo to admire it, to take it in hers in order to observe *the contexture of the sinews, the close network of the muscles, the breadth and capacity of the veins*, and thence infer what must be the strength of the arm that had such a hand, and, above all, the strength of the heart that filled those veins with blood!

It was an unpardonable lightness in thee, good cavalier, to give thy hand to the admiration of ladies who begged it of thee in sport; and dearly didst thou pay for it. Dearly, because the hand was caught in a halter while Maritornes and the landlady's daughter *ran away, ready to die of laughing, leaving him so securely fastened that it was impossible for him to free himself*. Trust thyself, then, to jolly and mischievous women!

It was an enchantment, Don Quixote thought, but it was in fact the punishment of his softness and self-importance. The hero must not naïvely offer his hands to the admiration of the first man or woman who requests it, but keep them, rather, concealed from the gaze of the curious and light-minded. What business is it of anyone to see the hands that perform the deeds? An ugly custom is that of stalking into the open-hearted champion's home to stare at his armour, put questions about his manner of working, spy upon his habits, and examine his hands. If you write, let nobody know how you do it, nor at what hours, nor with what pen.

Meanwhile Don Quixote *cursed in his heart his own want of sense and judgment* in not being on the alert in the presence of

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those enchantments; *then he cursed his ill fortune; then he magnified the loss the world would suffer by his absence; and then he took to thinking once more of his beloved Dulcinea; and then he called to Sancho Panza and invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, and his good friend Urganda; and there morning found him in such a state of desperation and perplexity that he was bellowing like a bull.* Yet even so, with his hand imprisoned, he, the sentinel, challenged four men who rode up at dawn to the inn door and knocked for admittance, thus showing his indomitable steadfastness.

CHAPTER 44

CONTINUATION OF THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURES AT
THE INN

As soon as Maritornes let him go, in her fear of what might happen, Don Quixote *leaped upon Rocinante, embraced his target, set his lance in rest,* and challenged whosoever should say he had been enchanted with just cause. Bravo, my good hidalgo!

Thou man of worth and honour,
Try hard to hit the mark;
But if too wide thou shootest,
Defend, not mend, thy work,

as Count Lozano says to Peranzules in *The Youthful Deeds of the Cid*.

The newly arrived guests went about their business, and Don Quixote, *when he saw that not one of the four travellers took any notice of him or replied to his challenge, was furious and ready to die of disappointment and wrath.* Yes, my Don Quixote, yes; we had rather have them laugh at us than pay us no attention.

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I comprehend thy disappointment and rage. The worst of that band of mockers is when they ignore thee and take no notice, even in fun, of thy challenges and bravados.

The landlord presently came to blows with two guests who were trying to slip away without paying; the landlady and her daughter appealed to Don Quixote, as the least occupied, to go to the aid of their husband and father: he responded *very deliberately and phlegmatically*: "*Fair damsel, at the present moment your request is inopportune, for I am debarred from involving myself in any adventure until I have brought to a happy conclusion one to which my word has pledged me,*" adding the advice that she run and tell her father to stand his ground until he obtained permission from the Princess Micomicona. He obtained it, but even so, he declined to put hand to sword when he saw they were persons of squirely condition. And he did right.

For, consider: is our whim to rule us? Is the knight to be our toy today, our refuge tomorrow? Is it seemly to hang him up by the hand one evening, and appeal next day to that very hand to help us? Unfortunate the hero who cheapens his heroism by placing it at the beck and call of every comer! If your neighbour comes to blows with rascals like himself, let them have it out, especially if they are sneaking away without paying. Your meddling would be a damage. Not when he believes he needs help, but when I believe it my duty to help him. Give no one what he begs of you, but what you think he needs. And then be patient with his ingratitude.

Soon after this, there came upon the scene the barber of the helmet of Mambrino. He laid hands on Sancho and called him a thief, for he found him in possession of his own pack-saddle

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and its trappings. Sancho delighted his master by a brave defence, to such a point that Don Quixote *in his heart resolved to dub him a knight*. The barber mentioned the basin; Don Quixote interposed and ordered it brought in. Basin in hand, before the eyes of all, he loudly asserted it to be a helmet, and submitted the decision to those present. A sublime faith, this!

CHAPTER 45

THE ARGUMENT AND DECISION OF THE CASE OF MAM-
BRINO'S HELMET AND THE PACK-SADDLE, WITH
OTHER ADVENTURES THAT OCCURRED IN
TRUTH AND EARNEST

WHAT do you think now, good sirs," said the barber, "of what these gentlemen say, when they still insist that this is not a basin, but a helmet?" "And whoever says the contrary," cried Don Quixote, "I will let him know he lies if he is a knight, and if he is a squire, that he lies a thousand times."

That's the way, my good Don Quixote, that's the way; it is pure courage to assert aloud, and before all, what one believes to be true, and to defend the assertion with one's own life. The more a thing is believed, the truer it is; not intelligence, but the will, imposes belief.

This must have been clear to the poor barber who owned the basin before it became a helmet. The first witness against him was Sancho; when Don Quixote said: "*I swear, by the order of chivalry I profess, that this helmet is the identical one I took from him, without anything added to or taken from it,*" Sancho added in

timid support of his master: "*There is no doubt of that, for from the time my master won it until now he has only fought one battle in it, when he let loose those unlucky men in chains; and if it had not been for this basin-helmet he would not have come off over well that time, for there was plenty of stone-throwing in that affair.*"

Basin-helmet, basin-helmet, Sancho? We shall not offend thee by presuming thy word, "basin-helmet," to be but another example of thy cunning. No! It is a step in the march of thy faith. Thou couldst not cast off the evidence before thine eyes, showing the disputed object to be a basin, and wholly accept what faith in thy master taught thee, that it was a helmet, without pausing at the basin-helmet stage. Ye Sanchos are many who do this, and ye have invented the argument of the happy medium. No, friend Sancho, no; there are no basin-helmets worth our while. It is a basin or it is a helmet, according to whom it serves. Or, better, it is at once a basin and a helmet because it serves both purposes. Without adding to or taking from it anything, it can be and must be a helmet and a basin, all of it helmet, all of it basin. But what it cannot be and ought not to be, no matter what is added to or taken from it, is basin-helmet.

More downright than Sancho was that other barber, Maese Nicolás, and Dorothea's Don Fernando, and the priest, the judge, and Cardenio, all of whom, to the great surprise of the others present, testified for the helmet. One of the four servants took it as a poor joke and declared whoever thought otherwise must be drunk. Don Quixote gave him the lie and immediately attacked him; everyone took part, and there was a lively row. But Don Quixote, thinking himself in Agramonte's camp, in a ringing voice bade them leave off.

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What? Are you astonished at the free-for-all fight over whether it was a basin or a helmet? Confusion worse confounded and more furious has been known in the world on account of other basins than Mambrino's. Such as whether bread is bread, and wine is wine. Around knights of the faith crowd the human sheep, and, whether to humour the knight or for some other reason, they contend that the basin is a helmet, as the knight says, and sustain the contention with blows. The significant feature of it is that the majority of the helmet partisans privately believe it a basin. The heroism of Don Quixote infected the jokers, quixotized them in spite of themselves, and Don Fernando knocked down one of the officers for daring to sustain that the basin was not a helmet, but a basin. Heroic Don Fernando!

So you see Don Quixote's mockers mocked by Don Quixote, quixotized in spite of themselves, drawn into battle and furiously fighting to defend the faith of the knight, although without sharing it. Cervantes does not say so, but I am sure that after the rumpus the partisans of the knight, the quixotists or helmetists, began to doubt that the basin was a basin, and began to believe that it was the helmet of Mambrino, for they had upheld that creed with their bruised ribs. Once more it should here be affirmed that it is rather the martyrs who make the faith than the faith the martyrs.

In few adventures does Don Quixote appear to us greater than in this, in which he imposes his faith on those that are mocking it, and enlists them to defend it with fist and with foot and to suffer for it.

How did it happen? It was due to nothing but his bold assertion before them all that that basin (for he, like the rest, saw

it as a basin with the eyes of his face) was the helmet of Mambrino, since it served as such.

He did not lack "that audacious courage of affirmation, which, stamping the earth with vehement foot or raising pallid eyes to heaven, creates, in the midst of universal illusion, the sciences and the religions," as Eça de Queiros says at the end of *The Relic*.

The purest, highest courage is that which confronts, not bodily injury, not loss of fortune, nor smirch of honour, but ridicule — being taken for a madman or a fool.

This is the courage we need in Spain; our soul has become paralysed from the lack of it. Because we have it not, we are neither powerful, nor rich, nor cultured. Without it we are also without dams and reservoirs and irrigation conduits, and without good crops. In the absence of that courage it rains no more upon our parched fields, cracked with thirst, or cloud-bursts strip off the soil and even carry off dwellings.

Is this just another paradox, think you? Go, then, out to those fields and propose to a farmer some better mode of cultivation, some better variety of grain or tree, some farming novelty, and listen to his reply: "That wouldn't go here." Then you ask him: "Have you tried it?" His sole response will be to repeat: "That wouldn't go here." He doesn't know whether it will go or not, because he has not tried it. And he never will. If he were sure beforehand of success, he might give it a trial; but with a prospect of failure and the consequent ridicule, the merriment of his neighbours, the possibility that they might eye him askance as crack-brained, a lunatic, a madman — before all that he quails, and essays nothing. And then he is astonished at the triumph of the brave, of those that face stinging nicknames, of those that

reject the "Do in Rome as the Romans do," and disdain the instinct of the herd.

There was in this province of Salamanca a singular man. Rising from the most oppressive poverty, he amassed several millions. These churls of the herd could not account for such success except by supposing he began as a robber, for they, poor things, soaked in common sense and devoid of moral courage, believe only in robbery and the lottery. But one day they told me of a quixotic bit of prowess displayed by that cattle-man. Once he took home from the Cantabrian coast some spawn of the sea bream and placed it in a pond on one of his farms. All was explained when I heard that. Anyone bold enough to face the inevitable ridicule provoked by the planting of sea-bream spawn in a Castilian pool is going to come out on top.

Absurd, you say? Well, who knows what is absurd? And even if it were! Only he that essays the absurd is fit to do the impossible. There is only one way to hit the nail on the head, and that is to miss it a hundred times. And above all, there is but one way really to triumph, and that is to face ridicule. Because this people has not the pluck to face it, their agriculture lies prostrate.

Yes, our whole difficulty is moral cowardice, lack of initiative to assert each man his own truth, his faith, and to defend it. Lies coil about and strangle the souls of this breed of dull sheep, stupefied by impacted common sense.

You hear it asserted about certain matters that they must not be discussed, and when it is attempted to examine them publicly, there is loud protest and a great uproar. Not long ago I requested the repeal of certain sections of our statute pertaining to public instruction, whereupon a parcel of poltroons began to

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bellow that it was inopportune and irrelevant, and other much grosser and uglier things. Inopportune! I am sick and tired of hearing "inopportune" applied to the most timely proposals, to all that shortens the digestion of the over-stuffed, to anything that infuriates the fools. What are they afraid of? That a row will be started, and civil war kindled again? Excellent! That is what we need.

Yes, that is what we need: a new civil war. It is urgent to declare that the basins are and ought to be helmets, and to start a row like that which occurred at the inn; a new civil war. Can you not hear those poor fellows of dry and shrivelled heart insisting that there are certain topics that ought to be avoided, saying over and over that these and other disputes lead to nothing practical? What do they mean by "practical?"

Pusillanimous whiners and howlers! Avoid religious questions! Give first attention to getting rich and powerful! The cowards cannot see that if we do not solve our more intimate problems, we are not powerful and rich and cannot become so. I repeat it: our country will have no agriculture, no industries, no commerce, no roads that would lead whither it were well to go, until we attain and hold to our own Christianity, our quixotic kind of Christianity. We shall not have a rich exterior life, strong, powerful, splendid, glorious, until we kindle in the hearts of our people the fires of eternal inquietudes. It is impossible to be rich while living a lie, and the Lie is, for our spirit, our daily bread.

Hear you not that solemn ass who opens his mouth and brays: "You can't say that here?" Hear you not that prating about peace, a peace more deadly than death, but demanded by all miserable prisoners of the Lie? Do you gather nothing from that

terrible provision, that mark of ignominy for our people, which appears in the rules of nearly all Spanish social clubs; to wit: "Political and religious discussions are prohibited"?

"Peace! peace! peace!" croak the whole chorus of frogs and all the little tadpoles of our puddle.

Peace! peace! peace! Yes, so be it, peace; but upon the triumph of sincerity, after the overthrow of the lie. Peace, but not a peace of compromise, not a miserable makeshift such as politicians negotiate, but a sincere peace, an intelligent peace. Peace, yes, but only after the officers recognize Don Quixote's right to affirm that the basin is a helmet, and, furthermore, after the officers confess and affirm that in the hands of Don Quixote the basin is, indeed, a helmet.

And the wretches that cry: "Peace! peace!" have the insolence to name the name of the Christ. They forget that Christ said He came not to send peace, but a sword; that for His sake a man's foes shall be they of his own household; that He is come to set a man at variance against his father, and brother against brother. For His sake, for the sake of the Christ, and in order to establish His kingdom, the social kingdom of Jesus — which is wholly opposed to what the Jesuits call the social kingdom of Jesus Christ — to establish such a kingdom of Jesus, a reign of real sincerity and truth and love and peace, there must be war.

A race of vipers, that peace-begging race! They sue for peace so they may bite and gnaw and poison with greater ease. Of them the Master said: "They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments" (Matt. xxiii. 5). Do you know what that means? The phylacteries were little boxes containing slips of parchment bearing certain scriptural passages

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which the Jews wore on the head and on the left arm on certain occasions. They were like the amulets hung from children's necks to ward off some evil, tiny bags very prettily bordered and spangled by some nun, who in decorating them warded off boredom. In these tiny bags are some tiny slips of paper on which are printed passages of the Gospel, of that Gospel which the child that wears the amulet will never read; and for greater clarity those passages are in Latin. Like these amulets were the phylacteries. The Pharisees also wore, embroidered on the borders of their robes, other scriptural passages. Similarly today many wear on the lapel of the coat a heart depicted on a disk of enamel. These modern wearers of amulets and phylacteries, and others of their sort, are the ones that dare to talk of peace, of opportunity, of suitability. No, no — they themselves have taught us the formula — there is no room for abominable cohabitation between the children of light and the children of darkness. And we the faithful followers of Don Quixote are the children of light.

Returning to our story, we see that quiet was restored; but one of the officers began a scrutiny of Don Quixote, for whom he had a warrant of arrest for having liberated the galley-slaves. Satisfied as to his identity with the description in the warrant, he laid hold of him and shouted: " Help for the Holy Brotherhood! " But Don Quixote twisted round, seized him by the throat, and all but strangled him. The bystanders separated them, but the officers demanded their prisoner, *this robber and footpad of the highways and by-ways*.

Don Quixote smiled when he heard those words; he smiled, and did well to smile, he at whom the others laughed; he smiled with a heroic and knightly smile, not in mockery, and very

calmly reproved them for calling it highway robbery *to succour the miserable, to raise up the fallen, to relieve the needy*. Thereupon nobly arrogant, he invoked the law of knights-errant, whose *law is their sword, their charter their prowess, and their edicts their will*.

Bravo, my knight Don Quixote, bravo! The law was not made for thee nor for us thy believers; our edicts are our will. Thou saidst well; thou hadst the prowess to give, thou alone, four hundred cudgellings to four hundred officers of the Holy Brotherhood if they had come in thy way; or at least to attempt it, for in the attempt is the valour.

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CONCLUDING THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE OFFICERS
OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD; TOGETHER WITH THE
GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT,
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So the officers had to yield, on the pretext that Don Quixote was mad; and the barber had to agree that the basin was a helmet, thanks to eight reals which the priest covertly gave him for it. If they had begun in this way, the quarrel would have been avoided, for there is no anti-quixotan barber or basinist who would not for eight reals declare all the basins in the world to be helmets, especially if his ribs had been previously bruised in sustaining the contrary. How well the priest knew how to make barbers confess the faith! I do not see why the faith of a barber has not become as proverbial as that of a collier; it ought to be.

Hardly had Don Quixote persuaded his tormentors to fight for a faith they did not have, and all was serene, when they decided to cage him, and at once set about it, appropriately disguised. Only in disguise can the tormentors cage the knight. They shut him up in a cage, nailed on the bars, and bore him on their shoulders to the accompaniment of a rigmarole declaimed by Maese Nicolás, to make Don Quixote believe he was enchanted, as, indeed, he believed. And they placed the cage on an ox-cart.

CHAPTER 47

OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE
WAS CARRIED AWAY ENCHANTED, WITH OTHER
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS

SHUT up in a coop and carried in an ox-cart! Many important histories of knights-errant had Don Quixote read, yet never had he seen or heard of carrying off knights-errant in this fashion, but always through the air *with marvellous swiftness, enveloped in a dark, thick cloud or on a chariot of fire*. But the chivalry and enchantments of his time pursued another course, different from that of days gone by, adapted to the consummation of the burlesque passion of our knight.

The world makes knights go confined within a cage and at the pace of an ox, and it even feigns to weep at seeing them in that plight, as the landlady did, and her daughter and Maritornes. The cart creaked on to the highway, with the officers for outriders, and Sancho leading Rocinante. *Don Quixote was seated in the cage, with his hands tied and his feet stretched out, leaning against*

the bars as silent and patient as if he were not a man of flesh. . . . As of course he was not, but a man of spirit. Let us once more admire Don Quixote in this adventure, in his silence and patience.

His passion did not stop here, for as they went along they were overtaken by a canon, a man of great common sense. After an interchange of courtesies, Don Quixote told him who he was and ingenuously showed him the extent of his heroism by saying he was a knight-errant, indeed, but not one of those forgotten by fame; of those, rather, who will place *their names in the temple of immortality, to serve as examples and patterns for ages to come.*

Oh, my heroic knight, cooped in a cage and creeping along at an ox-pace, still, still thou believest, and rightly believest, that thy name will be placed, for the ages to come, in the temple of immortality! The canon heard Don Quixote in wonder, and in even greater wonder heard the priest confirm what he said, when, behold! Sancho the suspicious intervened with his doubts about his master's enchantment, since he ate, drank, talked, and had his calls; then, facing the priest, he charged him with envy.

Thou hast hit it, faithful squire: envy and envy alone encaged thy master, envy disguised as charity, the envy of sane men who cannot endure heroic madness, the envy that sets up the levelling tyrant common sense, of which the canon and the priest were the natural slaves. These two drew apart to converse, the former stringing together an endless chain of platitudes about literary forms.

How profoundly Castilian that conversation! In the contact and interchange between those two wooden understandings

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of the canon and the priest, far from wearing away the bark, they thickened it, as rubbing affects a callous spot. What delight they must have experienced on finding each other so reasonable! Clearly men of this type attain to the eternal human — or divine, rather — only when the bark that confines the soul is burst by madness or when the sap of village simplicity oozes into it. They do not lack intelligence, but spirit. They are brutally sensible, and the Christian spiritualism which they say they profess is at bottom only the crudest materialism conceivable. It is not for them enough to feel God; they would mathematically demonstrate His existence; yea, they must even swallow Him.

CHAPTER 48

IN WHICH THE CANON PURSUES THE SUBJECT OF
BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH OTHER MATTERS
WORTHY OF HIS WIT

WHILE priest and canon were satiating each other with philistinisms, Sancho drew near to his master and revealed the presence of their own village priest and barber, Don Quixote replying that they could readily seem to be such, but it should not on that account be believed that they really were those persons; they were appearances, due to enchantment, having taken those forms in order to lose the poor squire in a labyrinth of fancies. And that is the truth; neither the priests nor the barbers are what they seem; they are shapes of enchantment to entangle us in a maze of fantasies. And the knight added: "*I find myself shut up in a cage, and know in my heart that no power on earth that was*

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not supernatural could have shut me in. What wouldst thou have me say or think but that my enchantment transcends all I have ever read of?"

Oh, robust and marvellous faith! There is, indeed, no human power that can really cage and enslave any man. Loaded with fetters and shackles and chains, the free will yet be free, and if anyone find himself deprived of motion, it is the work of enchantment. Ye speak of liberty, but seek it outside of you. Ye petition for liberty of thought instead of exercising yourselves in thinking. With all earnestness desire to fly, and, though carried in a cage on an ox-cart, your wish will sprout wings, the cage will enlarge to the confines of the universe, and through its firmament ye shall fly. Hold it for certain that every reverse ye suffer is the result of enchantment, for no man can cage another man.

But Sancho insisted, and, to prove to his master that he was not enchanted as he thought, he asked him if he had any desire to do what cannot be avoided; to which Don Quixote answered: "*Ah! now I understand thee, Sancho: yes, often, and even this minute; get me out of this strait, for all is not so clean as it should be.*"

CHAPTER 49

WHICH TREATS OF THE SHREWD CONVERSATION WHICH
SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON
QUIXOTE

THE triumphant Sancho exclaimed, "*Aha, I have caught you!*" meaning that he was not in fact, though in fact he was, enchanted. To which the knight answered: "*What thou say-*

est is true, Sancho, but I have already told thee that there are many sorts of enchantment."

Assuredly; as many as there are persons. But we must not infer from the fact that one is the slave of the body — a poor, narrow cage, slower than the ox that drew the enchanted knight — from this fact one is not to infer that all life in this lowly world is pure enchantment. This is, however, the reasoning of the materialist Sanchos; from the fact that we all must attend to certain organic necessities they deduce the fallacy that all is apparitional, that nothing exists save what we see and touch and smell; those unavoidable necessities furnish the Achilles argument of philosophic sanchopanzism, disguise the fact as you will. But Don Quixote aptly said: "*I know and feel that I am enchanted, and that is enough to ease my conscience.*" An admirable response! It places integrity of conscience above the deceits of the senses. An admirable response, opposing to the need for clean bodies the need for clean consciences. Rarely has so robust a formula of faith been promulgated. Truth is what safeguards the conscience, and nothing but truth. Truth is not a logical relation between reason and the world of phenomena. Reason is phenomenal, too. Truth is an intimate interpenetration between the substantial world and conscience, for conscience is substantial, too.

They removed Don Quixote from the cage, to do what cannot be avoided. He then had to undergo another trial, and more severe, that of listening to the empty sense of the canon, bent on proving to him that he was not enchanted, and that there never were knights-errant in the world. To which Don Quixote finely retorted that if Amadis and Fierabras never existed, then neither did Hector nor the Twelve Peers nor Roland nor the Cid. And that

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is so, as I have already said; for the Cid is no less real and no more real today than Amadis or Don Quixote himself. But the hard-headed canon, steeped in the coarsest common sense, came forward like all the more or less canonical logicians with such foolishness as that there is no doubt of the Cid's or Bernardo del Carpio's having existed, but that there is a doubt as to the deeds reported of them. Apparently the canon was one of those poor mortals who shake the sieve of criticism and search old manuscripts to determine whether such and such things were or were not as stated, not noticing that the past is past, that the only thing really existent is what actually functions today, that a so-called legend when it moves men to action, kindling their hearts or solacing their lives, is a thousand times more real than the records that rot in the archives of the sieve-shakers.

CHAPTER 50

OF THE SHARP-WITTED CONTROVERSY BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE AND THE CANON, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

THE books of chivalry not true? "*Read them and you will see the pleasure they give you,*" triumphantly rejoined Don Quixote. Good heavens! How could the canon fail to feel the irresistible force of this argument when there were so many other things—things which he held to be the truest of all, truer even than those perceived by his senses—whose truth he deduced from the solace and profit they offered him and from their sufficiency for easing his conscience! That a living, visible canon of the Holy Roman Apostolic Catholic Church should not understand

that consolation, because it is consolation, must be true, and how futile it is to seek consolation in logic! Oh, and if the canon had been answered by applying his own argument to the books of celestial or ultra-sepulchral chivalry! What would he have said then? If the reasoning he directed against chivalric madness had been turned against the madness of the Cross? Don Quixote brandished the very handy argument of popular consent. Why should it not, coming from him, be a cogent one? And above all, this: *For myself I can say that since I have been a knight-errant I have become valiant, polite, generous, well-bred, magnanimous, courteous, dauntless, gentle, patient.* . . . The unanswerable argument! The supreme argument which the canon could not controvert, for he well knew that from having made men humble, gentle, charitable, and patient unto death is deduced the truth of the legends that make them so. And if they do not make men so, then those legends are lies and not true.

But O God! what canons one encounters in these by-roads of life! The one Don Quixote came upon was discretion personified. Would it have been possible to extract from him a tiny bit of madness perhaps? It is very doubtful; his brains had eaten up his vitals. Such reasonable men have generally nothing but reason. They think only with their heads, when they ought to think with their whole bodies and with their whole souls.

The canon failed to convince Don Quixote. It would have been impossible to do so. And why? For the very reason given by Saint Teresa (*Life*, xvi. 5) for the failure of the preachers to make sinners leave their evil ways: "because the preachers have a great deal of sense" and "have not lost it, as the Apostles lost it, in the great fire of the love of God; therefore they rouse

little enthusiasm." But Don Quixote roused his merry-makers to such enthusiasm for his cause that even at a heavy cost to their ribs they sustained and defended the proposition that the basin was not a basin, but a helmet. Furthermore, the canon failed to convince him that knights-errant had never existed, because, in the great fire of the love of Dulcinea, lighted and secretly fed by those four stealthy views of Aldonza during twelve long years of pain, Don Quixote had lost his wits and the flame of him warmed all those who in good faith approached him. One has only to consider Sancho, who, thanks to that fire, felt that until he came to know his master, he had, even without knowing it, lived a life benumbed with cold.

CHAPTERS 51 AND 52

RELATING WHAT THE GOATHERD TOLD THOSE WHO WERE
CARRYING OFF DON QUIXOTE; THE QUARREL
DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE GOATHERD;
AND THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE FLAGELLANTS,
WHICH HE HAPPILY CONCLUDED
AT THE COST OF MUCH
SWEAT

HERE occurs the encounter with the goatherd and the adventure of the flagellants. A few days later they escorted the caged knight into his village, and to magnify the burlesque and the jesting the entry was made on a Sunday at noon. Sancho returned full of faith in chivalry, as he made clear to his wife, for *it is a fine thing to be on the look-out for what may happen, crossing moun-*

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tains, beating up and down in woods, scrambling over rocks, visiting castles, putting up at inns, and all the while devil a penny to pay.

Thus ended the second sally of the Ingenious Gentleman and the first part of his history.

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CHAPTER I

OF THE INTERVIEW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER HAD
WITH DON QUIXOTE ABOUT HIS MALADY

FOR a month Don Quixote remained very quietly at home, nourished by food comforting to heart and brain, and his household believed him cured of chivalric heroism. To test his condition the priest and the barber resolved to visit him, and Cervantes has preserved for us the ensuing conversation, in which Don Quixote declared: "*A knight-errant I shall die!*" and the barber told the story of the madman of Seville, eliciting the hidalgo's melancholy comment: "*Ah, master shaver, master shaver, how blind is he that cannot see through a sieve!*" and so on.

Once when I was struggling with a storm and stress of spirit, I received from a friend a letter in which, wrapped in a thousand eulogies to sugar-coat the pill, he gave me to understand that he considered me insane because I worried over things that cost him never a moment's loss of sleep. When I had read it, I said to myself: "God help me, how people confuse insanity with dullness! Here is my poor friend who, because he thinks me crazy, believes me too blind to see through a sieve; he regards me as too stupid to understand him!" But his friendship promptly consoled me. Don't you see your solicitous friend taking you for mad while lavishing attentions upon you?

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CHAPTER 2

OF THE MEMORABLE ALTERCATION WHICH SANCHO
PANZA HAD WITH DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND
HOUSEKEEPER, AND OTHER DROLL OCCUR-
RENCES

WHILE the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote were conversing, an uncommonly animated give-and-take occurred in the yard, with Sancho on one side and the housekeeper and the niece on the other. The women refused to admit Sancho and reproached him with deluding their master, leading him astray to tramp about the country. Sancho retorted that he was the one deluded and led astray by tricks.

But it is to be observed that possibly the niece and the housekeeper were not so very far from the truth, for the fact is that Don Quixote and Sancho led each other, enticed each other to wander. He that would guide is often the follower. The faith of the hero feeds on the faith he inspires in others. For Don Quixote, Sancho embodied humanity; and Sancho, alternately fainting and reviving in his faith, fed that of his lord and master. We commonly need to be believed in order to believe ourselves; and if it were not a monstrous heresy and even impiety, I should venture to say that God is refreshed by the faith that men have in Him: a thought which Góngora expressed, in the disguise of pagan gods, in these verses, diamantine in hardness and splendour:

Sculpture made idols of logs;
Prayer, gods of idols.

Knight and squire were cast in the same mould, as the priest supposed. The greatest, most consoling feature of their common life

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is that we cannot conceive of the one without the other; and that, far from being two opposed extremes, as some mistakenly presume, they were, not the two halves of a whole, but a single being viewed from either side. Sancho kept alive the sanchopanzism of Don Quixote, who quixotized Sancho, bringing to the surface of his soul his innate quixotism. For although he exclaimed: "*Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die,*" there is certainly much Don Quixote in Sancho.

Thus, when they were left alone, the hidalgo said to the squire: "*We sallied forth together, we took the road together, we wandered abroad together; we have had the same fortune and the same luck*"; and further on: "*I am thy head, and thou a part of me . . . and therefore any evil that affects or may affect me should give thee pain, and what affects thee give pain to me*"; highly significant words, in which the knight showed how profoundly he felt his identity with his squire.

CHAPTERS 3 AND 4

OF THE AMUSING CONVERSATION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO, AND SANCHE'S SATISFACTORY REPLIES TO THE DOUBTS AND QUESTIONS OF THE BACHELOR, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTH KNOWING AND MENTIONING

THEY went on talking of what the world was saying of them, a chief concern of Don Quixote's, and then Sancho brought in the bachelor Samson Carrasco, of this Salamanca, the scene of my sins. This bachelor of Salamanca, who now appears on the stage,

is a typical personage; after our two heroes, he is the most representative man playing a part in their history; he is the sum and substance of common sense, bubbling with jests and merriment, the leader of those that dragged hither and thither the Life of the Ingenious Gentleman, one snatching it up where another threw it down. He stayed to dine with Don Quixote, and indirectly to make sport of his host in order to honour his table.

Heroes were always candid, and the candid Don Quixote, on hearing of the publication of a history of his deeds, was seized anew with the thirst for renown, since *one of the things that ought to give most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to find himself*, he said, *in his lifetime in print and in type, and with a good name in everybody's mouth*. For that reason he decided to sally forth again, and announced his intention to the bachelor; then he naïvely asked his advice as to *the region in which he ought to begin his expedition*.

CHAPTER 5

OF THE SHREWD AND DELIGHTFUL DIALOGUE BETWEEN
SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA, AND
OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF BEING DULY
RECORDED

IT is quite clear from this exchange of amenities how thoroughly Don Quixote had imbued his squire with ambition. He of the "*Sancho I was born, Sancho I shall die*" now wished to die Don Sancho and Your Lordship, the grandfather of counts and marquises.

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CHAPTER 6

OF WHAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS
NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER: ONE OF THE MOST
IMPORTANT CHAPTERS IN THE WHOLE
HISTORY

AND how important it is! For while Sancho was in altercation with his wife, Don Quixote's housekeeper and his niece, domestic impediments of his heroism, disputed with him.

The good gentleman was well worth hearing. That a young hussy who hardly knows how to handle a dozen lace-bobbins should dare to deny that there have been knights-errant in the world! It is, indeed, a sad thing to hear the nonsense of the masses in one's own home, reeled off so glibly by a young baggage who knows it by heart.

And to think that this slip of a girl, this Antonia Quixana, is she who rules and dominates the men of Spain today! Yes, this bold lassie, this little hennery chick, short-winged and sharp-beaked, is the one who puts down and crushes all budding heroism. It was she who exclaimed to her uncle: "*That you should fall into a delusion so great and a folly so evident as to try to make yourself out vigorous when you are old, strong when you are sickly, able to put straight what is crooked when you yourself are bent by age, and, above all, a caballero, a knight, when you are not one; for though an hidalgo may be such, a poor man is nothing of the kind!*" And even the intrepid Knight of Faith, overcome by the modest integrity of that humble girl, softened, and answered: "*There is a great deal of truth in what you say, niece.*"

And if thou thyself, audacious Don Quixote, wast convinced, though only in words and provisionally, by such a kitten, is it at all wonderful that those who seek to perpetuate in her their lineage should succumb to her kitchen wisdom? She, the young simpleton, does not comprehend that an old man can be valiant, a sickly man a strong one, capable of putting crooked things straight though he be bent with age; above all, she cannot understand that a poor man may be a knight. And although she is simple and domestic, and as shallow of heart as of head, if she is forward with thee, her uncle, will she not be the same with her suitors and with her husband? She has been taught that matrimony was instituted "in order to marry, give comfort to the married, and raise children for heaven," and she understands and practises this in such a way that she withholds her husband from winning for us that very heaven for which she is to bring up her young.

There is a common sense and together with it a common sentiment also; to the Philistinism of the head is joined the Philistinism of the heart; and both of them blunt and debilitate us. And thou, my reader, Antonia Quixana, art the guardian and keeper of this Philistinism of feeling. In thy little heart it is cherished while thou art getting thine uncle's dinner or manipulating thy bobbins. Will thy husband follow in the wake of glory? Glory? What is that? Is it anything to eat? The bay leaf is good for seasoning food, an excellent condiment. Thou hast enough with what thou gettest at church on Palm Sunday. Besides, thou art furiously jealous of Dulcinea.

I do not know that the pretty eyes of some Antonia Quixana will fall on these commentaries of mine on the life of

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her uncle; I am inclined to doubt it, because the nieces of Don Quixote don't like "solid reading," things that make them frown with attention and ruminate a little over what they have read; what they like is a light novel, chopped up into short sentences of lively dialogue and having a plot that hurries breathlessly and blood-curdlingly along; or perhaps some devout little book stuffed with sticky, sweetish superlatives and insipid exclamations. Besides, I presume that the directors of your petty souls would forewarn you against my dangerous eccentricities if your own tenuity should not serve you as a stout shield. So I am almost sure that ye will not turn the leaves of this sinful book with your leisurely hands, formed to manipulate bobbins; but if these pages should happen to come to your notice, let me say that I do not expect a new Dulcinea to arise from among you to send a new Don Quixote in quest of fame, nor another Teresa de Jesús, lady-errant of a love so profoundly human that it issues from all that is human. Ye will not kindle a love like that which the unwitting Aldonza Lorenzo lighted in the heart of Alonso the Good, nor kindle in your own hearts one like the love of Teresa for Jesus, who caused an angel to transfix her heart with a lance.

As Alonso Quixano was for twelve years in love with Aldonza, so Teresa had a suitor to whom she would be happily married, it seemed, her confessor having told her it would not be contrary to God's will (*Life*, chapter ii); but she understood the nature of the reward that the Lord gives to those who forsake everything for Him, and she knew that man cannot quench the thirst of infinite love; those books of chivalry which she had so eagerly read transported her through an earthly love to the substantial love, and she yearned for glory eternal, merged in Jesus,

the ideal of man. Thus she arrived at a heroic madness and went so far as to say to her confessor: "I pray we may all go mad, for love of Him whom they called so, for our sake" (*Life*, chapter xvi).

But thou, my Antonia Quixana, how about thee? Thou goest not mad, whether in things human or things divine. Doubtless thou hast but little wit; yet, however little, it fills thy small head and packs it tight, leaving no room for the overflow of thy heart. Thou hast very good sense, discreet Antonia; thou canst measure the beans and mend thy husband's trousers, make thy uncle's stew and weave pillow lace, and, to rejoice the highest reach of thy spirit, thou hast thy function in some group at thy church and the duty of reciting at certain times certain unctuous words prescribed for thee in writing. It was not for thee that Teresa said: "Pay no heed to the understanding, for it is but a mill" (*Life*, chapter xv), for thy dwarf mind yields thee scanty grist, kept in a rut as it is by thy spiritual director and repressed and inhibited ever since they discovered it in thee. That spirit of thine, thy tiny soul, which perhaps at one time dreamed its dreams, they have clipped its wings and maimed it on a terrible rack; from the day it gave its first frightened cry, they have rocked it to sleep with,

Sleep, little babykin, sleep.
The Goblin's a-coming,
And will carry off my baby
If it does not go to sleep;

cradled it with the droning lullaby with which thou thyself, my poor Antonia, croonest to thy children when thou art a mother, to put them to sleep. And Antonia, see here: pay not the slightest at-

tention to those that want thee to be a nice little pet hen; pay no attention, but think over that plaintive lullaby with which thou puttest thy children to sleep. Think over that about the Goblin coming to make off with children that don't sleep enough; meditate, my dear Antonia, what it says about sleep being what saves us from the claws of the Goblin. Listen, Antonia: the Goblin comes and carries off and eats up the sleepers, not the wakeful.

And now, if for a moment I have managed to distract thee from thy tasks and affairs, those labours which are called the work of thy sex, pardon me — or don't pardon me. It is I who should not pardon myself if I did not tell thee that only those of us who speak to thee roughly, severely, we alone love thee truly, wish thee to be a strong woman; not those that fasten thee to an altar like an idol and hold thee in thrall there, plaguing thee with the incense of glib endearments; not they, nor yet those that lull thy spirit to sleep with feeble-minded hymns of sugar-candy piety.

And thou, my Don Quixote, a dreary, dismal thing it is that when thou withdrawest into thy home, to the glow and warmth of thy hearth, which like a castle on a rock should keep thee far from the poisoned arrows of the world and keep from thy ears the voices of those that talk so as not to be silent, how sad a thing it is that even there thine ears are tormented with the echoes of those same importunate voices! How desolate thy home! Instead of being an expansion of thy spirit, made by it for thy dwelling-place, it is but a copy of the outer world. Surely, surely, Aldonza would not have spoken to thee so.

DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER 7

AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S CONFERENCE WITH HIS
SQUIRE, WITH OTHER VERY NOTABLE INCIDENTS

TO the pain of having to hear such things in his own house was added that of seeing the vacillations of faith in Sancho, who now asked for a fixed salary, a thing unknown to knight-errantry, for squires always served for such bounty as their knights might bestow. Sancho's faith, in continual conquest of itself, had not yet inspired him with hope; therefore he wished for a salary. He was not yet ready to understand his master's *A good hope is better than a bad holding*. And you and I, my reader, do we understand it in all its bearings? Do we not, rather, like good Sanchos, hold to "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"? Do we not, today and always, forget that hope creates and possession kills? What we ought to amass for our last hour is richness of hope, for one sallies forth into eternity better equipped if armed with hope than if loaded with memories. Let our life be a continuous holy sabbath.

Don Quixote was justly provoked with Sancho when, incited by the flesh, he requested a salary, as if there could be a greater one than following and serving him in his glorious career. And so he dismissed him. Poor Sancho's faith thereupon flared up; *a cloud came over his sky, and the wings of his heart drooped; for he had made sure that his master would not go without him for all the wealth of the world.*

The bachelor Carrasco interrupted them, having come to felicitate Don Quixote and to offer himself as his squire. Oh,

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impious offer! When Sancho heard it, he melted, his eyes filled with tears, and he surrendered himself to his master.

Poor Sancho! Hadst thou fancied that life would be endurable without thy master? No, thou art no longer thine own, but his. Thou, too, art enamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso, without knowing or believing it.

Some will reproach Don Quixote for tearing Sancho away once more from his peaceful life and tranquil labours, forcing him to leave wife and children only to chase will-o'-the-wisps; there are many hearts so cramped as to feel thus. But let us remember that when Sancho had once tasted the sweets of his new life, he wished not to return to the other, and in spite of the terrors and stumblings of his faith, a cloud came over his sky, and the wings of his heart drooped with the fear that his master would go away and leave him behind.

There are mean spirits who think it better to be a fat hog than a hungry man; also those that sing the praises of what they call holy ignorance. But anyone who has experienced humanity prefers it, even in the depths of misery, to the glut of the hog. Stir up, therefore, the souls of your neighbours, disquiet them profoundly, perturb them to the marrow, as you would wake a sleeper in sudden danger or to see a fleeting beauty. Their spirits must be roused and imbued with powerful cravings, even with full knowledge that the thing longed for will never be attained. Tear Sancho from his home, his wife and children; compel him to seek adventures, follow will-o'-the-wisps; make a man of him. There is a calm, a peace, deep-seated, intimate, which is attained only by shaking off the apparent tranquillity of domestic and village life. The unresting poise of the angel is a thousand

times better than the repose of the beast. And not only the disquiet, but the suffering, that "severe, delightful martyrdom" of which Teresa de Jesús speaks in her *Life* (xx. 8).

Holy ignorance — what is that? Ignorance is not and cannot be holy. What is the meaning of that about envying the peace of one who has never caught a glimpse of the supreme mystery, never looked beyond life or beyond death? Yes, I know the song, I know the one about "How soft a pillow is the catechism, my son; sleep, and believe; here in bed is heaven gained." Coward race, cowardly with the most disastrous cowardice, the moral cowardice that trembles and fears to face the supreme darkness!

See, Sancho, if all those who, with the lips at least, envy thee the peace thou hadst before thy master wrenched thee from thy home might know what it means to fight for the faith, they would not, believe me, they would not value so highly faith of the stereotyped kind. My body lives, thanks to its ceaseless struggle with death, and my soul survives because it, too, fights against death from moment to moment. And so we keep on, climbing to the capture of a fresh affirmation upon the ruins of the one shattered by logic; the ruins of one after another keep accumulating, and some day the victors, the grandsons of our grandsons, from the pinnacle of that vast heap of overthrown affirmations will proclaim the ultimate credo, and thus they will create the immortality of man.

Sancho must have considered all his toils, deprivations, and miseries, including the blanketing, a profitable price to pay for being renewed and quixotized in the company of Don Quixote, for being transformed from the ignorant, obscure Sancho Panza

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that he had been, into the immortal squire of the immortal Don Quixote de la Mancha, which he is and will be for ever. And so, with tearful eyes, he surrendered himself to his master.

In consequence, a few days later, and at nightfall, *unseen by anyone except the bachelor, who thought fit to accompany them half a league out of the village, they set out for El Toboso.*

CHAPTER 8

WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO SEE HIS
LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

EROSTRATUS and the thirst for fame were Don Quixote's theme as they rode, and he sank to the sanity of Alonso the Good in contemplating the emptiness of the fame to be acquired *in this present transitory life: a fame that, however long it may last, must after all end with the world itself, which has its own appointed end.*

In quest of glory, that joyful spirit
Of a radiant, sunny land,
Of poets thou shalt be the greatest . . .

.

They say that the world must end.

says Sagramor in Eugenio de Castro's poem.

In this third and last of Don Quixote's sallies we are to see him sink into the abyss of his sanity until, at his death, completely immersed in it.

Moved by the words of his master, and seeing how much greater is saintly fame than that of heroes, Sancho suggested an

economy of effort in trying for a saintship and a speedier arrival at fame by following the example of St. James of Alcalá and of St. Peter of Alcántara, both recently canonized.

“Ye shall see how, within a day, I shall be adored by the whole world,” Francis of Assisi used to say, according to the narrative of *The Three Companions* (4) and of Thomas of Celano (2 Cel., I. 1). The same motive that drove some to heroism drove others to saintliness. Thus Don Quixote, taking fire from books of chivalry, went forth into the world; thus Teresa de Cepeda, kindled while yet a child by reading the lives of the saints, who, it seemed to her, “bought very cheaply their going to their enjoyment of God,” arranged with her brother to journey to the land of the Moors, praying that they might there be beheaded for the love of God; but, seeing the impossibility, decided they should be hermits, and they made cells in the garden (*Life*, I. 2). We have already told of Ignatius de Loyola what in this connexion is reported by his secretary, Father Pedro de Rivadeneira.

What is all this but knight-errantry in the divine or religious sense? After all, what did they both seek, the heroes and the saints, but survival, the former in the memory of men, the latter in the bosom of God? And what has been in our Spanish people the inmost incentive to live if not the anxiety to survive? In the last analysis our so-called cult of death is nothing else. No, not a cult of death, no; but a cult of immortality.

Even Sancho, who seems to stick so tight to a life that passes and stays not, declared *it is better to be a humble little friar, of no matter what order, than a valiant knight-errant*. Don Quixote very sensibly answered him with: “*We cannot all be friars, and many are the ways by which God takes his own to*

heaven." If we cannot all be friars, it cannot be that the status of a friar or a monk is intrinsically nearer perfection than any other, since it is impossible that the highest reach toward Christian perfection should not be accessible equally to all sorts and conditions of men, but with a reservation made by natural law to a limited number of persons; for if all were to aspire to it, the race of mankind would become extinct. Thus in answering Sancho, Don Quixote very cogently said that if there are more friars than knights-errant in heaven, it is because those in religious orders are more numerous than the knights that merit the name. And when the religious is at the same time a knight? it may be asked. Don Quixote is going to speak to us about that.

CHAPTER 9

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT WILL BE SEEN THERE

ON what occasion was it that Don Quixote held forth on glory and the ultimate vanity thereof, and on its ending with the end of the world? Why, while on his way to El Toboso to see Dulcinea, with Alonso the Good journeying within him to see Aldonza Lorenzo, for whom he had sighed for twelve years. Thanks to his madness, the shame-thralled hidalgo has conquered his shame; wrapped safely in the cloak of Don Quixote, he goes straight to the object of his desire, to cure himself of his madness by seeing her and taking her in his arms. We are approaching the critical moment in the life of the knight.

Thus they came, knight and squire, to El Toboso, the city of the peerless Dulcinea.

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They arrived, and said Don Quixote to his squire: "*Sancho, my son, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea; it may be that we shall find her awake.*"

Observe that on requesting of him so lofty a ministry and a favour so conspicuous, the knight softens and calls Sancho his son. Observe, too, that it is the Sanchos, the common run of mankind, who guide heroes to the palace of Glory.

Sancho had so involved himself in lies as to be at last forced to confess that he had never seen Dulcinea, just as his master declared he had not seen her, but was enamoured solely by hearsay. We, too, are enamoured of Glory only by hearsay, those of us who are enamoured at all, without having seen or heard her. But within is Aldonza, seen, oh, so clearly, although but four times in twelve years.

The tricky Sancho at last managed to get his candid master out of El Toboso, to wait hidden in a wood until the crafty squire should find Dulcinea.

CHAPTER 10

HOW SANCHE CUNNINGLY ENCHANTED THE LADY DULCINEA, WITH OTHER PASSAGES NO LESS CERTAIN THAN LUDICROUS

HERE is where Sancho communes with himself at the foot of a tree and comes to the conclusion that his master is a madman fit for a strait-jacket, and for that matter he himself is not behind him, being a greater fool than his master because he follows and serves him. Here also is where he decides to deceive him and

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make him believe "*that some country girl, the first I come across hereabouts, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I'll swear it.*" So now we have the faithful Sancho deciding to trick his master and thus become one more among the throng of his mockers! It is a spectacle for sad meditation. But there is another aspect of Sancho to be considered, for although he thought his master a madman fit to be tied and easy for him to deceive, since he mostly took one thing for another, white for black and black for white, nevertheless Sancho, in his turn, allowed himself to be deceived or, rather, led along by his faith in Don Quixote. Without believing him he believed in him. It was clear to him that the giants were windmills, and the enemy armies were great flocks of sheep. But he believed in the oft-promised island.

Oh, wonderful puissance of faith, so stoutly withstanding all disillusion! Oh, the mystery of faith sanchopanchesque, which, without believing, believes; which makes him that has it feel and act and hope as if a thing were white, while he sees, understands, and declares that it is black! We are forced to conclude that Sancho lived, felt, acted, and hoped under the enchantment of a strange power which directed and drove him contrary to what he saw and understood; and that his whole life was a slow surrender of himself to the power of quixotic and quixotizing faith. And so, when he thought he was deceiving his master, he himself proved to be the deceived one, and it was he who was the instrument that really and truly enchanted Dulcinea.

Sancho's faith in Don Quixote was not a dead — that is, a deceptive — faith, resting in ignorance; nor was it ever a perfunctory faith, and still less a faith that rested on hard cash. On the contrary, it was a real and living faith, one that fed on

doubts. Only those that doubt can truly believe; those that neither doubt nor are tempted contrary to their faith, do not in truth believe. Genuine faith is maintained by doubt; by the doubts which are its food it is nourished, from them it assimilates fresh faith at every instant, just as real life is maintained by death and is renovated from moment to moment in a process of continuous creation. A life with no death in it, with no katabolism in its incessant anabolism, would be no more than a perpetual death, a stony repose. Those that die not, neither do they live. They do not live who do not unceasingly die and rise instantly from the dead; and those that doubt not, neither do they believe. Faith waxes strong by solving and dissolving doubts, and then disintegrating those raised by the assimilation of their predecessors.

Sancho saw the mad acts of his master and that the mills were mills and not giants, and he knew very well that the crude country girl he expected to find on the Toboso road would be not only not Dulcinea del Toboso, but not even Aldonza Lorenzo. For all that, he did believe in his master, had faith in him, and believed in Dulcinea del Toboso, and, as we shall see, he went so far as to believe in her enchantment. This faith of thine, Sancho, is the true faith; it is not that of those who say they believe a dogma without understanding even its immediate and literal meaning, perhaps even without knowing what that meaning is. Thine, Sancho, is genuine faith, not the so-called "faith of the charcoal-burner," who affirms that to be true which is printed in a book he has never read because he cannot read, and who furthermore does not know what the book says. Thou, Sancho, understoodst thy master very well; everything he said to thee he said very clearly and they were things quite easy to understand. Yet thou sawest that thine eyes

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showed thee a different thing and didst suspect that thy master was unbalanced; yet thou didst doubt what thou sawest and didst believe in him, for thou wast following whither he led. While thy head told thee no, thy heart told thee yes, and thy will carried thee contrary to thy understanding and along with thy faith.

In the maintenance of that struggle between the heart and the head, between feeling and reason, in which the former cries: "Yes!" when the latter says: "No!" and "No!" to the other's "Yes!" — in maintaining the strife and not in trying to harmonize the adversaries is the essence of a fruitful and saving faith. For the Sanchos, at least. And even for the Don Quixotes, for we shall yet see even Don Quixote seized by doubt.

With his physical eyes Don Quixote of course saw the mills as mills and the inns as inns; it is unquestionable that he perceived phenomena, noted the reality of the apparitional world — though that reality was also apparitional — in which he placed the substantial world of his faith. A good proof of this is the wonderful dialogue between him and Sancho when the latter returned to the Sierra Morena to render an accounting of his interview with Dulcinea. The insane are usually finished comedians; they take the comedy seriously, but are not deceived; while they seriously play the part of God, of a king, or of an animal, they know well enough that they are not any of these things; they merely wish to be such, and that is sufficient. And is not every man insane who takes the world seriously? And ought we not all to be insane?

And now we come to the saddest moment in the career of Don Quixote: the overthrow, within Don Quixote, of Alonso Quixano the Good.

As Sancho was returning to his master, there came out

of El Toboso three peasant girls mounted on three donkeys, whom Sancho represented to Don Quixote as Dulcinea coming to see him, accompanied by two of her damsels. "*Holy God! what art thou saying, Sancho my friend!*" exclaimed Don Quixote. "*Take care not to deceive me, nor seek with false joy to cheer my real sadness.*" "*What could I get by deceiving your worship?*" returned Sancho. They went out to the road. Don Quixote could see no one except the three peasant girls. Sancho insisted that they were Dulcinea and her two damsels. But his master held to the evidence of his senses, contrary to his custom. They exchanged rôles, at least apparently.

This passage, this enchantment of Dulcinea, is profoundly melancholy. Sancho enacted his comedy, holding the halter of the ass ridden by one of the girls while he knelt in the road and addressed her with the salutation which history has preserved. Don Quixote, with bulging eyes, his vision confused, gazed at the girl whom Sancho called lady and queen, in whom he, Don Quixote, expected to see Dulcinea, and, beneath and within him, Alonso Quixano expected to see Aldonza Lorenzo, sighed for through twelve years of silence after only four thrilling glances at her. Don Quixote fell to his knees and, *with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, regarded her whom Sancho called queen and lady, without seeing in her anything except a village lass, and a not very well-favoured one, for she was moon-faced and flat-nosed.* Sir Knight, thy Sancho, the mankind that accompanies and guides thee, introduces thee to Glory, for whom thou hast so intensely yearned; and yet thou seest in her only a village lass and a not very well-favoured one.

But there are still lower depths of woe. If Don Quixote

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did not see Dulcinea, neither did Alonso Quixano the Good see his Aldonza. Twelve years of solitary suffering, twelve years of inveterate shyness, twelve years of hoping for the impossible, and, being impossible, all the more vehemently hoped for, a hope that she, Aldonza, his Aldonza, by some unprecedented miracle, should become aware of his passion and yield to it; twelve years of dreaming the impossible and trying to assuage an all-powerful love with reading books of chivalry! And now that he is, by the grace of God, insane, his shame falls away, the impossible is accomplished, he goes to receive the reward of his madness, and —— This!

How holy, how sweet, how redemptive is the usual lunacy! Alonso Quixano, unbalanced through the mercy of the Lord's compassion for good men, broke the hard shell of timidity and dared to write to his Aldonza, though under the name of Dulcinea; and now, in reward, Aldonza herself comes from El Toboso to see him. Thanks to a distraction of mind, the impossible is accomplished. After twelve years!

Oh, moment supreme, so long and so passionately desired! "*Holy God! What art thou saying, Sancho, my friend!*" Now, at last, redemption from his madness is at hand; it is about to be washed away in a torrent of tears of joy; the reward for his hope of the impossible is all but bestowed! Oh, how dark a night of madness one loving glance would illumine!

"*Take care not to deceive me nor seek with false joy to cheer my real sadness.*" Let us think over this cheering the sadness of Don Quixote, the sadness of twelve years, the sadness of his lunacy. For do you think Alonso the Good was unaware of his lunacy and did not accept it as the one remedy for his love, as the gift of the compassion of God? When he learned that his

derangement had borne fruit, the hidalgo rejoiced in his heart, and in guerdon of this unexpected news he bestowed on Sancho the best of the spoils he should win in the first adventure he might have; "*or if that does not satisfy thee, I promise thee the foals I shall have this year from my three mares that thou knowest are in foal on the village common.*" First, Don Quixote offers him a knight-errant's riches, the increment of adventure, in reward for the news of Dulcinea's advent; but immediately Alonso Quixano appears, and with a heart flooded with joy at the coming of Aldonza, the hidalgo offers him no longer the spoils of war, but the foals of his mares. Do you see how love brings the sound mind of Quixano to the surface of the quixotic delusion?

Now, O worthy knight, thy derangement yields thee its fruit, for thy Aldonza has come to see thee; she will divine from the excess of thy rapture how great thy love must be.

The blow fell at once, the stunning blow that beat poor Alonso the Good back into his madness, until his death. This is the crisis, the moment at which the fate of Alonso is clinched. He was expecting Aldonza, and the vehemence of the expectation left no room for doubt; he went down on his knees, as befitted those twelve years of silent worship, and *with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze he regarded her whom Sancho called queen and lady; and as he could see nothing in her except a village lass, and a not very well-favoured one, for she was moon-faced and flat-nosed, he was perplexed and bewildered, and did not venture to open his lips.* Not even thy madness came to thy aid, excellent knight. When, after twelve years, thou art at the moment of receiving thy reward, brutal reality slaps thee in the face. Is it not thus, perhaps, with all love?

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But grieve not, my Don Quixote. Ride on, with thy lonely ecstasy. Grieve not over thy failure to pledge thyself to bliss. Be not weighed down because thou shalt never know felicity. Care not that thy twelve-year dream has not come true in the arms of thy Aldonza.

"And thou, O highest perfection of excellence desired, utmost limit of incarnate grace, sole relief of this afflicted heart that adores thee, although the malign enchanter that holds me in thrall has laid clouds and cataracts on my eyes, and to them, and them only, transformed thine unparagoned beauty and altered thy features to those of a poor peasant girl, if so be he has not at the same time changed mine to those of some monster to render them loathsome in thy sight — refuse not to look upon me with tenderness and love, seeing in this submission that I make on my knees to thy transformed beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee." Could you not weep over this piteous appeal; can you not hear sounding in your heart, beneath the chivalric phrases of Don Quixote, the infinite lament of Alonso the Good, the most heart-breaking cry that ever arose from man? Can you not hear the prophetic voice of the continuous and eternal disillusionment of humankind? For the first, the last, the only time, Don Quixote speaks of his own face, Alonso's face, which blushed at thought of Aldonza. — *The humility with which my soul adores thee . . .* A humility twelve years maintained, through long nights of solitude and absurd expectations, maintained by the grandest fear ever known. His immeasurable love had made him infinitely humble. Never had he dared offer her a single word.

Read the rest of the account of this meeting, my readers. Extract for yourselves its substance. As for me, it so weighs me

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down that I cannot command the imagination to reconstruct it, and I pass on to another theme. Read the girl's gross answer to Don Quixote, and how, when her donkey with its capers threw her off, and Don Quixote ran to raise her up, she avoided him by vaulting to the saddle, but not without giving him a whiff of raw garlic that made his head reel and poisoned his very heart. This martyrdom of the poor Alonso cannot be read without anguish.

CHAPTER II

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT THE VALOROUS
DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE PARLIA-
MENT OF DEATH

MASTER and squire took to the road again, mischievous Sancho making sport of his master's candour. Ere long they encountered the cart of Death belonging to Angulo el Malo's troop of play-actors, which Don Quixote, taught and saddened by what had just happened, saw as it really was. Rocinante, frightened by the jingling bells and thumping bladders of the clown, threw his rider — and so on through the rest of the farce. And when the knight made ready to punish the buffoons, who awaited him drawn up in a row and armed with stones, Sancho prevailed upon his master, who at last was sound and sensible, not to meddle with such a crew, because, although they appeared to be kings, princes, and emperors, not one of them was a knight-errant. Don Quixote, convinced, changed his mind; and seeing that Sancho, for his part, felt no need for vengeance, he said: "*Well, if that is thy decision, good Sancho, sensible Sancho, Christian Sancho, honest Sancho,*

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let us leave these phantoms alone and turn to the pursuit of better and worthier adventures."

The adventure of the cart of Death seems to be one of the most heroic of our knight, for it shows him conquering himself with his sanity. The enchantment of his lady was lying heavy on his heart! The world's a stage, and a great folly it is to fight those that are not what they seem, but miserable buffoons, with scarcely a knight-errant among them. On the stage of the world it is an astonishing novelty to witness the entry of a genuine knight, of one who slays and performs in all seriousness the challenge scene, whereas the others pretend to do it, but merely act a part. Such is the hero. All the others line up and await him with stones in their hands. Leave the buffoons alone, then, and remember Sancho's profound insight: *The sceptres and crowns of those play-actor emperors were never yet pure gold, but only brass-foil or tin.* Remember it, and bear in mind that the learning of those that act the part of teachers in the world's comedy, collecting their salary therefor, is a science of brass-foil or tin.

CHAPTER 12

THE WONDERFUL ENCOUNTER OF THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BOLD KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

CONVERSING on the nature of mundane comedy, they came to some tall, shady trees, where they passed the night, in the course of which their sleep was broken by the arrival of the Knight of the Mirrors, followed by the chat of the two squires on one side and that of the knights on the other, Sancho declaring that a child

could make his master believe it was night at noonday, a simplicity for which he loved him as the core of his heart, and could not bring himself to leave him, let him do ever such foolish things. We learn here the cause of Sancho's love for his master, but not the reason for his admiration.

But why wonder, Sancho? The hero is always at heart a child. He is only a grown-up child. Thy Don Quixote was but a child, a child during the twelve long years in which he failed to break through the timidity that held him back, a child while lost in books of chivalry, a child when he sallied forth in quest of adventures. God keep us always children, friend Sancho!

CHAPTERS 13 AND 14

CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF
THE GROVE,¹ AND THE WISE, PLEASANT, AND
ORIGINAL COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE TWO
SQUIRES

WHILE the squires chatted, so did the knights, and in the course of it the Knight of the Grove boasted of having overcome Don Quixote, whereupon the chat changed into a parley for the arrangement of a duel, and it was provided that the vanquished should be at the victor's disposal. At dawn they were up and at it. Don Quixote overthrew him of the Mirrors; namely, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, for he was no other. He had come after wool and to take the hidalgo home, but it was shorn that he returned.

On lifting his visor and discovering the bachelor, Don

¹ Another name for the Knight of the Mirrors. — *Translator.*

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Quixote attributed the appearance to magic. But Sancho, who had clambered into a tree to watch the fight, counselled him to thrust his sword into the mouth of him who seemed to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco. Ah, Sancho, Sancho! How well thy present impious cruelty fits thy former cowardice!

The bachelor soon regained consciousness, confessed that Dulcinea del Toboso had the advantage of Casildea de Vandalia in beauty, and promised to proceed forthwith to present himself before her. "*I confess, hold, and think everything to be as you believe, hold, and think it,*" replied the crippled knight, the bitten biter, the vanquished bachelor. So, in spite of all, the bachelors have to swear to the truth of what the hidalgos proclaim to be such. Thus the biters are bitten; thus common sense rolls on the ground, overthrown by the lance of heroism. What then, is there nothing to do but play the madman in order to make the real ones sane?

CHAPTER 15

WHEREIN IT IS TOLD AND MADE KNOWN WHO THE
KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE

WE learn in this chapter that the Knight of the Mirrors was no other than the bachelor Samson Carrasco of Salamanca, who, in conspiracy with the priest and the barber, thought up that scheme for obliging Don Quixote to return home.

The wicked Carrasco swore to have his revenge on Don Quixote by giving him a thorough beating, an alienation a thousand times worse than the hidalgo's and a more genuine one, the derangement, in fact, of a sane man in a passion, which is the

worst and most poisonous of all. "*He that cannot help being mad will always be so, but he that plays the fool for his fancy may give over when he pleases,*" said the bachelor.

But look, Mr. Bachelor of Salamanca, come here, tell me: Which is the greater unsoundness, the one originating in the head or the one that springs from the heart, infirmity of imagination or of will? He that willingly and wilfully plays the madman has a sick or twisted will, the cure of which is more difficult than that of mental infirmities. Those who, like your worship, have stuffed their minds with crafty sense, and gorged them, furthermore, with the scholastic platitudes of Salamancan class-rooms, usually have wills that are crazed with rancour, vanity, envy, and other evil passions. What motive, then, had Samson Carrasco for picking a quarrel with Don Quixote?

"*Have I ever been by any chance his enemy? Have I ever given him any occasion to owe me a grudge? Am I his rival, or does he profess arms, that he should envy the fame that I have acquired in them?*" asked Don Quixote. Yes, generous knight, thou art so; thou wast and art his enemy, as is every generous and heroic knight the enemy of all crafty and routinist bachelors. Thou gavest him occasion to owe thee a grudge because thou hast acquired by thy deeds a fame which he could never attain with his conventional studies and Salamancan baccalaureates. He was thy rival and he envies thee. And though he declared, and perhaps believes, that he appeared on the field intending to bring thee to thy senses, the fact is that his motive, though perhaps unknown to himself, was to associate his name with thine and march abreast with thee to fame, as, indeed, he did.

And might it not have been that he sought to bring his

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doughty deeds and his madness to the knowledge of that Andalusian Casilda under whose window he passed whole nights in a street of Salamanca, and whom he adorned with his Casildea de Vandalia? May he not have expressed his admiration of thee to the said Casilda, who doubtless had read the First Part of thy history? Quite possibly.

But thou overcamest him, so that it might be known that a generous enthusiasm is more spirited and virile than sound wits mis-spent, however artfully; and, above all, so that the worthy bachelor of Salamanca might learn that *quod natura non dat, Salamantica non præstat*, a well-seasoned truth in spite of that arrogant motto on the arms of the old school which says: *Omnium scientiarum princeps, Salamantica docet*.

CHAPTERS 16 AND 17

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA, AND THE FURTHEST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNEXAMPLED COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE REACHED OR COULD REACH; TOGETHER WITH THE HAPPILY ACHIEVED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS

NOT long after this affair, Don Quixote met the very intelligent Don Diego de Miranda, and as they rode along together, they came upon the cart that bore the caged lions. Then came that stupendous adventure, one that has never been adequately appreciated, the occasion of Don Quixote's immortal: "*Lion whelps to me? To me whelps of lions, and at such a time? Then, by God!*"

those gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened by lions." Don Diego tried to convince him that the lions had not come to oppose him, but Don Quixote dispatched him, retorting that he knew whether the gentlemen lions had come to him or not, and curtly threatened the keeper with sudden death if he did not open the cage. The keeper begged that he might first unyoke the mules and place himself in safety, and "*O man of little faith,*" replied Don Quixote, "*get down and unyoke and do what pleaseth thee.*"

What marvellous courage, what unparalleled intrepidity, what uncompelled valour, this of Don Quixote! Without motive, without object, it was courage pure and simple. May it not have been that while Don Quixote was thus giving proof of his daring, within him poor Alonso the Good, crushed by disillusionment, suffering from failure to meet the longed-for Aldonza, was seeking to die under the claws and teeth of the lion, a death less cruel than the continuing death that his ill-starved love was inflicting?

Dissuasions, prayers, good reasons, were of no avail. Don Quixote sprang from the saddle, *fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the lions . . . flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and, drawing his sword, step by step, with marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, advanced to the cart and stood there commending himself with all his heart, first to God, and then to his lady Dulcinea.* The historian himself at this point breaks out in admiring exclamations before this unrivalled pluck. The cage doors were flung open. *The first thing the lion did was to turn round in the cage, protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with near half a yard of tongue*

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that he thrust forth he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face; this done, he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanour to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, hoping he would leap from the cart and come to close quarters, when he resolved to hew him to pieces. Perhaps Alonso the Good was waiting at the same time to end under the lion's claws the suffering of his poor wounded heart, awaiting the destruction within it of the image of that Aldonza for whom he had longed for twelve years. *But the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, ignoring childish bravado, after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and presented his hind quarters to Don Quixote, then very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage.*

Ah, wretch of a Cide Hamete Benengeli or whoever wrote that account, how little didst thou understand that adventure! One would think that while thou wast writing it, the envious bachelor Samson Carrasco was whispering in thine ear. No, no, it was not thus. What really happened was that the lion was frightened or, rather, abashed on seeing the dauntlessness of our knight; for God has given to the wild beasts a keener sense than to men of the presence of faith's irresistible power. Or could it not have been that the lion, thinking of the lioness reposing yonder on the sands of the desert, under a palm-tree, saw Aldonza Lorenzo in the heart of the knight? Was it not his love that made the beast understand the man's love and respect it and withdraw abashed before it?

No, the lion could not flout Don Quixote, nor should he have done so, for he was no man, but a lion, and wild beasts

never flout or mock, for their will is not corrupted by any original sin. The lower animals are entirely serious, entirely sincere; there is no malice or depravity in them. They are not bachelors, whether of Salamanca or elsewhere, for they are content with what nature gives them. What happened to our lion, caged at the time as Don Quixote had recently been, was that when he saw him, he was ashamed.

That such was the case is corroborated and proved by a similar occurrence, ages earlier, when another lion felt shame before another deedful knight, the Cid Ruy Diaz de Vivar, as we know from the old romance (*Poema del Cid*, verses 2278-2301). While at Valencia with all his vassals and his sons-in-law, the princes of Carrión, one day the Cid was lying asleep on a bench, when this lion, who had somehow escaped from confinement, suddenly appeared, spreading fright through the court. He that was born at an auspicious hour awoke, took in the situation, and

My Cid leaned on his elbow, he rose up to his feet,
 He threw his mantle round his throat and strode up to the lion.
 The lion, when he saw him so, was ashamed;
 Before my Cid he bowed his head and hid his face.
 My Cid Don Rodrigo grasped him by the neck
 And took and led him and put him in the cage.

(2296-2301)

Thus before Don Quixote, a new Cid Campeador, the lion *was* ashamed.

Perhaps he was one of the two that appear on our arms, and the other the one that was ashamed before the Cid.

Don Quixote still insisted that the lion be provoked and made to come out, but his keeper convinced him that it would be

wrong to do so. Thereupon the knight pronounced these most significant words: "*The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot.*" And what more would you have?

Let no one come forward now and say that I have wandered from the historian's very precise text; let it be well understood that no one can depart from it without extreme temerity, and even peril to his conscience; but that we are free to interpret it as we like and think best. Having regard to the facts alone, apart from evident errors of the copyist, all rectifiable, there is nothing to do but stick to the infallible authority of the Cervantine text. And so we must believe and confess that the lion turned his back on Don Quixote and lay down again in the cage. But that he did so out of courtesy, or that he considered Don Quixote's attitude one of childish bravado, and that he did not act thus through shame before such imposing courage, or because of a fellow-feeling for a love so unfortunate, is all a matter of the historian's own free interpretation, and has no further value than the personal and purely human authority of the historian himself. It is the same here as in the case of the historian's comment on the address to the goatherds, which he called a *useless harangue*; this is merely a lamentable gloss which has been interpolated in the text.

I take these precautions because I will not — I have said so before and I say it again — I will not be confounded with that pernicious and pestilent sect of vain and puffed-up men of hollow understanding and empty historical knowledge who dare to assert that Don Quixote and Sancho never existed, and to assert other similar foolhardy atrocities to which they are moved by

their excessive craving for notoriety, and think to secure it by putting forth outlandish and bizarre ideas. And observe here how the same noble impulse to acquire fame and renown which moved Don Quixote to carry out his exploits moves others to deny them. What an abyss of contradictions is man!

Returning to our history, we must add that Don Quixote, in explaining to Don Diego his apparent madness, again revealed its source by declaring that his quest of such perilous adventures was *all to win a glorious and lasting renown*, and he explained, with the most cogent reasoning, that the knight should approach the point of rashness — for he knew the lion incident to be a case of *exorbitant temerity* — since *it is easier for a rash man to prove truly valiant than for a coward to rise to true valour; and . . . in attempting adventures it is better to lose by a card too many than by a card too few*. How sane and reasonable is this argument with which he justifies all ascetic or heroic excess!

It is well, too, to pause and consider how this adventure of the lion was on the part of Don Quixote an adventure of complete obedience and perfect faith. When the hazard of the road offered Don Quixote this encounter with the lion, beyond all doubt it was because God sent it to him, and his firm faith made him say he knew whether those gentlemen lions came to him or not. At mere sight of them he recognized the will of the Lord and he obeyed according to the third and most perfect way of obedience as pointed out by Ignatius de Loyola in the fourth counsel which he gave in this connexion, according to Father Rivadeneira (*Life*, Book V, chapter iv) as follows: “When I do this or that by becoming aware of some sign from the Superior, although he may not have ordered or commanded me to do it.” Thus Don Quixote,

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as soon as he saw the lion, became aware of a sign from God and attacked without any consideration of prudence whatever. For, as Loyola says in the same chapter, "Prudence is not to be expected so certainly of him who obeys and executes as of him who ordains and commands." Doubtless it was God's will to try the faith and obedience of Don Quixote as He had tried those of Abraham when He commanded him to go up the mount of Moriah and there sacrifice his only son (Gen. xxii).

CHAPTERS 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, AND 23

WHICH TREAT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AT THE
RESIDENCE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN COAT, OF THE
ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, OF THE
WEDDING OF CAMACHO, AND, IN THE
LAST TWO, OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS, WHICH IS IN THE
HEART OF LA MANCHA, AND OF THE WONDERFUL
THINGS WHICH THE INCOMPARABLE
DON QUIXOTE SAID HE SAW IN IT

THEY came to Don Diego's home, where Don Quixote met Don Lorenzo, the son, and on hearing him deny that knights-errant had ever existed he did not attempt to undeceive him, but said it was his purpose to pray to Heaven to deliver him from that error. Ah, my poor knight, in what a state has the enchantment of Dulcinea left thee!

After this they attended the wedding of Camacho, which is of no particular interest here; then Don Quixote went to the cave of Montesinos, which is in the heart of La Mancha.

Before climbing down into it he fell on his knees and

in a low voice offered up a prayer to Heaven, imploring God to aid him and grant him success in this to all appearance perilous and untried adventure; and then exclaimed aloud: "O mistress of my acts and movements, illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if so be the prayers and supplications of this thy fortunate lover can reach thy ears, by thy incomparable beauty I entreat thee to listen to them, for they do but ask thee not to refuse me thy favour and protection now that I stand in such need of them."

On the eve of this unparalleled hazard, see how he prays first to God, and to Dulcinea afterward; to God in a low voice, and in a loud voice to Dulcinea. With God first, indeed, but alone, for we need not shriek in order for Him to hear us, for He hears even the breathing of our silence; but with Dulcinea it is necessary to cry out in a loud voice and invoke her with well-filled lungs and wide-open mouth, to be heard of men.

And Don Quixote continued, saying: "*I am about to precipitate, engulf, and plunge myself into the abyss that is here before me, only to let the world know that while thou dost favour me, there is no impossibility that I will not attempt and accomplish.*" Love Dulcinea, and no impossibility will resist or elude you. At your feet yawns the abyss. In with you!

With these words he approached the cavern and saw it was impossible to let himself down or effect an entrance except by sheer force or by cleaving a passage; so, drawing his sword, he began to hack away the brambles at the mouth of the cave, the noise of which startled a vast multitude of crows and choughs, which flew out of it so thick and fast that they knocked Don Quixote down; and if he had been as much a believer in augury as he was a Catholic Christian, he would have taken it as a bad omen and

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refused to bury himself in such a place. Let us stop and consider this.

If you are bent on engulfing yourself in the abyss of your people's tradition in order to scrutinize and analyse it, if you prepare to scratch and dig until you come to the rock bottom, the big crows and choughs that nest at the brink and find shelter amid its rocks and thorns will swarm at your face. First you will have to hew away the weeds and brambles at the mouth of the enchanted cavern, or, rather, you will have to clear off the rubbish that has choked the entrance. What the traditionalists call tradition is only the stubble, the dregs, and the refuse of tradition. The huge crows and choughs that guard the entrance to this enchanted chasm where they have their hiding-places have never gone down to the interior, yet they dare croak their claim that they dwell in it. The tradition they invoke is not the real tradition; they claim to be the mouthpieces of the people, but it is not so. With cawings and croakings and beak-snappings they have made the people believe that they believe what they do not believe; and it is necessary to descend into the bowels of the abyss in order to bring out the living soul of the popular creed.

Before engulfing oneself in that abyss of genuine beliefs and traditions of the people, as distinguished from the lip-service kind, one has to cut down and clear off the weedy growths that block the entrance. When you do this they will cry out that you are choking it up and covering it and suffocating the dwellers within; they will call you a bad citizen, a traitor, an outlaw, and anything else that occurs to them. Turn a deaf ear to their cawings and croakings.

Down in the cave Don Quixote enjoyed visions that

leave far in the rear the marvels that others have enjoyed, and I need not repeat here the dictum that if an angel appears to one in a dream, it is because one dreamed that an angel appeared. I merely invite the reader to reread, in chapter xxiii of the Second Part, Don Quixote's report of the astonishing things that he saw, and to judge, as he should judge, by the joy and delight the reading gives him, and thereupon to tell me whether they are not more faithworthy than other and no less astonishing visions with which they say that God regaled His servants while they were asleep in the deep, enchanted cave of ecstasy. There is nothing to do but believe Don Quixote, who, being a man incapable of a lie, asserted that what he narrated he saw with his own eyes and touched with his own hands; and that is enough and to spare. Sancho would have denied the truth of the narration, especially when he heard his master say that he saw Dulcinea enchanted in the person of the village girl he had shown him; but Don Quixote very sensibly answered: "*As I know thee, Sancho, I heed not thy words.*" Neither do we need to heed sanchopanchesque words when it is a matter of having faith in visions.

CHAPTER 24

WHEREIN ARE RELATED A THOUSAND TRIFLING MAT-
TERS, AS TRIVIAL AS THEY ARE NECESSARY TO
THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS
GREAT HISTORY

ON coming to this adventure of the vision, the historian feels obliged to doubt its authenticity, thus showing his little faith; and he even outdoes himself in supposing that at the time of his death

Don Quixote retracted it and said *he had invented it, thinking it matched and tallied with the adventures he had read of in his histories*. O petty historian, how little thou knowest about visions!

Doubtless thou didst not read, or, as it was published twenty-two years before thy publication of the history of Don Quixote, if thou didst read it, thou didst not well meditate the book of the *Life of the Blessed Father Ignatius de Loyola* by Father Pedro de Rivadeneira, who in chapter vii of Book I tells us of the visions of the knight-errant of Christ and how "there was shown to him the way God made the world" and how "he saw the holy humanness of our Redeemer Jesus Christ and sometimes also the most glorious Virgin," and other marvellous visions, among them one of the Devil, who appeared to him many times, "not only at Manresa and on the roads, but in Paris also and at Rome; but his semblance and aspect . . . was so mean-spirited and ugly that he gave him but little attention, easily thrusting him aside with the staff that he had in his hand."

Of those that pooh-pooh such visions and assert that they are impossible let us repeat what the truly pious Father Rivadeneira says of them: "They are commonly men who neither know, understand, nor have heard tell what the spirit is, nor spiritual joy and fruits . . . and they think there are no other pastimes, pleasures, and recreations than those that they seek, by night and by day, by land and sea, with so much care, solicitude, and artifice, in order to gratify their appetites and sate their lust. And so there is no use in paying any attention to them." Very prudent words, which Don Quixote must have known and read, in view of his answer to Sancho: "*As I know thee, Sancho, I heed not thy words.*"

Here Father Rivadeneira unerringly cites what the Apostle says (I Cor. ii): "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned"; and the good Father consoles himself and us with the remark that there have been "Christians, men of understanding, and well read in the histories and lives of the saints," who, though well informed about visions and knowing that "it is necessary to be very careful, because they may be false and they often are," nevertheless have given them credence. It would be well to read all the reasons adduced by the reverend biographer of Ignatius de Loyola, to convince ourselves of the genuineness of the latter's visions, for a man who did as great a work as Loyola's might well have seen what he saw; and "as we must concede the greater, let us concede the lesser and understand that all the splendours we see in his works issued from those divine lights and visitations." And how, indeed, shall we deny that Don Quixote saw what he saw in the cave of Montesinos, being a gentleman incapable of lying and a knight who had attacked windmills and Yanguesans, mocked his mockers in defence of the helmet, conquered the Knight of the Mirrors, and shamed the lion? He who achieved all these astounding deeds could well have seen in the cave of Montesinos anything he had the notion to see there. And if he saw them, of which there should be no doubt, what shall we say as to the reality of his visions? If life is a dream, why should we so obstinately deny that dreams are life? And all that is life is truth. Is what we call reality anything more than an illusion that leads us to action and productivity? The practical effect is the only criterion that will work when it comes to testing visions, of whatsoever kind.

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CHAPTER 25

WHEREIN IS SET DOWN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, AND
THE DROLL ONE OF THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN, TO-
GETHER WITH THE MEMORABLE DIVINATIONS
OF THE FORTUNE-TELLING APE

FROM there they took to the road again, Don Quixote burning with curiosity to know why the man who had ridden ahead of them was carrying arms. And when at the inn this man declined to satisfy him until he had fed his mule, Don Quixote helped him, sifting the barley and cleaning the manger, an example of wonderful humility that is not generally pondered as fully as it ought to be. It is doubtless one of the great adventures of our knight, that of having sifted barley and cleaned a manger, apparently for the single purpose of hearing the sooner a delightful story, the story of the braying aldermen.

But as it would not be well for us to believe that only to listen to such a yarn had Don Quixote lowered himself to the performance of tasks so improper to his calling of knight-errant, we must perforce suppose he did it to exercise his humility and exercise it simply, by seeking a pretext, so as to escape the pride of the humble. He made no pretence, no ostentation of humility; on the contrary, like one who does the most natural and usual thing in the world, without giving any importance to the act, with the very hands that had lanced mills, freed convicts, conquered the Biscayan and the Knight of the Mirrors, and had awaited without a tremor the attack of the lion, with those same hands he sifted that barley and cleaned that manger, giving as the reason

these exceedingly simple words: "*Don't wait for that; I'll help you in everything.*"

He did this even more simply than Ignatius de Loyola when, after receiving the charge of præpositor general of the Company he had formed, "he entered the kitchen and for many days served as cook and performed other humble household tasks." Ignatius did this with the purpose of setting an example, "in order to inspire all with a desire for genuine humility," says Father Rivadeneira (Book III, chapter ii). But there was no ulterior motive in Don Quixote, no intention to teach others; he merely sifted barley and cleaned the manger, as if they belonged to him, just as the violet wafts its perfume and the nightingale sings. *Don't wait for that; I'll help you.*

"*I'll help you,*" is what Don Quixote says to every simple man, devoid of all ulterior motive.

Perhaps more clearly here than in any other adventure we see that the spirit that guided Don Quixote was the spirit of Alonso Quixano, to whom for his virtues was given the addition of the Good; and we see that in the goodness of the man was rooted the heroism of the knight. O my señor Don Quixote, how great thou seemest to me while thou siftest the barley and cleanest the manger, with not the slightest ostentation of humility and as if it were the most natural thing in the world! In goodness no one has outdone thee, in simple goodness. Thou hast therefore an altar in the hearts of all good men, for they let their eyes dwell rather on thy goodness than on thy lunacy. Thou thyself, my knight, when thou wouldst praise thy squire, first and foremost callest him good Sancho, and only thereafter discreet, sincere, and Christian. That is what we must

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be in the world, dear sir, good, simply good, just good, good without adjective, without theologies, with no addition whatever, good, and nothing more than good. And if so noble a term be confounded with that of folly, thou didst carry thy goodness to the point of folly amid crowds of sound-minded mockers; that is, bad men. For in nothing so clearly as in mockery is human wickedness to be seen; the Devil is the arch mocker, the father and emperor of all tricksters and mockers. If laughter ever comes to be adorable and liberative and, in short, good, it is not the laughter of mockery, but of happiness.

CHAPTER 26

A PLEASANT ACCOUNT OF THE PUPPET-PLAY, WITH
OTHER VERY GOOD THINGS TRULY

AFTER the yarn of the braying aldermen, Maese Pedro arrived at the inn with his fortune-telling ape and the puppet-show of the rescue of Melisendra. It astounded Don Quixote to see that Maese Pedro, after listening to the whispering ape, recognized him; he took it for a work of the Devil, but his attention was now diverted to the show, where Don Gaiferos was to rescue his wife, Melisendra.

Charles the Great now appears, and Roland; the castle at Zaragoza is the scene; Moors swarm in and out; and here is King Marsilio, and yonder Don Gaiferos. Don Gaiferos makes off with Melisendra; the alarm is given, and instantly a brilliant body of cavalry pursues; a hopeless situation for the fugitives. Don Quixote springs to his feet, a strong partisan of the under dog.

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In grand, Homeric style he orders the troop of horse to halt and follows it up with action and drawn sword. *He began to shower blows on the puppet Moors, knocking over some, decapitating others, maiming this one and demolishing that; and among many more he delivered one down-stroke which, if Maese Pedro had not ducked, made himself small, and got out of the way, would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been almond paste.*

A splendid and most exemplary battle! A profitable lesson! In vain Maese Pedro shouted his protests, begging Don Quixote to see that those were not real Moors he was knocking down, destroying, and killing, but only little pasteboard figures. Useless! The slaughter went on. And he did right, absolutely right. The Maese Pedros set up their puppet-shows, and then, because the personages on the stage are little pasteboard figures and declared to be such, they ask you to respect them. The things a knight-errant should knock down, maim, and decapitate are just those so-called fictitious ones, for they do more harm than error itself, because error believed is more respectable than a truth not believed in.

“Be careful, sir,” they say, “that you do nothing ridiculous; don’t fight little pasteboard figures. We are all in the secret; this is naught but a neighbourly amusement and fools nobody; it is merely a matter of pastime and that’s all; Charlemagne is of course not the real Charlemagne, any more than Roland is Roland, or Don Gaiferos is Don Gaiferos; nobody is humbugged and everybody is delighted, for although all feign to believe the play, they do not truly believe it. So, sir, be careful, and do not mis-spend your energies in fighting little pasteboard figures. . . .”

“Well,” I answer, “it’s just because they are nothing

but little pasteboard figures and because we are all in on the game that it is so necessary to behead and destroy them; for nothing is so pernicious as a lie universally consented to." We are all in the secret; it is an open secret; we all know, we all whisper to each other, that Don Gaiferos yonder is not the real, Simon-pure Don Gaiferos, nor is there any but a pasteboard rescue of a pasteboard Melisendra. Well, if this is so, let me ask, why do you get so excited if there is a head out of the window yelling bloody murder at the tiptop of the tallest tower in the town, crying it out in a cry of sincerity, declaring in a loud voice the very thing that you say everybody is whispering to everybody anyhow, and thus knocking down, maiming, and beheading the lie? The world must be cleared of make-believes and puppet-shows.

The stricken face of Maese Pedro appears and he exclaims: "*Look — sinner that I am — don't you see you're wrecking and ruining all I am worth?*" Well, then, (we should reply) don't live by that means, Ginesillo de Pasamonte. Go to work, and don't set up puppet-shows. In short, let us shout with Don Quixote: "*Long live knight-errantry beyond everything living on earth this day!*" Long live knight-errantry, and death to the puppet-show!

Death to the play-actors! All the shows¹ should be swept away, all the sanctioned fictions. Don Quixote, taking the comedy seriously, can seem ridiculous only to those who make a joke of everything serious, for whom all the world's a stage. In the last analysis, why should there not enter into the play, forming a part

¹ The word here used in the text is *retablos*, which has a somewhat antiquated meaning of puppet-show, and also the current one of altar-piece, reredos, retable. — *Translator.*

of its presentation, the knocking down and beheading of the paste-board players? It's a pretty pass we've come to when they denounce the very one who in good faith believes a play which they, taking the utmost care not to neglect one jot or tittle of the rules of comedy, enact with the most serious mien in the world. You, good readers, have of course noticed that there is nothing more insufferable than their requirement that the rites, rubrics, and ceremonies of purely representative things be strictly observed, and that those who announce themselves as masters of ceremonies are the very ones who show the least respect for the genuine seriousness of life. Each of these fellows knows exactly when to wear a black tie and when a white, up to what hour a sack coat is allowable and when to put on evening clothes, but he does not know where to seek his God nor what is his final destiny. And this is to say nothing of those who, flouting all ethical standards, would impose on us the tyranny of some æsthetic standard and substitute for the moral conscience a picture puzzle they call good taste. When such doctrines begin to prevail, the good ones have to be branded vulgar.

Teresa de Jesús, speaking in chapter xxxvii of her *Life* of the advice "not to overlook the details of worldly etiquette" in order not to give "occasion for regret to those who have confided their honour to such matters," and speaking further of those that say "the monasteries should be seminaries of good breeding," remarks that she cannot understand all this. She adds that there is not even time to learn such things; even "to learn the proper forms and titles to use in the salutations of letters a university chair would have to be founded for instruction in behaviour, so to speak; because sometimes the letter-paper is used

one way, sometimes another, and some are addressed as Your Excellency and some as Your Honour." The lively nun was at a loss to know where it would all end, because, not being yet fifty years old, "I have seen in my lifetime so many changes of fashion that I do not know how to conduct myself," adding: "I certainly pity spiritual people who have to stay in the world to some holy end, for it is a terrible cross they bear. If all of them could get together and agree to remain ignorant in these matters, and strive to be regarded as ignorant, they would be saved a great deal of labour." A great deal, indeed! The spiritually-minded ought, in fact, as she says, to get together and arrange to lapse into ignorance of worldly punctilio, and endeavour to be so accepted. Those of us who love the truth above all things ought to make a concerted effort to ignore the pragmatics and ordinances of the so-called good taste with which they disguise the truth, we ought to trample on their good forms, and let them call us uncouth, and hope that they will.

There is a gang of fly-by-night barn-stormers who have at their tongues' end the mummified creed they inherited from their great-grandfathers, just as they have the family escutcheon engraved on a ring or on their gold-headed canes; and they respect those venerable traditions exactly as they respect any other antique, for reasons of good form and in order to pass for distinguished personages. Now, it is fashionable to be what is called a conservative, and this troupe of farceurs have proclaimed it to be vulgar to show any passion, any vigorous initiative, and in bad taste to go at their puppet-shows hammer and tongs. But when those dry and empty blockheads, those false alarms, say and keep on repeating the inanity that "courtesy costs bravery nothing,"

let us face them and say to their beards, if they have beards, that on the contrary courtesy does cost bravery a great deal, and that true valour, the quixotic kind, can, should, and frequently does consist in trampling on all courtesy, and even in appearing, if necessary, brutal. Above all, in dealing with the Maese Pedros that live on puppet-shows.

What more terrible do you know of than to hear the mass of an atheist priest who celebrates it for the perquisites attached? Death to the puppet-showman and to all sanctioned lies!

Being at León, I went to see its exquisite Gothic cathedral, that grand stone lamp, within which the canons softly sing to the mellow accompaniment of the organ. And while I contemplated its willowy columns, its lofty storied windows, through which the light diffuses in many colours, the network of trusses upholding the dome, I thought: "How many silent desires, how many unspoken longings, how many fugitive thoughts this fabric of stone must have absorbed, together with the whispered and the silent prayers, the pleadings, the imprecations, the endearments at the sweetheart's ear, and the complaints and scoldings! What secrets poured out in the confessional! And if all these multitudes of desires, longings, thoughts, prayers, whisperings, implorings, love-makings, imprecations, scoldings, and secrets — what if all this should begin to sing, beneath the routine, liturgical psalmody of the canonical choir! In the body of a guitar, within its texture, sleep all the notes plucked from it, all the tones that swept by it, grazing it in their flight with their sonorous wings. If all those tones of its own and the others that sleep there should awake, it would burst with an explosion of sound. And if all that sleeps in the bosom of the cathedral, that stone guitar, should likewise

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awake and take sound, the mighty cathedral would come crashing down, destroyed by the vast uproar of liberated voices rising to the heavens, the splendid edifice would collapse from the violence of its own power of song. But from the midst of its still singing ruins would arise a new cathedral, of the spirit, more airy, more luminous, and at the same time more solid, a vast cathedral, and to heaven itself its pillars of feeling would aspire and rise to the very dome of God; their dead weight would drop to earth and they would stand upholding the vault with arches and braces of ideas."

No liturgical comedy this. Oh, if we could only make our cathedrals reproduce every prayer, every word, thought, and feeling they have caught in their vaults and spandrels; if we could but put life into them, into this veritable cave of Montesinos!

Let us go back to our puppet-show. In the capital of my country and Don Quixote's there is such a show, where they play Melisendra's liberation, or the regeneration of Spain, or the revolution of the classes; there, in the national Parliament, they manipulate the little pasteboard figures according as Maese Pedro pulls the strings. What is needed yonder is the entry of some mad knight-errant who, regardless of outcries, would knock down, maim, and decapitate all those gesticulators, and destroy and ruin the entire capital stock of Maese Pedro.

Maese Pedro insisted, and poor Don Quixote, since within him lived Alonso the Good, was convinced that it had all been a matter of enchantment and he paid for the damage. In doing so he did enough and to spare, though, when carefully weighed, it does seem just that one who lives by lies should, when these have been destroyed, be recompensed for the damage as far as possible until he learns to live by the truth. For it is properly

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asked, if you take the show from the showman, if you remove the only means of livelihood he understands, how will he survive? It is also true that God does not desire the death of the sinner, but that he be reformed and live; and he must live if he is to be reformed, and he must be sustained if he is to live.

O Don Quixote the Good! After beating down, destroying, and beheading the lie, how magnanimously didst thou pay for the damage, giving four and a half reals for King Marsilio of Zaragoza, five and a quarter for Charlemagne, and so on for the rest up to forty-two reals and three-quarters. If only it cost no more than that to smash the parliamentary puppet-show to bits!

CHAPTER 27

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN WHO MAESE PEDRO AND HIS APE
WERE, WITH THE MISHAP DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE
BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH HE DID NOT CON-
CLUDE AS HE WISHED AND INTENDED

AFTER the affair of Maese Pedro, whom we know for the rogue he was, Don Quixote found himself in the midst of the armed citizenry of the town of the brayers. He tried to persuade them not to fight over such childishness. But it unluckily occurred to Sancho, while he was corroborating him, to show how well he could bray. There was instant violence, of course, and Don Quixote galloped away from the flying sticks and stones, commending himself to God with all his heart.

This is the first resort to flight ever taken by the dauntless conqueror of the Biscayan, the Knight of the Mirrors, and

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the lion, who had so often confronted whole troops of men. And the historian says of it: *When the brave man flees, treachery is manifest, and it is for wise men to reserve themselves for better occasions.* How, indeed, was Don Quixote to confront a whole townful who gloried in braying? A town's collective self-expression is a form of braying, although each component individual, for his personal needs, uses articulate speech; for it is well known how often it happens, when rational or even semi-rational men join together in concerted action, the result is an ass.

You hear it said: "Before we pass laws for governing a people, let us hear the people, learn their opinion." As if a veterinary surgeon, instead of examining an ass, palpating and otherwise determining the what and the where of his trouble and the nature of the remedy, should consult with the patient and await his bray before writing the prescription, taking to himself the title of expert in braying, *doctor rebucinorum*. Nay, rather, when we fail to convince the braying people, let us flee from them, like a prudent knight, not a rash one. And give no heed to the selfish Sanchos who complain that we did not defend them when they brayed at the brayers.

After this, Sancho returned to the salary question, and Don Quixote offered to settle the account and let him go home. Then it was that he so severely rebuked him with "*Ass thou art, ass thou wilt be, and ass thou wilt end when the course of thy life is run.*" The poor squire broke down and cried, and confessed that to be a complete ass all he lacked was a tail. The magnanimous knight pardoned him and told him to take heart. This was and is one of the greatest favours Sancho owed and still owes to Don

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Quixote, in teaching him then, and now, that to be a complete ass all he lacks is a tail, a tail that will not sprout and grow so long as he follows and serves Don Quixote.

CHAPTER 29

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

THEY came to the shore of the Ebro and found there *a small boat, without oars or any other gear*. Of course! A boat without oars or other gear, and made fast at the shore? The eve of an adventure, naturally. Where you see something with an expectant look, it is expecting thee; don't doubt it. If it be a bark, get in, cast off, and let it take thee whither God will.

Don Quixote did so, and when hardly two yards from shore, Sancho, who, as a good Manchegan, must have been a good hydrophobe, began to weep; such a hydrophobe, in fact, that on searching himself to see if they had passed the equinoctial line, on the crossing of which the lice die, he discovered, not something, but some things. The boat drifted down to a floating mill and was smashed to pieces in the wheel, while Don Quixote and Sancho had a thorough ducking.

This is, indeed, a pattern adventure of obedience, even more typical than that of the lion. Remember what Ignatius de Loyola "said on several occasions" while he was General of the Company of Jesus, that "if the Pope should order him to cross the seas, and to enter the first boat he should find at the port of Ostia, and he should find it without mast, sail, rudder, oars, or any other provision for a voyage, nevertheless he would do it and

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obey not only in peace, but even with joy and contentment of soul" (Rivadeneira, Book V, chapter iv).

Why had God placed that little boat there, if not for Don Quixote, obeying Him, to embark in, in quest of an unknown adventure? No one knows what is best for him, nor what deed is in store for him.

Thy deed, thy real accomplishment, the one that will make thy life worth while, may perhaps not be the one thou seekest, but the one that seeks thee; and alas for those that go afar in search of the joy that is knocking at the doors of their homes! Not in vain has it been said that the greatest works are the fruits of circumstance.

CHAPTER 30

DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH A FAIR HUNTRESS

HERE begin the dismal adventures in the ducal palace. Now the knight encounters the fair huntress, the duchess, who leads him to her dwelling, to amuse herself with him and make sport of his heroism. This is the eve of the passion of mockery to be suffered by our knight. At this point the history of the Ingenious Gentleman falls headlong into pitiful misery, where the only response to his intelligence and magnanimity will be the silly tricks of high-titled nobles who doubtless thought heroes were born expressly to amuse them and serve as their toys and clowns. O ye unfortunates that trudge toward the temple of fame and pant after immortal glory, behold, the great of the earth court and pet you to provide amusement in their mansions and pass the time away. Your presence at their banquets is for ornament; you are in

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your chairs there as some rare fruit is on the board before you, or the last specimen of an all but extinct bird. When they seem to reverence you most, they are then at the height of their merriment. There is no pride so swollen as the arrogance of those who can attribute their social prestige to no worth of their own, but only to the hazard of birth. Be not, therefore, the plaything of grandees. Read history and see what the heroes came to when they came to be parlour ornaments.

CHAPTER 31

TREATING OF MANY MATTERS AND GREAT ONES

WITH burlesque pomp and solemnity they attended Don Quixote, arrayed in fresh clothes of knightly fashion, and ceremoniously led him to dine with the duke and the duchess *en famille*. At table he now met that *grave ecclesiastic, one of those who rule noble-men's houses; one of those who, not born noble themselves, know not how to teach lofty conduct to princes; one of those who would have the greatness of great folk measured by their own pettiness*. On Don Quixote, whom he called Don Fool, he poured a stream of abuse, severe and angry, recommending that he go home and bring up his children if he had any, and mind his business, and stop wandering about the world, making a laughing-stock of himself for all who knew him and knew him not.

Oh, how cruel and persistent and ceaselessly active in this our Spain is this breed of solemn, sensible priests who would have the greatness of great folk measured by their own pettiness! Don Fool! Don Fool! And that to thee, my sublime madman,

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from yon serious person, summary and compendium of genuine folly! The grave ecclesiastic could hardly have read the Gospels, nor could he have been familiar with the Sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus said: "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire" (Matt. v. 22). In danger of hell fire he was, then, for calling Don Quixote a fool.

You are now, my knight, face to face with common sense incarnate. Do not for a moment doubt that, had Christ Our Lord returned to earth in the days of Don Quixote, or in our own day, that same grave ecclesiastic or his modern successors would have attended the council of Pharisees against him, how they might destroy him as a crazy and dangerous agitator.

CHAPTER 32

THE REPLY OF DON QUIXOTE TO HIS REPROBATER,
WITH OTHER INCIDENTS BOTH GRAVE AND GAY

BUT, if the reprimand was severe, it surely called forth a stupendous reply. There is but one adequate thing to do and that is to re-read it. It is a sovereign lesson to those who, *without ever having seen more of the world than lies within twenty or thirty leagues round*, impudently lay down the law to chivalry and presume to judge knights-errant.

My intentions are all directed to worthy ends, to do good to all and evil to none. And now let your graces judge whether a man who means this, does this, and makes it his only study to practise all this, deserves to be called a fool. With these words Don Quixote

concluded his reply. But the trouble is, he has for an adversary one of those low-minded, puny-hearted men who have invented that rot about good ideas and bad ideas, persons bent on being the official definition-givers of truth and of error, persons who are scandalized at the great evils they expect to ensue when men believe visions seen in the cave of Montesinos instead of other visions no less visionary. These crazy creatures, or, better, these creatures with a defect of the heart, not the head, do nothing but persecute those whom they regard as crazy in their heads; they are for ever trying to make us believe that the world is going to the bow-wows because of these wretched knights-errant. Well, these same knights-errant direct their intentions to worthy ends, whatever may be their creed; it is they with their worth who measure the greatness of the great, and not the narrow-minded ecclesiastics, whose dried and smoked brains are incapable of giving birth to any idea whatever, and who consequently cling tight, as to an immutable norm of conduct, to petrified, encrusted ideas that have been deposited with them in trust. They have not the wit to fix their gaze on the north star and thus make their way across lots through the maze of the woods. They most obstinately insist that all of us go with them in their rickety cart along the ruts of the road of the public's servitude. These people do nothing but censure those that are really doing something. Anyone in trouble goes for aid to knights-errant, not to them, nor to *the idle courtier who seeks nothing but tittle-tattle to repeat and gossip about, instead of striving to do deeds and exploits for others to relate and record*, as Don Quixote himself will remark later on when Trifaldi appears as the herald of the Distressed Duenna.

Don Quixote aptly said: "*If gentlemen, great lords,*

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nobles, men of high birth, were to rate me for a fool, I should take it as an irreparable insult; but I care not a farthing if clerks who have never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry should think me foolish." These words are worthy of the Cid, who, according to the well-known verses, when the monk Bernardo dared to address him in the presence of King Alfonso, during a conversation in the cloister of San Pedro de Cardena:

"Who told you, worthy friar, you with your cowl, to meddle in councils of war?" said the Cid. "Go up to the pulpit, pray God that they win, and not Joshua, save by the order of Moses. I the banner will bear to the front. Take you your cope to the choir . . . for 'tis smeared, not with blood, but with grease" —

a reprimand at which the king exclaimed:

"O Cid, thou art fit to strike speech from the stones; of every childishness thou makest a battle."

When grave ecclesiastics cannot prevail over knights-errant, they turn to their squires. But Sancho, too, was ready with an answer: "*I am one of the sort — 'Keep with good men and thou wilt be one of them' . . . I have leaned against a good master, and have been for months going about with him, and please God I shall be just such another.*" God grant it, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, honest Sancho, God grant it! Thou hast said it: keep with good men! For thy master was, is, and will be good, before all and above all, good; he is mad by mere force of goodness; and his madness has won him glory in this world so long as the world shall last, and glory, too, in eternity. O Don Quixote, O San Quixote! For indeed we sane men canonize thy madness. Let the grave, narrow-minded ecclesiastics cease from scolding what they cannot alter. *And without uttering another word or*

eating another morsel, he went off, says the historian of the grave ecclesiastic. He left! He went away! Oh, if we could always say the same!

Reader, let us at this point recall that this reprimand administered by the grave ecclesiastic to Don Quixote has a certain resemblance to that which the vicar of the Dominican monastery of San Esteban at Salamanca — the same Salamanca in which I am now writing and from which the bachelor Samson Carrasco was graduated — administered to Ignatius de Loyola, as told in chapter xv of Book I of his *Life*. The Dominicans invited him because of their great desire to hear him and converse with him, and he went. After dinner they took him to the chapel, and the vicar asked him what studies he had pursued and what letters he professed, immediately adding: “You are illiterate simpletons, as you yourselves confess. Then how can you speak with certainty of virtues and vices?” They at once seized Ignatius and his companions and took them to jail. Loyola, for his part, “for thirty years and more never called anyone simpleton nor said another offensive word,” as stated in chapter vi, Book V, of the *Life*.

How, indeed, having no degree or title, no licence conferred by the ordinary tribunals, how dared he discourse on virtue and vice? And who gave Don Quixote permission to set up for knight-errant and meddle with righting wrongs and correcting abuses, though left untouched by grave ecclesiastics who collect salaries for ameliorating them? Neither the vicar of San Esteban de Salamanca nor the grave ecclesiastic who governed the ducal mansion permitted anyone to diverge from the duty society had assigned to him. How, indeed, can order exist if everybody does not attend to and accord with what is expected of him, and noth-

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ing else? Of course, there can be no progress under such a régime, but progress is the source of many evils. Right well was it said: "Cobbler, stick to your last!" Ignatius would have done better to follow the career his parents selected for him, or at least to refrain from preaching until graduated in theology. And Don Quixote should have married Aldonza Lorenzo, raised children, and looked after his farm. Both those grave ecclesiastics, he of the ducal house and he of the monastery of San Esteban de Salamanca, were predecessors of the one who wrote in the Catechism: "Do not ask that of me, who am ignorant; Holy Mother Church has doctors who will know how to answer you."

"It's a pretty how-d'ye-do," says the vicar of San Esteban de Salamanca; "here we have the world choked with errors, with new heresies and poisonous doctrines springing up every day, and yet you won't tell us what you go teaching hither and yon. . . ." Indeed, we are in a pretty fix if everybody, when the whim takes him, starts up on his own account, this one righting wrongs, that one preaching, one spearing windmills and the other founding Companies! To the road, to the cart-rut with you! Stay on the rails or we can't have order. And the stupendous part of it is that this is exactly the doctrine today of those that call themselves the sons of him who was so severely reprimanded at the monastery of San Esteban and who are the heirs of his spirit!

After dinner the farce went on in the ducal residence, not so bitter a burlesque as the gravity of the grave ecclesiastic, however. Sad to say, it was now the maidservants who, without leave of their master and mistress, outdid themselves in adding new tricks of their own invention to the jokes of the duke and the duchess. "*Neither he nor I understand joking*," said Don Quixote, referring

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to Sancho. And that was true, for never was a more serious madman seen than Don Quixote. When madness is accompanied by seriousness, it is exalted a thousand cubits above sound-minded teasing and sport-making.

CHAPTER 33

THE DELECTABLE DISCOURSE HELD BY THE DUCHESS
AND HER DAMSELS WITH SANCHE PANZA, WELL
WORTH READING AND NOTING

HALF joking, half rejoicing, Sancho confessed to the duchess that he took Don Quixote to be stark mad; and since he nevertheless served him and believed his vain promises, it must be himself that was madder and more foolish than his master.

But see here, Sancho, poor fellow, tell us now truly: dost really believe that to be so? Or, even believing it, dost thou not feel it better for thy fame and eternal salvation to follow a generous madman than a mean man of sense? Didst thou not just now say to the grave ecclesiastic, who certainly is bursting with sense, that it is well to keep with good men, let them be never so mad, and that, God willing, thou wouldst be such another? Ah, Sancho, Sancho, how thy faith staggers and reels, how it veers about like a weathercock, how it dances to the latest piper! Of course we know thou art sure thou believest one thing the while thou really believest another, and feelest one thing while feigning to thyself that thy sentiments are quite different. Well didst thou say: "*This was my fate, this was my bad luck; I can't help it, I must follow him; we're from the same village, I've eaten his bread, I'm fond of him,*

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he is free-handed, he gave me his ass-colts; and above all, I'm faithful. . . ." Yes, and thy faith will save thee, good Sancho, Christian Sancho. Thou wast and art quixotized, as was proved when the duchess made thee doubt that thou didst invent the enchantment of Dulcinea, and thy prompt confession that it was impossible and improper to suppose that out of thy poor wit such a cunning trick could be concocted in a moment. Ah yes, Sancho, quite so: when we think we are the mockers, we frequently are the mocked; and often when we fancy we are so cleverly tricky, the fact is that the Supreme Power is using us in that manner in good earnest for His own inscrutable ends. When we feel certain we are going by one road, we are in fact going by another, led by a divine and inscrutable purpose. What then? Why, there is but one thing to do: let ourselves be guided by the good impulses of our hearts, trusting to God to make them fruitful; for if we sow the seed, first ploughing and preparing the soil to receive it, Heaven will give it rain and air and light.

I ought here, before passing on, to protest against the malice of the historian, for at the end of this thirty-third chapter he says the jokes that the duke and the duchess played on the knight were *so much in keeping and so clever that they form the best adventures this great history contains*. No, no, a thousand times no! they were not in keeping, nor were they clever, but excessively stupid and incongruous; and if they served more brightly to illumine the unfathomable soul of our knight and to throw further light on the profundities of the goodness his derangement involved, it is all owing to the fact that the greatness of Don Quixote and his heroism were such that they converted into sublime truths the basest buffoonery.

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CHAPTER 34

CONTAINING WAYS AND MEANS FOR DISENCHANTING
THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, BEING
ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURES IN
THE WHOLE BOOK

AMONG the practical jokes that the historian thinks so appropriate and side-splitting, and are not so in the least, was the one contrived for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; to wit, three thousand and three hundred lashes for Sancho, to be laid by himself

On his own sturdy buttocks, both to the air exposed,
And that they smart and sting and hurt him well.

And the lashes were to be not only self-administered, but also willingly, since it was decreed that those Don Quixote would have given him would be void and of none effect. But Sancho refused to lash himself, while the others declined to grant him the insular government if he didn't. At last their arguments and his own greed overcame him and he consented. *Don Quixote hung on Sancho's neck, kissing him again and again on the forehead and cheeks,* a more than complete recompense for his final acquiescence.

Why shouldst thou not flog thyself, friend Sancho, for love of Dulcinea, since to her thou owest the perpetuity of thy fame? Better whip thyself for her than for the things commonly the causes of thy self-inflicted penalties. Dulcinea is worth more than any possible island. If thy lashings, if thy labours were always done with thy gaze on Dulcinea, they would be always holy. Cobbler, aim at cobbling better than anyone else, and aspire to the glory of the absence of corns from the sufferings of thy patrons.

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The highest form of labour is to convert it into prayer; to saw wood, lay brick, sew shoes, mend breeches or watches, all for the love of God. But there is another form, not so lofty, more human, more practicable, and this is to labour for Dulcinea, for Glory. How many poor Sanchos now fretting and fuming under the yoke of toil would feel the yoke but lightly and would tingle with joy while they worked if while at their work — that is, their flogging — they bore constantly in mind the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and their consequent acquirement of fame and renown. Try hard, then, Sancho, to be the foremost and best of thy trade in the town, and all thy dislike and discontent will vanish before so honourable a purpose. There is a real dignity in the artisan who justly points with pride to his work.

The book of Genesis records, not that God condemned man to labour; the record is (ii. 15) that the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it; but after Adam had sinned, his labour was changed to toil, to drudgery; from a pleasant employment it changed to an odious task; the ground was cursed for his sake, in sorrow was he to eat of it all the days of his life; thorns also and thistles was it to bring forth to him, and in the sweat of his face was he to eat bread (iii. 17-19).

But love of Glory, eagerness to disenchant Dulcinea, transforms the thorns into roses. How, Sancho, didst thou imagine Adam living in the garden without working it? What sort of paradise might that be in which there was no work to do? Oh no, there can be no such paradise.

Yes, I know there are Sanchos who sing this quatrain:

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Whenever I consider
I have at last to die,
I spread on the ground my mantle
and cannot sleep my fill.

I know full well there are Sanchos who imagine eternal glory to be a *dolce far niente*, an eternal idleness, a celestial field in which to lie listlessly bathed in the light of an increate sun; but for them the supreme recompense would be nothingness, an endless sleep without dreams, without waking. They were born tired, with the drudgeries and the aches of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers in their blood. Let them rest in peace in the blood coursing through the veins of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and await the day when God shall wake them and call them to a work divine.

Hold it for certain, Sancho, that if it be given us, at last, as they promise thee, to behold the beatific vision of God, that vision will be a labour, a continuous and never completed conquest of the Truth Supreme and Infinite, a submergence deeper and deeper in the bottomless gulf of Life Eternal. Some will go to this glorious absorption sooner than others and farther and more blissfully, but all will go, all will be swallowed up in it, for ever and ever. If we are all on our way to infinitude, if all are becoming more and more infinitized, so to speak, the differences between us will consist in our various rates of progression, of growth, but all are advancing and continuously growing and nearing the unattainable end, at which none will ever arrive. It is the consolation and joy of each of us to know that he will some time reach a point attained by some other, and no one will ever rest at the goal. And it is better not to rest there, in that stillness, for if there shall be

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no man see God and live, as the Scriptures say, he that fully attains to the Truth Supreme is completely absorbed in it and ceases to be.

O Lord, give work to Sancho and to us all poor mortals, give us the lash, let it always cost us effort to attain unto Thee, let us never rest our souls in Thee, save by losing, dissolving ourselves in Thy bosom. Admit us into Thy paradise, O Lord, that we may work therein and care for it, but not to sleep there; grant it to us so that we may spend eternity in submergence more and more profound in the boundless deeps of Thine infinite bosom!

CHAPTERS 40, 41, 42, AND 43

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILEÑO, AND OTHER MATTERS

NEXT comes the narrative of the Distressed Duenna, which the historian seems to think most delightful, to judge by the exclamatory beginning of chapter xl. To me it is the most tedious stupidity. The only point to this gross burlesque is the contrivance of the horse Clavileño, on which Don Quixote and his squire were to ride through the air to the kingdom of Candaya, both of them blindfolded.

Sancho refused to mount Clavileño; he was no witch *to have a taste for travelling through the air*; what would his islanders say when they heard their governor was *strolling about on the winds*? "But," said the duke, "*friend Sancho, the island I have promised you is not a moving one, or one that will run away. . . . You know as well as I do that there is no sort of office of any importance that is not obtained by a bribe of some kind, great or*

small; well, then, what I look to receive for this government is that you go with your master Don Quixote and bring this memorable adventure to a conclusion"; to which he added some further considerations. "*Say no more, señor,*" said Sancho, "*I am a poor squire and not equal to carrying so much courtesy; let my master mount, bandage my eyes, and commit me to God's care, and tell me if I may commend myself to our Lord or call upon the angels to protect me when we go towering up there.*" Don Quixote declared that never since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills had he seen Sancho in such a fright. Nevertheless, the squire got up on Clavileño behind his master and begged with tears in his eyes that the bystanders would pray for him. And later, while they were rushing through the imagined void, he clung tightly to his master, wildly frightened.

The rest of the adventure is extremely dismal if we judge it in a worldly way. Yet how many soar aloft on Clavileño without leaving the spot where they mounted, and traverse thus the regions of the air and the fire! The adventure is so dreary that I hasten to its end, Don Quixote and Sancho finding themselves none the worse for it except a singeing and a roll in the dust. Freed now from fear, the squire began to reel off a mendacious account of their flight; and Don Quixote, coming close to his ear, said these most significant words: "*Sancho, as you would have us believe you as to what you saw in the heavens, I require you to believe me as to what I saw in the cave of Montesinos; I say no more.*"

Here we have the most comprehensive formula of tolerance: if you would have me believe you, you must believe me. The society of men is based on mutual credit. Your neighbour's

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perceptions are as trustworthy for him as yours for you. Provided always that the perception, the vision, be genuine and honestly reported.

Herein is the difference between Don Quixote and Sancho. Don Quixote really saw what he said he had seen in the cave of Montesinos, in spite of the malicious insinuations of Cervantes to the contrary. But Sancho did not see what he declared he saw in the celestial spheres while afloat on the rump of Clavileño; he invented it, he lied about it, either to imitate his master or to alleviate his terror. Not to all of us is it given to see visions, and even less to believe in them, and by so believing to make them come true.

Beware of the Sanchos who, while apparently defending illusions and visions, in reality defend nothing but lies and make-believes. When they tell you of a liar who comes to believe his own lies, answer them with a curt no. Art should not and cannot be the bawd of falsehood, for art is the supreme truth created by the power of faith. No liar can be a poet. Poetry, like the vision, is eternal and fruitful; the lie is sterile, like the mule, and as fleeting as April snow.

And let us admire the extreme generosity of Don Quixote in this connexion. He was convinced that he saw what he claimed to have seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he was even more certain, if that be possible, that Sancho did not see what he said he observed in the celestial spheres. Yet he limited himself to saying: "*If you would have us believe you . . . I require that you believe me.*" A most Christian manner of closing the way to liars, who, judging others by their own crookedness, take quixotic visions for lies! There is, however, an infallible rule for distinguishing between the two.

Don Quixote let himself down into the cave of Montesinos full of hardy courage, heedless of Sancho's dissuasions, or silencing them with a "*Make fast the rope and hold your tongue!*" and, turning a deaf ear to the guide, descended, brimming with valour. Sancho mounted Clavileño chattering with terror, with eyes full of tears, and decidedly against his will. Thus you observe valour the father of visions, and cowardice the mother of lies. He who undertakes a hazardous chance unflinchingly, and, while hoping to triumph, not afraid of defeat, is the man who will see visions, but will not make up lies. But the creature who fears a failure, cannot serenely go to smash, must at all costs save his face, this mean fellow tells lies or at least prepares them in case of failure. He cannot see visions.

This country of ours and of Don Quixote and Sancho, where moral cowardice holds the soul in bondage and men draw trembling back from a probable failure and shake with horror at ridicule, is pitifully seething with lies and painfully lacking in visions. The liars overwhelm the visionaries. We shall not see and delight in comforting, heart-warming visions till we learn to confront ridicule and face the fools and weaklings who take us for mad or capricious or vain, until we learn that to stand alone is not to lie defeated, as the cravens say; until we learn not to be always counting on a so-called triumph. Don Quixote on braving the cave did not consider how he was to get out of it or whether he would get out at all; and so he saw visions while within it. Sancho, as he sullenly mounted blindfolded on Clavileño, thought only of how he would emerge from that adventure to which the hardships of his squirely office had forced him, and the moment he found himself safe and sound, he glibly broke forth in lies.

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There is still another difference between Don Quixote and Sancho in this connexion. Don Quixote went into the cave deliberately and with forethought; nobody forced him or suggested to him to do it; he could very easily have hoarded the prowess for the exercise of which he had to depart from his chosen route. But Sancho mounted Clavileño because the duke imposed it as the condition of obtaining the island governorship. Don Quixote sank, plunged, engulfed himself in the cave, solely that the world might know that, with Dulcinea's favour, there was nothing impossible for him to carry to a happy conclusion; Sancho mounted Clavileño compelled by a craving for the governorship. From the lofty and disinterested purpose of the knight came courage, from his courage the visions he enjoyed; whereas fright and the lies of fright issued from the covetousness and poverty of the squire's purpose. Don Quixote sought no governorship, no power, nothing but to prove the fortitude with which Dulcinea inspired him, and to make all men admit thereby her grandeur. Sancho sought no glory, but the government of the island. So Don Quixote valorously saw visions, and Sancho's cowardice made up a string of lies.

Covetousness of whatever kind and though disguised as love of glory, the pursuit of fortune, position, honours, worldly distinctions, ephemeral applause, office, showy prominence, the kind others give us in exchange for real or illusory services, or for flattering promises — all these engender moral cowardice, which breeds lies with a rabbit-like fecundity. Disinterestedness makes no effort but to please Dulcinea; it serenely awaits the time when the world shall acknowledge it to be her faithful servant and favourite; it is imbued with valour, and valour regales it with

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visions. Let us, then, arm ourselves with quixotic visions, and with them put to flight all sanchopanzic falsehood.

CHAPTER 44

HOW SANCHE PANZA WAS CONDUCTED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF DON QUIXOTE'S STRANGE ADVENTURE IN THE CASTLE *

SANCHE now set out to be installed as governor of his island, having first received his master's counsel, and *as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt his loneliness* — a most touching passage. How could Don Quixote fail to feel his loneliness if Sancho was for him mankind and if in him the knight loved all men? How could it be otherwise if Sancho had been his confidant and was the only one who had heard from him the story of those twelve years of silent love of Aldonza Lorenzo, of loving her more than the light of his eyes, which the earth would one day devour? Was there not between these two alone the mystery and secret of his life?

Without Sancho, Don Quixote is not Don Quixote; the master needs the squire more than the squire the master. How sad is the hero's solitude! The common run of men, the routineers, the Sanchos, can live without knights-errant; but the knight-errant, how shall he live without the people? The sad part is the need he has the while he must live in solitude. O solitude, O melancholy solitude!

Don Quixote shut himself off in his room, not permitting the damsels to serve him, and *by the light of two candles un-*

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dressed; but as he was taking off his stockings — oh, disaster unworthy of such a personage! — there came a burst, not of sighs or anything belying his delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy gentleman was beyond measure distressed, the history adds, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk there. The historian then cries out against poverty, and among other things says: Why dost thou fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth more than with other people?

We thank the meticulous historian of Don Quixote for having saved for us this intimate detail of the mishap to his stocking and his consternation thereat. There clings to it a most profound melancholy. The hero alone in his room, far from men, and these perhaps believing him occupied with plans for his future enterprises or longing afresh for lasting glory, the worthy gentleman — and how fitting to call him here a *worthy gentleman!* — is afflicted by the ripped stitches of a stocking.

O Poverty, Poverty — I, too, exclaim — how insistently dost thou fill up the solitude of knights-errant and of all men! By avoiding confession of poverty the hero is tarnished; his affliction, sadness, and despair result from the ruin of a stocking which he has no means to repair; you see him sadly downcast, you infer that he is becoming fainthearted and his chivalric spirit waning; and all the time he is only thinking of how quickly his children wear out their shoes. O Poverty, Poverty! When, when shall we walk arm in arm with thee, our gaze fixed on high, and our hearts serene! The most terrible enemy of heroism is the shame of appearing poor. Don Quixote was poor, and he suffered

over his worn-out stockings. He had attacked windmills, he had fought Yanguesans, he had conquered the Biscayan and Carrasco; intrepid and cool he awaited the lion; and he is in despair at having soon to appear before the duke and the duchess wearing a ripped stocking, exhibiting his poverty. To have a part to play in the world, and to be poor! Ah, if we poor mortals could but know the solace there is in making a cult of poverty and not being ashamed of it! Ignatius de Loyola, imitating other founders, instituted the vow of poverty in the Company he organized; and of its success among his sons Father Alonso Rodriguez certifies in his *Exercise of Perfection* (Part III, treatise iii, chapter iii), where he says that if one leaves to the world his servants, he finds in the Company many to serve him, and "if you go to Castile, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, the Indies, or any other part of the world, you will find your house ready for you and servants for it"; so that by abandoning the riches of the world, "you are more than ever lord of the riches and good things of the world, more than the rich themselves, for it will not be they, but you, who will be lords of their estates and riches"; and it is indeed thus that many Jesuits understand the matter. And with much insight he adds, the good Father! that while the rich man is tossing in bed with worry over his property, unable to go to sleep, how care-free is the religious, "how indifferent to the ups and downs of the market, the fickleness of the seasons, for he has everything! "

Don Quixote, too, made a sort of vow of poverty at the beginning of his career, when he set forth from his farm without a penny and declined to pay, believing himself exempt by right of chivalry. But the landlord who knighted him persuaded him to

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carry money and clean shirts, and he obeyed, *selling here, mortgaging there, and making a bad bargain every time*. Having thus broken his vow of poverty, poverty pursues and worries him; he is grieved over the dropped stitches of his stockings.

O Poverty, Poverty! Rather than confess thee we prefer to be taken for rogues, for cruel, for false, for fair-weather friends, and even for villains. We invent miserable lies for refusing to give what in fact we cannot give for very lack of it. Poverty is not the lack of material resources, but the state of mind engendered by the lack. Poverty is subjective; hence its power.

Oh, squalid need, what honest men
To placate thee have sold
Their honour and good name and then
Have given thee the gold!

is the mournful cry of the well-known verses referring to the Cid's trick of pledging for the Jew's money his sand-filled chest.

Watch that poor fellow who steals from his home only under cover of the night, to hide the shininess of his coat; he is even more afraid of seeming poor than of being so. See that other; he is a Cato, rigid and incorruptible; daily he declares the need for setting a good example and letting a pure life serve for a sermon, but when he rails at corruption, it is only to inquire how much this one makes and that one has, thinking only of the high cost of living.

O Poverty, Poverty! It is thou that hast caused the stinking pride of our Spain. Have you, reader, not noticed the pride of the poor, and of the lowliest, most obvious poor, the pride of the beggar? How marvellous it is that poverty, the thing that most afflicts and affronts us, should be one of the things that

make us proudest! It may be but a fictitious pride, put on to cloak the poverty, a shame disguised as pride for self-defence. Some harmless small animals assume a terrific appearance of menace just to cover up their fright, swelling and bristling most horribly when fairly dead with terror. Beast and man, puffed out with ferocity or with pride, are only dissembling a weakness.

It is important to observe the gravity, even the hauteur, of many a beggar while begging. I will tell you of a case in point, about a mendicant who used to go on Saturdays to beg of a certain man, and once he made his request on a day not Saturday. The man gave him a penny, and then, remembering it was a *dies non*, he called his visitor's attention to the fact and requested him not to depart from custom. The beggar handed back the penny, with "Ah, is that so? Here, take your penny and hunt another poor man!" As who should say: "Here I come to do you a favour, to put it in your way to exercise the virtue of charity and thereby acquire merit in heaven, and you greet me with conditions and stipulations. Take back your alms and hunt someone who will have it!"

And oh, that saddest, most wretched poverty of all, to be forced to appear in perfectly good stockings, to maintain the costume attached to the part we play in the world's comedy! Pitiful is the case of the comedian too poor to put on a clean shirt, but who must buy and keep clean and whole the costumes in which he earns his living on the stage; to shake with the cold on winter nights for lack of an overcoat, yet the owner of a splendid royal robe, to wear when playing the king. And not to dare go home, on such nights, wrapped in the kingly mantle, is sadder still.

Don Quixote was grieved and ashamed to seem poor.

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In short, he was a son of Adam. In Genesis it is related that Adam, after he had sinned, became aware that he was naked; that is, poor; and the Lord called unto Adam, and he hid himself, for fear of being seen naked (Gen. iii. 7-10). Fear of nakedness, of poverty, has ever been and continues to be the mainspring of action. Terrible were those dark mediæval days, about the end of the millennium, when men's souls were far more frightened by threats of hell than exalted by longings for the glory of heaven. And in our day do we not observe that horror of poverty rather than thirst for riches is what spurs most men to their wildest performances? We move with greater alacrity when driven by avarice than when lured by ambition. If we study those we call ambitious, we shall find a miser among them. Every guaranty seems inadequate to save us and ours from feared and hated poverty, and we pile up riches to stop every hole through which it might creep into our homes. Poverty is the worst crime of our day. In modern society the classes called the most advanced and cultivated are distinguished by their hatred of poverty and the poor. Nothing is sadder than the exercise of beneficence, as exercised. One would think they were trying to suppress the poor, not their poverty; at times it seems to be even an attempt at extermination, as if it were war on a plague of injurious animals, as if the extinction of poverty were not sought through love of the poor, but so that by its banishment its terrible name would be wiped from our memories.

And besides, what is so strange in the idea of aspiring to heaven in order to flee from indigence? The longing for fame and renown, the thirst for glory which moved our Don Quixote, for instance; may it not have been essentially a fear of becoming

obscured, vanishing, ceasing to be? Vainglory is at bottom a fear of annihilation, something a thousand times more terrible than hell itself. Let Dante say what he will, in hell one exists, one lives; and, after all, while there is life, there is hope, for hope is the very essence of being. Hope is the flower of the effort of the past to become the future, and this effort constitutes existence itself.

Now then, see here, my Don Quixote, bring hither thy Alonso the Good, and tell me: Did not thy shame of being poor enter, in part at least, in the greater shame that kept thee from declaring thyself to Aldonza Lorenzo. Thou knewest the phrase "bread and cheese and kisses," and something more than bread and cheese thou couldst offer her, such as *an olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, lentils on Fridays . . . and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays*; but was that enough for her? And even if it were, would it suffice for the fruits of your love that might be born? But I will not press the point, for I know well enough how profoundly thou art moved when I speak of this; I will spare thy blushes.

So let us not wonder that Don Quixote *went to bed out of spirits and heavy at heart, as much because he missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to his stockings, the stitches of which he would even have taken up with silk of another colour, which is one of the most typical signs of poverty a gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments.*

And what a pitiful union the historian exhibits here of Don Quixote's solitude and poverty! Poor and alone! Misery loves company. Companioned poverty, or solitary riches, can be endured; but oh, to be poor and alone!

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What to him, lonely and poverty-stricken, were the blandishments of an Altisidora? He did well to close the window when he heard them.

CHAPTER 46

OF THE TERRIBLE BELL-AND-CAT FRIGHT THAT DON
QUIXOTE GOT IN THE COURSE OF THE EN-
AMoured ALTISIDORA'S WOOINGS

BUT ere long, taking pity on the love pains of the free-and-easy damsel, he requested that a lute be placed in his chamber that evening, "*and I will comfort this poor maiden to the best of my power,*" he said. And *when eleven o'clock came, Don Quixote found a guitar in his room; he tuned it, opened the window, and perceived that some persons were walking in the garden; and having passed his fingers over the frets of the guitar and tuned it again as well as he could, he spat and cleared his chest, and then with a voice a little hoarse, but full-toned, he sang a little ballad which the historian sets forth, and which Don Quixote himself had that day composed.*

The true hero is a poet whether he knows it or not, for what is heroism but poetry? They have the same root, and if the hero is a poet in action, the poet is a hero in imagination. The knight-errant, who makes a profession of arms, must have the bent of the poet, because his is a military art. Doctor Huarte had no doubt of this; in chapter xvi of his *Examen* he says it is "an imaginative art, because all the duties of a good commander have to do with form, congruity, consonance . . . for all of which the

understanding is as irrelevant as ears for seeing." It is all an exuberance of life, it is an effort which is perfected and finished by rounding itself out and fulfilling itself, it is a work whose end is the work itself. The sap reaches a point from which it must turn back and go whence it came, and when it comes to that point, whence there is no road elsewhere, only a terminus, it turns upon itself and forms a bud, the bud a flower, and the flower is the bloom of beauty.

Don Quixote sings, Don Quixote is a poet, a thing which that sly puss his niece had already suspected; for during the scrutiny of his library made by the priest and the barber they would have exempted from the flames the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, but she feared that her uncle, by reading it, might take a fancy to turn poet, "*which they say is an incurable and infectious malady*," she added. Alas, Antonia, Antonia, what a grudge, what a rancour thou hast against poetry! But thy uncle is a poet, and if he had never sung, he would not have been the hero he was. Not that being a singer would make him a hero, but that out of the plenitude of his heroism song burst forth.

I do not approve, therefore, the reasons given by Father Rivadeneira (*Life of St. Ignatius*, Book III, chapter xxii) for the lack of a choir in the Company of Jesus. He says: "It is not of the essence of religion to have a choir." It is true there might be a mute nightingale, but it would be a sick one. The Father adds, with St. Thomas, that those who teach and feed the people with the bread of doctrine "ought not to busy themselves with singing, for while so occupied they might neglect things of the highest importance." But is there any profounder, more intimate doctrine than the doctrine imparted in song? Even in the counsels given

to mankind it is not their letter, but their music that edifies and is profitable. Music is the spirit, and the flesh is the letter, and song is the whole doctrine of the heart.

Curious indeed is the fact that, although there are so many close resemblances between Don Quixote and Ignatius de Loyola, and although Loyola delighted in song, was touched by it, and found God through its beauty (*Life*, Book V, chapter v), nevertheless he did not make it a feature of the Company. From this lack we must deduce the imperfections accompanying it and the dearth of poetry that hampers the Company. No cicada could have found a cosy refuge in that ant-nest of regular clergy. And do not retort that we are not all born singers. That is not the question. All that are born in spirit as well as in flesh are natural singers; they sing because they were born, and those not singers were born only in the flesh. If ever we found the Company of Dulcinea del Toboso, let us not forget the choir; let song be therein the flowering of heroic affections and lofty aspirations.

Don Quixote was singing, when all of a sudden the fiendish jokers let loose upon him a bagful of cats, one of which sprang at his face *and held on to his nose, tooth and nail, with the pain of which he began to shout his loudest*, and only with great difficulty was the beast detached.

My poor knight! Lions are ashamed before thee, but cats claw thy nose. From frightened cats in flight, not free lions, the hero should hold aloof. "With fleas and mosquitoes God can make war on all the emperors and monarchs in the world," says Father Alonso Rodriguez (*Exercise of Perfection*, Part III, treatise i, chapter xv). God save us from fleas, mosquitoes, and scared cats, and send us lions, with the cage door open!

But even so, and although fleas and mosquitoes are terrible enemies, we should not cease to make war on them, and God commands us to do that very thing. One might have said to Don Quixote, in order to stop his pursuit of human fleas and mosquitoes, that the eagle does not catch flies, *aquila non capit muscas*, but one would be mistaken. Flies, especially the poisonous ones, make an excellent digestive for eagles, a very active ferment.

Hypodermically administered poison smarts, hurts, and injures us, makes a sore, even kills; but the same poison when taken through the mouth is not only inoffensive, but may be positively beneficial. Thanks to the digestibility of fly poison, once his stomach has done with it, the eagle can gaze at the sun.

Do you by any chance believe that a man who sets himself a task, and puts his whole soul and life in it for love of Dulcinea and for present and future fame, could do so if not spurred to it by the petty miseries of the town or city in which he eats, sleeps, and lives? The best book of universal history, the most comprehensive, enduring, and true, would relate in all their aspects and bearings the heart-burnings, gossip, intrigues, and lobbyings that seethe in Carbajosa de la Sierra, a village of three hundred inhabitants; on one side are the mayor and mayoress, the schoolmaster and the school-ma'am, the clerk and his sweetheart; on the other, the priest and his housekeeper, Uncle Joshua and Aunt Melinda; and each party backed up by a chorus of both sexes. What else was the Trojan War, to which we owe the Iliad?

The flies, fleas, and mosquitoes must be well satisfied, because — let us see! Let us take some intriguing, lobbying busybody in this city where I am writing. What chance has he of being publicly remembered in some way, for some thing, after his

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death, unless I or another who, like me, loves Dulcinea, shall happen to depict him with his universal and eternal traits and characteristics?

It has been said and thousands of times repeated that the greatest and most enduring works of art and literature were made of scanty materials; and everyone knows that what is lost in extent is gained in intensity. But, paradoxical as it may seem, a gain in intensity is a gain in extension also; it is furthermore a gain in duration. The atom, if there be such a thing, is eternal. What one man is, all men are. The most individual is the most general. And, for my part, I prefer to be an eternal atom rather than a fugitive moment of the whole universe.

The absolutely individual is the absolutely universal. Even in logic individual propositions are identified with universals. By successive elimination one arrives at the social contractor of Jean Jacques, Plato's featherless biped, the *homo sapiens* of Linnæus, or the upstanding mammal of modern science, the man, by definition; who, as he is neither here nor there, neither of today nor aforesaid, is not of any place or time. The result is a *homo insipidus*. Thus the more we confine and constrict the action to limits of place and time, the more universal and enduring it becomes, provided there be in it the spirit of eternity and infinity, a divine afflatus. The greatest falsehood in history is so-called universal history.

Take, for example, Don Quixote. Don Quixote did not go to Flanders, did not embark for America, did not attempt to take part in any of the great historic enterprises of his time; he only travelled the dusty roads of La Mancha in order to succour the needy whom by chance he might meet, and then and there to

right their wrongs. His heart told him that by conquering the windmills of La Mancha all other windmills were thereby conquered, and by the chastisement of Juan Haldudo the Rich all rich, greedy, and heartless masters were in his person chastised. Because, and do not doubt it, when one sinner shall have been wholly and completely castigated, sin will begin to disappear from the world, and will soon disappear altogether.

As has already been said, Don Quixote was a faithful disciple of Christ; and Jesus of Nazareth, in the fields and on the roads of little Galilee, made of his life an eternal example. He went up to no city but Jerusalem, nor Don Quixote to any but Barcelona, the Jerusalem of our knight.

There is nothing less universal than the so-called cosmopolitan, or mundane, as it is now the fashion to call it; and there is nothing less eternal than what we try to place outside of time. Within things, not outside of them, are to be found the eternal and infinite verities. Eternity is the substance of the passing moment, and not the wrapping of all durations, past, present, and future. Infinity is the substance of the point I am now regarding, and not the container of all extensions, length, width, and height. Eternity and infinity are the substances of time and space respectively; the latter are the forms of eternity and infinity, the one being virtually complete at each moment of a duration, the other complete at each point of an extension.

Let us, therefore, catch and swallow the poisonous flies that buzz and flourish their stings around us, and may Dulcinea give us the power to convert this prey into an epic combat, to be sung throughout the earth for all time.

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CHAPTERS 47, 49, 51, AND 55

OF THE TROUBLOUS END AND TERMINATION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT

THE historian here leaves Don Quixote every other chapter and alternates his experiences with a narrative of Sancho's conduct of the government of his island, concerning which the best commentary is to be found in the words of Paul of Tarsus where he says: "Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise" (1 Cor. iii. 18).

The major-domo, after listening to Sancho, justly said: "*Every day we see something new in this world; jokes become realities, and the jokers find the tables turned on them.*" And why not?

Sancho, made a governor for fun, *established so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there and are called The Constitutions of the Great Governor Sancho Panza.* And why not? Most of the great legislators were only Sancho Panzas. Otherwise they would have made a mess of it.

But the end of Sancho's administration came at last, and therewith Sancho rose to the height of his heroism. Resigning the governorship of the island for which he had so earnestly sighed, he came to know himself as Sancho, and might have said to his tormentors what Don Quixote said when Pedro Alonso did him such kindly service in his first sally: "*I know who I am.*" I said that only the hero can affirm: "*I know who I am,*" and now I add that anyone who can declare: "*I know who I am*" is a hero, no

matter how humble and obscure his life may appear to us to be. On leaving the island, Sancho knew who he was.

When the bruised and battered governor came to himself after the burlesque assault on the island, in which he had fainted away with the shock and the fear of it, he asked what time it was, said no more, put on his clothes, and went to the stable, *followed by all the bystanders. Going up to Dapple, he hugged him and kissed his forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes: "Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my days, my hours, and my years; but since I left you and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered my soul."* And then, having Dapple saddled, he added some no less well-considered words, after asking those present to let him return to his *old freedom*:

"I was not born," he said, *"to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Ploughing and digging, vine-dressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well off at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to."* And thou, Sancho, wast not born to command, but to be commanded. Anyone so born finds his freedom in being commanded and his slavery in commanding. Thou wast born, not to direct others, but to follow thy master Don Quixote, and in following him — there is thine island. To be a great lord, what miseries and griefs accompany that state! Teresa de Jesús well said (*Life*, chapter xxxiv), in speaking of the lady who was to assist

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her in founding the convent of San José, that in observing her way of life she came to hate the idea of being a lady, because "it is a subjection, and one of the world's lies is calling such persons ladies, for they seem to me only slaves of a thousand things."

Thou, Sancho, didst believe thou wast leaving thy home, wife, and children to obtain for thyself and for them the government of an island; but in reality thou wast led by the heroic spirit of thy master, and went with the knowledge, though without clearly recognizing it, that in following, serving, and living with him was thine island. What canst thou do without thy lord and master? How could thy governorship serve thee if thy Don Quixote were not at hand to be regarded and served and admired and loved? Because, eyes without sight, heart without feeling.

"Here in this stable I leave the ant's wings that lifted me up into the air," Sancho added, *"for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's take to level ground and our feet once more."* Thou must oft have heard, good Sancho, that one must be ambitious and struggle to fly if one is to sprout wings, and I have often told thee so and repeated it. But thy ambition must confine itself to seeking Don Quixote; the ambition of one born to be commanded is to seek for a good commander. Of such a one may be said what the people of Burgos said of the Cid, according to the old *Poem of the Cid*:

Oh God, how good a vassal, had he a worthy lord!

On leaving that long-sought government which seemed to thee the reason and the goal of all thy errant labours, on leaving it and returning to thy master thou reachest the very marrow of thyself and canst speak to Don Quixote as man to man and say,

like him and with him, *I know who I am!* Thou art, like him, a hero, and as heroic as he. The fact is, Sancho, that heroism is infectious when we approach the hero with a pure heart. Disinterestedly and innocently to admire and love the hero is to take part in his heroism; it is like a sympathetic reading of the work of a poet; the reader is in his turn a poet because he knows how to enjoy it.

They thought thee greedy and self-seeking, Sancho; yet on resigning thy office thou couldst exclaim: "*When I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel.*" That is true, and Doctor Recio saw it, too. They offered to accompany him *and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort and for the journey.* But Sancho said *he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself.* He did not forget his friend and pal, the patient, noble ass that bound him to earth. *They all embraced him, and he, with tears, embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks, but at his firm and sensible resolution.* Alone on the highway of the world, far from home, deprived of his island and of Don Quixote, abandoned to himself, his own master! Master? *Night overtook him, somewhat dark and cloudy.* Alone, without his master, far from home. What would happen to him? *He and Dapple fell into a deep, dark hole.*

Something like that was bound to happen to thee, Sancho, when far from thy village, thy family, thine island, and thy master: fall into a hole. But the fall turned out not badly for thee, because there in the bottom of the hole thou couldst see more clearly the hole thy life had fallen into, and how the man

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who yesterday was *governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and his vassals, sees himself today buried in a pit without a soul to help him, or servant or vassal to come to his relief.* There, in the bottom of the pit, thou wast to learn that the good fortune of thy master in the cave of Montesinos was not to be repeated in thy case, for "*there he saw fair and pleasant visions,*" thou saidst to thyself, "*but here I'll see, I imagine, toads and adders.*" True, brother Sancho; visions are not for us all, nor is the world of pits and caves any other than a projection of the holes and caverns of our souls. Thou, in the cave of Montesinos, wouldst have seen toads and adders just as in this pit; and, conversely, in thy pit thy master would have seen fair and pleasant visions, just as he saw them in the cave of Montesinos. For thee there are to be no visions but those of thy master; he sees the world of visions, and thou seest it in him; he sees it by virtue of his faith in God and in himself, and thou seest it by virtue of thy faith in God and in thy master. But thy faith is no less than Don Quixote's, nor are the visions thou seest through him less proper to thee than to him who himself sees them. The same God raised them for you both, for him in himself, for thee in him. He that believes in the hero is no less heroic than the self-believing hero himself.

But poor Sancho wailed and bewailed his misfortune in the bottom of the pit, foreseeing they would take up his bones out of there, *picked clean, white and polished*, and good Dapple's with them. He saw himself die, far from home and family, with none to close his eyes and mourn by his death-bed, which is to die twice and remain alone with death. Then came the daylight, and what was poor Sancho to do, alone with his ass, but yell and call for help? Also explore his pit, for he had served Don Quixote to

some purpose. It was then he uttered those most significant words: *“God Almighty help me! This that is a misadventure to me would make a good adventure for my master Don Quixote. He would have been sure to take these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens or the palaces of Galiana, and would have counted on issuing out of this darkness and imprisonment into some blooming meadow. But I, unlucky that I am, hopeless and spiritless, expect at every step another pit deeper than the first to open under my feet and swallow me up for good.”*

Just so, brother Sancho; thy spiritlessness prevents and will prevent thee from finding flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana in the profound abysses into which thou fallest and shalt fall. But see, now that in the depth of the pit of thy misfortune thou art aware how far thou art from thy master, now is the very time when thou art nearest to him, for the more thou feelest thy separation from him, the closer to him thou comest. Thy experience with thy master, although finite and relative, is the infinite and absolute experience of all men with God, the experience of thy master, thyself, myself, all mortals; namely, when most we feel our infinite separation from God, we are nearest to Him; and when we least succeed in defining and picturing Him to ourselves, we understand and love Him most.

And while he was stumbling about in those depths, he and his ass, and shouting, he was heard by — Who was likely to hear him, indeed? Why, Don Quixote himself, of course. He had gone out to practise and exercise himself in what he should have to do in the affair of the honour of Doña Rodriguez’s daughter, and God led him to the edge of the pit, where he heard Sancho’s outcries. He thought it the appeal of a soul in torment and offered

to pray for its release from purgatory, for as it was his profession to aid and succour the needy of this world, so also to succour and aid the needy in another.

See, Sancho, the situation: thy master hears thee in the depths, but cannot see thee; so he takes thee for dead and offers thee his prayers. Then thou, hearing his voice, joyfully exclaimest: "*I never have died in all the days of my life!*" No longer dost thou think they will take up thy bones out of there picked clean, white and polished, and that thou art about to die alone with death; thou hearest the voice of thy master and, forgetting thou art to die, rememberest only that thou hast never died yet. Then the ass brayed and Don Quixote understood it was not a matter of a soul in torment, but of his squire. Indeed, it was a most trustworthy sign, for when things that seem to come from other spheres are accompanied by braying, it is a clear case of this sublunary world.

And Don Quixote had the villagers haul him out of the pit, into which he had fallen on leaving his government and remaining alone, and in the bottom of which he had been stumbling about seeking an exit. Among others, there is this difference between master and squire; namely, that the master allowed his steed to guide him, whereas the squire guided his ass. And so it is, in this world here below, the Quixotes follow the lead of their mounts. The Sanchos steer their beasts.

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CHAPTER 56

OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND
DOÑA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUENNA OF THE DUCH-
ESS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY
OF RECORD AND ETERNAL
MEMORY

IN the melancholy adventure of the Duenna Rodriguez there is nothing to remark except the enchanting innocence of this good woman who, amid so many buffoons, appealed in good faith to Don Quixote. This led to the singular duel with Tosilos, to compel the seducer of her daughter to accept her for his mother-in-law, with its surprising outcome, thanks to his suddenly falling in love with the daughter and requesting consent to marry her. Thus, amid all the mockery, the simple, sincere Doña Rodriguez, with the help of Don Quixote, brought her dishonoured daughter to the point of marriage. For it always happens that when Don Quixote is appealed to with a pure heart and in all good faith and not in jest, the appeal is sustained. In such a world as this, such a faith is rare; but can you not believe that one who takes Don Quixote seriously, like Doña Rodriguez and her daughter, will obtain what one seeks, unless thwarted like them by mischievous mockers?

True, when the knight who acknowledged defeat was discovered to be Tosilos instead of the seducer, the victim and her mother exclaimed against the deceit; but Don Quixote, face to face with a fresh enchantment, very properly gave the ex-damsel this counsel: "*Take my advice and, notwithstanding the malice of my enemies, marry him, for beyond a doubt he is the very one*

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you wish to get for a husband." Of course he was! And so she accepted him, for she had rather be the wife of a lackey than the cheated mistress of a gentleman. From Don Quixote's hand she took the unexpected husband; and this is the adventure with the happiest outcome achieved by our knight. He was enabled to give it success because he was dealing with honest, humble people who take the world seriously and seriously take refuge in Don Quixote; the misused young woman wanted a husband and contented herself with the one he gave her.

This beautiful compliance is the condition on which the hero is empowered to do us good; we must be disposed to receive what he shall give us, if it is to afford us relief. Are you, my reader, by chance a girl who has been tricked and in desperate need of a remedy for your misfortune? Do you need a husband to cover your shame? Then do not require that he shall be this man or that, and least of all your seducer. Be content with the husband Don Quixote provides, for he is a good matchmaker.

The historian at the conclusion of this felicitous adventure adds these terrible words: *All hailed Don Quixote as victor, but the greater number were vexed and disappointed at finding that the combatants they had been so anxiously waiting for had not battered one another to pieces.* Oh, how savage a beast is man in his sport! Man's mischief is more formidable than a wild animal, which attacks only from hunger. Men that begin with buffoonery do not stop short of villainy and crime; many a horrid infamy began in fun; while bent on uproarious merriment many end with homicide.

Jokes are terrible things. They say that thy biography, my lord Don Quixote, was written to amuse, and to cure us of the

folly of heroism; and they add that the fun-maker achieved his object. Thy name has come to be, for many, another name for mockery, a hocus-pocus to exorcize heroisms and belittle grandeurs. We shall not recover our manliness of yore until we resent the hoax in good earnest and play the Quixote with the greatest seriousness and uncompromisingly.

Most readers of thy story, sublime madman, laugh at it; but they cannot profit by its spiritual content until they mourn over it. Alas for him from whom thy history, Ingenious Gentleman, does not draw tears, not from his eyes alone, but heart-felt tears!

In an amusing story is condensed the yield of our heroism; in a merry book the fleeting greatness of our Spain is for ever preserved; our Spanish philosophy, our only real and deep philosophy, is summarized in a burlesque; in a collection of jests the soul of our people, incarnate in a man, penetrated to the abyss profound, the mystery of life. In that jocular volume is the saddest story ever written; the saddest, yes, but the most consoling to those who can enjoy, through tears of delight, redemption from the wretched practicality to which our present mode of life condemns us.

I do not know whether that work, wrongly understood and still more wrongly felt, is implicated in the matter, but the fact is that over our unhappy land lower sullen, threatening clouds, the sultry, suffocating air weighs down on us oppressively. Solemn faces everywhere, grave men, portentously grave, formal, ponderous to the point of stupidity. They teach with solemnity, they preach with solemnity, they lie with a poker face, they cheat with an imperturbable mask, they argue with a serious mien, they play

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and laugh gravely, with the utmost gravity they are false to their promises, and even their informality and lightsomeness are the soberest, most staid and sedate of all known frivolities and unconventionalities. Not even in privacy do they indulge in a grimace or a caper for no reason at all and just because. The history of Don Quixote seems to have so absorbed and exhausted the entire stock of heroism that used to exist in Spain that today it would not be easy to find in all the world a people more unable than the Spanish people to perceive, seize, and appreciate humour. The most clownish, the crudest vulgarities are here mistaken for wit; asses in human shape take it as a brilliant joke to tell someone his ears are as long as a donkey's. Since Don Quixote's departure from this world, it has come to pass that the insipid fooling of a certain Fray Gerundio de Campazas is eliciting laughter as if it were funny; and since Sancho ceased to struggle in the conquest of his faith, there has been inflicted on us one Bertoldo, an Italian, who is now bertoldizing our people. It seems incredible that among a people in the midst of whom Don Quixote exalted the most nauseous teasing to the height of heroic deeds, there are still those that laugh at the involved and tortured buffoonery of the funereal Quevedo, a rigidly solemn person if ever there was one, still those that laugh at the pretentious smartness of his Gran Tacaño, a piece of pure superficiality, just a word-puzzle.

CHAPTER 57

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF
THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT FOLLOWED WITH THE
WITTY AND IMPUDENT ALTISIDORA, ONE
OF THE DUCHESS'S DAMSELS

SATIATED with idleness in the ducal palace, and suffering in the secret places of his heart from the indignities heaped upon him, though on this point the historian is silent, Don Quixote at last decided to depart. And in regard to those indignities, let no one doubt that he was aware of them and that they hurt him deeply; for though his madness accepted them without resentment and turned them to good account in heroism, they did not fail to work upon his good sense, however obscurely, and perhaps he did not consciously perceive them at all.

However that may be, the fact is that *one day he asked the duke and duchess to grant him permission to take his departure. They gave it, showing at the same time that they were very sorry he was leaving them.* To Sancho they gave, unknown to his master, a little purse with two hundred gold crowns, the squalid price of their ridicule, the juggler's fee. And after once more enduring the burlesque endearments of Altisidora, Don Quixote rode out of the castle, *shaping his course for Saragossa.*

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CHAPTER 58

WHICH TELLS HOW ADVENTURES CAME CROWDING ON
DON QUIXOTE SO FAST THAT THEY GAVE ONE
ANOTHER NO BREATHING-TIME

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself in the open country, free, and relieved from the attentions of Altisidora, he felt at his ease and in fresh spirits to take up the pursuit of chivalry once more; and, turning to Sancho, he said: "Freedom, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon men" — and so on.

Yes, now thou art free from jests and tricks, from dukes and damsels and lackeys; now thou art free from the shame of appearing poor. It is easy to understand that *amid those dainty banquets and snow-cooled beverages* thou didst feel as if *undergoing the straits of hunger*. Wisely thou saidst: "*Happy he to whom Heaven has given a piece of bread for which he is not bound to give thanks to any but Heaven itself!*" And who is that?

In conversation of this sort the knight- and squire-errant were pursuing their journey, Don Quixote's heart occupied with the dregs of his slavery in the ducal residence and the memory of his solitude and poverty, when he came upon some dozen labourers who were carrying, wrapped in cloths, a number of images carved in relief intended for an altar-screen in their village. Don Quixote courteously begged to see them and they uncovered images of St. George, St. Martin, St. James the Moor-slayer, and St. Paul, four knights-errant of Christendom who fought divinely. At sight of them Don Quixote said: "*I take it as a happy omen, brothers, to*

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have seen what I have; for these saints and knights were of the same profession as myself, which is the calling of arms; only there is this difference between them and me, that they were saints, and fought with divine weapons, whereas I am a sinner and fight with human ones. They won heaven by force of arms, for heaven suffereth violence; but I, so far, know not what I have won by dint of my sufferings; but if my Dulcinea del Toboso were to be released from hers, perhaps with mended fortunes and a mind restored to itself I might direct my steps in a better path than I am following at present."

Of profound passages this is one of the profoundest. Here the temporal madness of the knight Don Quixote is dissolved in the eternal goodness of the sanity of the gentleman Alonso the Good. Perhaps there is not in all the ineffably sad epic of his life a passage that instils in our hearts a deeper melancholy. Here Don Quixote penetrates far into the soundness of Alonso Quixano the Good, sinks deep within himself, becomes a child again, a nursling. As Teresa de Jesús said (*Life*, xiii. 11): "The quest of self-knowledge should be unceasing, for on this road there is no soul so gigantic as not to have frequent need of being again a child and nursing at the breast." Yes, Don Quixote at this point returns to his spiritual infancy, memory of which is a balm to our souls, for it is the child within us who some day will justify us. Whosoever shall receive the kingdom of God must receive it as a little child. In the head and heart of Don Quixote were now throbbing those years of his remote youth, of which his history tells us nothing, those mysterious years in which, free as yet from the enchantment of books of chivalry, he had peacefully contemplated the mild quiet of La Mancha in serene afternoons.

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In the dregs of thy disenchantment was there not, poor knight, a memory of that pretty Aldonza for whom thou gavest twelve years of sighs and of whom only four times thou caughtest a little glimpse? "*If my Dulcinea del Toboso were to be released . . .*" thou wast saying, my poor Don Quixote, the while Alonso Quixano was secretly thinking within thee: "Oh, if the impossible, because it is impossible, could by the grace of my madness be fulfilled! Oh, if Aldonza, moved to compassion and enchanted by my mad deeds, should come and break through my awe of her, through this shame of a poor gentleman no longer young, but inflamed with love! Ah, then, *with mended fortune and a mind restored to itself*, I should direct my steps to a life of blissful love! Oh, my Aldonza, my Aldonza, thou couldst lead me along a better path than I am following now! But — too late! I found thee too late. Oh, the mystery of time! With thee I should have been a hero, but a hero without madness; with thee this heroic force of mine would have been directed to deeds of another sort and effect; with thee, instead of these jests, I should have scattered seeds of fertile truth in the fields of my country! "

And now, leaving Alonso the Good, let us return to Don Quixote and hear the knight while bent on lofty deeds of righting the wrongs of the world and thereby acquiring eternal fame and renown; let us hear him confess to ignorance of what he wins by dint of his toils, and see him turn his attention to the salvation of his soul and the conquest of heaven, which suffers violence.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26).

Don Quixote's discouragement in regard to his works, his descent to the reasonableness of Alonso the Good, throws a strong light on his spiritual brotherhood with the mystics of his own Castilian land, those souls parched with the thirst of the bleak plains on which they lived, and pure as the serene and stainless sky under which they suffered. They both exemplify the distress of the soul when left in solitude.

Why be distressed? What is it all about? Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Why go forth to right the wrongs of the world? The world is within us; it is our dream, as life is; let us purify ourselves and we shall have purified it. A pure look cleanses what it rests upon; chaste ears chasten what they hear. Is the evil intent of an act in the actor or in the one that judges? May not the horrible crime of a Cain or a Judas be a symbol of the criminality of those that have spread their legends about? Is not our own wickedness the means by which we discover whatever is wicked in our brother? Is it not the beam that is in thine own eye which enables thee to see the mote in mine? Perhaps the Devil bears the blame of those that fear him. — Let us keep our intention holy, and the world will be sanctified. Let us purify our conscience, and the ambient air will be pure. "For charity shall cover the multitude of sins" (1 Peter, iv. 8). The pure in heart see God in all things, and in His name they pardon all. The intentions of another are beyond the reach of my influence, and the evil is to be found only in the intention.

Above all, what is it thou seekest with thy heroic acts, the righting of wrongs because thou lovest justice, or in order to win eternal fame and renown? The truth is that we poor mortals do not know what it is we accomplish by our deeds. Let our for-

tunes be mended and our mind be restored to itself; we shall then direct our steps in a better path than that of vainglory.

The quest of fame and renown! Don Quixote's brother Sigismund has expressed it beautifully:

Who for human vanities
Would forgo celestial glory?
What past bliss is not a dream?
Who has had his happy fortunes
Who hath said not to himself
As his memory ran o'er them:
"All I saw, beyond a doubt,
Was a dream." If this exposeth
My delusion, if I know
That desire is but the glowing
Of a flame that turns to ashes
At the softest wind that bloweth,
Let us seek then the eternal,
The true fame that ne'er reposeth,
Where the bliss is not a dream,
Nor the crown a fleeting glory.

(*Life Is a Dream*, III. 10) ¹

Let us take refuge in eternal things, indeed, and thus with mended fortunes and a mind restored to itself we shall direct our steps in a better path than we are following at present, the path toward the conquest of heaven, which suffereth violence.

Let us seek then the eternal,
The true fame that ne'er reposeth,
Where the bliss is not a dream,
Nor the crown a fleeting glory.

Long, long before Calderón's Sigismund, the grave Jorge Manrique, mourning the death of his father, Don Rodrigo, Grand

¹ Denis Florence MacCarthy's translation. — *Translator*.

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Master of Santiago, spoke of the three lives, of the flesh, of renown, and of the soul. When Don Rodrigo, after so many great deeds, was resting,

Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call.
Saying: " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray,
The closing scene.
Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.
Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.
A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

.
Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess. " ¹

¹ Longfellow's translation. — *Translator.*

May not the farthest reach of madness be to throw away an endless glory for a fugitive one, a spiritual eternity for a renown no more lasting than this world, this instant of eternity? Especially since in the quest of celestial glory, earthly renown is won in passing to that quest. Fernando de Pulgar, the counsellor, secretary and chronicler of the Catholic Sovereigns, expressed this very well in his *Famous Men of Castile*, in speaking of the Conde de Haro, Don Pedro Fernández de Velasco: "This noble count, not influenced by ambition to be famous in this life, but mastering the temptation in order to be glorious in that other, governed the state with a rectitude so unwavering that he won the prize usually awarded to genuine virtue, a quality so well recognized in him that he rose to such credit and authority that whenever for the good of the Realm it became necessary to entrust the weightiest matter to one hand, whether as to individuals, policies, strongholds, or whatever crisis, it was always confided to him." That is to say, in seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to be glorious in that other world, earthly fame was added unto him. It is another way of saying that virtue is the best business, and the most lucrative and profitable career is that of the saint.

The saintly career is, indeed, the most businesslike and profitable. Ignatius de Loyola in his youth was a great reader of books of chivalry and made up his mind to "acquire the reputation of being a brave man and gallant soldier," as I have already quoted from Rivadeneira's account (*Life*, Book II, chapter ii). But he read other books and "tried very hard to change his way of life and steer the prow of his thoughts to another and safer port, to ravel the fabric he had woven, and to free himself from the entangling deceits and falsehoods of his vanity" (Book II,

chapter ii). In view of this, may it be that Ignatius sighed for some Aldonza for many years, and that it was her influence, after his leg was broken, that turned him to the saintly life?

Don Quixote's encounter with the four images of knights divinely errant is a passage of immeasurable significance, saturated with supreme melancholy. The knight took it for a good omen, and it was in fact the omen of his approaching conversion and death. Full soon, his fortunes mended and his mind restored to itself, he will direct his steps in a better path, the path of death.

A profound passage! Can any of us who follow or try somehow to follow Don Quixote have failed to experience such a thing? Disenchantment is the sad relic of triumph. No, it was not that. What you said or did was not worthy of the applause it elicited. You go home and, alone there, still fully dressed, you throw yourself on your bed and let your fancy soar through the void. You fix your attention on nothing. A vast dejection invades you. No, it could not be that. You had not planned to do what you did; your words were unpremeditated. They applauded something not yours. And your wife comes to you overflowing with love, and, seeing you so, questions you, asks what is the matter, why you are so preoccupied; and you send her away, perhaps with a curt, harsh word: "Let me alone!" and you remain, at war. Those that censure you would say you were drunk with triumph, whereas you are sad, oh so sad, downcast, completely cast down. You are nauseated with yourself. You cannot go back; you cannot retrieve the occasion and exclaim to those that went to hear you: "It is all a lie! I don't even know what I am going to say; we come here to deceive each other; I am going to make an ass of myself; so let's go home, each to his own house; let's

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see if our fortunes won't mend and our minds be restored to themselves! "

The reader will conclude I am writing these lines while oppressed and dispirited. And that is the truth. It is now late at night. This afternoon I made a public address, and the applause still rings drearily in my ears. I hear, too, the reproaches, and say to myself: " They are right, they are right! It was a farce. They are right; I am turning into a comic actor, a professional word-monger. Even my sincerity, about which I have so plumed myself, is turning into rhetoric. Had I not better stay at home awhile and keep still and wait? But is it feasible? When tomorrow comes, can I resist? May it not be cowardice to desert? Do I not do good to somebody with my words although they discourage me and weigh me down? This still, small voice that whispers: ' Silence, buffoon! ' is it the voice of one of God's angels or of some tempting devil? O my God, Thou knowest I offer Thee the applause as well as the hisses; Thou knowest I know not where nor whither Thou leadest me; Thou knowest that if there are those that judge me adversely, I judge myself far more severely than they do. Thou, O Lord, knowest the truth, Thou alone; mend my fortunes, I implore Thee, restore my mind to itself, and let me try to direct my steps in a better path than I follow now! "

I know not what I have won by dint of my sufferings, say I with Don Quixote, who was driven to say it at one of those moments when the soul is blown about by a sudden gust from the wings of the angel of mystery. A moment of anguish. For there are times when, unsuspecting, we are suddenly seized, we know not how nor whence, by a vivid sense of our mortality, which takes us without warning and quite unprepared. When most absorbed

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in the cares and duties of life, or engrossed and self-forgetful on some festal occasion or engaged in a pleasant chat, suddenly it seems that death is fluttering over me. Not death, something worse, a sensation of annihilation, a supreme anguish. And this anguish, tearing us violently from our perception of appearances, with a single, stunning swoop, dashes us away — to recover into an awareness of the substance of things.

All creation is something we are some day to lose, and is some day to lose us. For what else is it to vanish from the world but the world vanishing from us? Can you conceive of yourself as not existing? Try it. Concentrate your imagination on it. Fancy yourself without vision, hearing, the sense of touch, the ability to perceive anything. Try it. Perhaps you will evoke and bring upon yourself that anguish which visits us when least expected; perhaps you will feel the hangman's knot choking off your soul's breath. Like the woodpecker in the oak-tree, an agony is busily pecking at our hearts, to make its nest there.

But while in this anguish, this exquisite agony of spiritual suffocation, when ideas elude and slip away from you, you rise by some convulsive effort of grief and seize them again, and with them seize upon the substance of things. And you see that the world is your own creation, not your reflection, as the German said. By a supreme effort of agony you lay hold on the truth, which is not, far from it, a reflection of the universe in your mind, but its home in your heart. Spiritual agony is the door to substantial truth. Suffer, in order that you may believe; and believe, in order that you may live. Facing all the negations of *logic*, which governs the apparent relations of things, stands the affirmation of *cardic*, which rules their substantial values. Though your head tells you that

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some day your consciousness will flicker and go out, your heart, startled and lighted up by a vast dismay, will teach you that there is a world in which reason is not the guide. The truth is that which makes one live, not what makes one think.

At sight of the images, Don Quixote suffered a shock of dismay. Never to have experienced such a stroke would have been so superhuman as to be inhuman, and therefore to be a model impossible for the average man to follow. And was it at all extraordinary that he should have suffered it if Christ himself kneeled down in the olive orchard and prayed, saying: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me"?

Don Quixote for a moment doubted Glory; but she, his love, in her turn loved him, and she was thereby his mother, as every truly loving woman is the mother of her beloved. There is many a man unaware of the full depth of the love his wife feels for him until, in an hour of despair, he hears her "My boy!" as she maternally takes him in her arms. Every woman's love, if genuine and deep, is a mother's love. A woman adopts as her son the man she loves. Thus Dulcinea is not only the lady of his thoughts, but also the spiritual mother of Don Quixote; and even if it had occurred to him to disown that relation, you would see her reclaim him with a loving call, as the mother cow, conscious of her turgid udder, softly lows a summons to her frisking new-born. You will now see her stop and hold him in a green net.

And it came to pass that as master and squire rode on, engaged in conversation, making their way through a wood that lay beyond the road, *suddenly and without expecting anything of the kind, Don Quixote found himself caught in some nets of green cord stretched from one tree to another, placed there by a party*

of lovely girls and distinguished young men, dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, who had set up a new pastoral Arcadia and were preparing to act an eclogue by Garcilaso and another by Camoëns. They recognized Don Quixote and invited him to be their guest; he accepted, and dined with them. Out of gratitude and to repay their courtesy he offered them what was within his power to offer, which was to maintain for two full days in the middle of the Zaragoza highway that the shepherdess ladies were the fairest and most courteous maidens in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of his thoughts.

Our admirable knight is evidently turning back to his madness! While most deeply meditating on the vanity of his career, green-corded nets catch him and draw him back into the refreshing dream of life and unreason. He relapses into dream-life and a whole-hearted irrationality; he rises, rather, and rises comforted, from the egoistic clear-mindedness of Alonso the Good. And then it is, on reverting to his sublime madness, it is then he returns to his magnanimous intention, and offers to sustain the honour and glory of his attentive hostesses. From that submersion in the abysmal void of human endeavour the creative energy of the Knight of Faith acquired a new edge, new enthusiasm, like Antæus after fresh contact with Mother Earth. With saintly resignation he sallied forth again to action, which does not, like Lot's wife, look backward, but steadily faces the future, the only realm of the ideal.

Don Quixote took his post in the middle of the highway and proclaimed his challenge. And here the reader will say what I suspect he has several times said to himself in the course of this peregrine narrative; to wit: What has the truth of a prop-

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osition to do with the valour and strength of one who sustains it? In order to win at arms, must the defender of the doctrine believe it truer than his conquered antagonist's doctrine?

Reader, I have already told you that the martyrs make the faith, rather than the faith the martyrs. And faith makes truth.

Truth, the daughter of Faith, stands fast in the soul
Facing laughter and make-believe, like a headland that
braves wind and wave,

as Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar said in the well-known romance, when

on his young knees before the king,
Before his judges and the court, and scarce ten years of age.

I repeat: whatever moves us to action which crowns our purpose with success is true; hence the action makes the truth. How does it happen that men make their beliefs realize their purposes unless they do it by stoutly maintaining those beliefs? Never mind logic, then. People believe in the truth of what is won by the courage and strength of its defender, and, so believing, they make it true if they carry it into successful operation. The hands, therefore, give credit to the tongue. Pero Vermuez spoke words of deep significance when he said to Ferrando, Prince of Carrión, in that famous parliament:

“ Before my Cid and all the rest thine own praise didst thou sing:
How thou hadst slain the Moorish chief and done a gallant thing.
And each and all believed thy tale, the truth they did not know:
Thou art a lying coward, though thou mak'st a handsome show.
Tongue without hands, how darest thou speak? ”

(*Poema del Cid*, 3324-3328)

And he goes on to taunt him with hiding behind the bench when the Cid shamed the lion, which lowered his subsequent credit:

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“And so thou art of less account today than e’er before.”
(3334)

After which he abandoned his wife, the Cid’s daughter,

“And for that base desertion thy little worth is less.”
(3346)

And Pero Vermuez in conclusion exclaims:

“I’ll answer for the truth of all the things I here have said.”
(3351)

They had all believed Ferrando, but they did not know the truth: that he was handsome but worthless, “a bad companion.” Tongue without hands, how darest thou speak?

Doubtless some scholastic bore will here remark that I confound logical truth with moral truth, and error with falsehood; and that one might be moved to action by a manifest illusion, but attain success in spite of it. To this I reply that the illusion in that case is the most authentic truth; and that moral logic is the only logic there is. And I’ll answer for the truth of all the things I here say. And that’s that.

Don Quixote planted himself in the middle of the highway and proclaimed his challenge. Then along came a herd of bulls and tame bullocks which unhorsed and trampled him. So it goes: you challenge knights to defend a truth, but bulls and bullocks, even oxen, trample you under hoof.

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CHAPTER 59

WHEREIN IS RELATED A STRANGE THING, WHICH MAY
BE REGARDED AS AN ADVENTURE, THAT HAPPENED
TO DON QUIXOTE

DON QUIXOTE picked himself up, mounted, and without taking leave of the imitation Arcadia, and sadder still, rode on. For, you remember, he had left the ducal palace down-hearted. Presently he observed that Sancho was eating, for they had stopped to rest. "*Eat, Sancho, my friend,*" said Don Quixote; "*support life, which is of more consequence to thee than to me, and leave me to die under the pain of my thoughts and pressure of my misfortunes.*" Leave me to die! Let me die under the pain of my thoughts! Wast thou perhaps thinking of the enchantment of Dulcinea, poor knight; and was thy Alonso thinking of Aldonza's enchantment?

I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. Here is a notable sentence! Yes, every sort of heroism was born to live dying. The knight, having seen himself *trampled on, kicked, and crushed by the feet of vile and nasty beasts*, had a mind to let himself die of hunger. The approach of death, which was swiftly advancing upon him, kept illuminating his mind more and more and dissipating the clouds of madness that obscured it. The beings that trampled and crushed him he knew for vile and nasty beasts; he did not take them to be an enchantment and magic.

Poor gentleman! Fortune has turned her back on thee in disdain. But thou seekest her none the less, and thy quest is thy true fortune; thy success is in trying to succeed. Didst thou

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not hope through twelve slowly crawling years and wast thou not still expecting the impossible, with an expectation growing more intense with the increasing certainty of the impossible? It is clear thou hadst not forgotten those lines from the second canto of the harsh *Araucana* of my compatriot Ercilla:

Of Fortune's richest gifts the best
Is that which we have ne'er possessed.

After a brief rest, master and squire continued on their way and came to an inn, which Don Quixote took to be indeed an inn; for at the time of departure from the duke's residence we saw he was on the way to the cure of his madness and the clearing of his vision. Ridicule was clearing it. Ridicule opened his eyes enough for him to recognize the vile and nasty beasts.

But he had yet to undergo another torment; at the inn he was to have news of the malicious lies concerning him contained in the false Second Part of his history.

CHAPTER 60

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE ON THE WAY TO
BARCELONA

THEY were on their way to Barcelona and were overtaken by night in a thick grove of cork-oaks. And here occurred the most lamentable of all the adventures, so many and so heart-breaking, contained in the history of our Don Quixote.

Having lost all patience with Sancho's laziness and want of charity, *for to the best of his belief Sancho had given*

himself only five lashes, a number paltry and disproportioned to the vast number required if he was to disenchant Dulcinea, he determined to flog him against his will. He started to do it, the squire resisted, Don Quixote struggled with him, Sancho got up and, grappling with his master, gripped him with all his might in his arms, and, giving him a trip with the heel, stretched him on the ground on his back, and, pressing his right knee on his chest, held his hands in his own so that he could neither move nor breathe.

Enough! The hardiest reader is depressed by this saddest of passages. After the heartless ridicule in the ducal palace, the affliction of poverty, the dismay of heroism before the images of the four knights, and the trampling under the hoofs of vile and nasty beasts, there only remained, as the supreme torture, the rebellion of his squire. Sancho had beheld himself a governor, and had seen his master under the hoofs of the bullocks. The situation is heart-rending in the extreme.

"How now, traitor!" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Dost thou revolt against thy master and natural lord? Dost thou rise against him who gives thee his bread?" Bread? Not only bread, but glory and life everlasting. "I neither put down king nor set up king," said Sancho; "I only stand up for myself who am my own lord."

Oh, poor Sancho! Over what precipice of wickedness is the sinful flesh hurling thee! Thou revoltest against thy master and natural lord, against him who gives thee the eternal bread of thy immortal life, believing thyself thine own lord. No, poor Sancho, no. The Sanchos are not their own lords. That froward argument of *I am my own lord* with which thou revealest thyself is but an echo of Lucifer's "I will not serve!" No, Sancho, no;

thou art not and canst not be thine own lord; and hadst thou killed thy master at that moment, thou wouldst have killed thyself for ever.

But, more closely scrutinized, Sancho was not entirely wrong in rebelling, for he would hardly have been a man if he had never rebelled; not a whole, real, genuine man. That rebellion, carefully regarded, turns out to be an act of love, of deep love for his master, who in the affliction of his moribund madness was transgressing, departing from the approved practice of chivalry. After that, after having had him helpless under his knee, it is certain that Sancho loved, respected, and admired his master as never before. Such is man.

Don Quixote promised not to touch so much as the nap of his garments, allowing his squire to conquer him. This is the first time in all his life that the Knight of the Lions has humbly allowed himself to be defeated, without even trying to defend himself. He lets his squire conquer him.

And this same Sancho who attacks his master and puts his knee on his chest, when he suddenly feels touching his head somebody's two feet with shoes and stockings on them, trembles with fright and shouts for Don Quixote to come and rescue him. His rebellion has barely ended against his master and natural lord, the revolutionary cry of *I am my own lord* has scarcely left his lips, when he is no longer his own lord, but is all of a tremble on feeling overhead the shod feet; and instantly he calls to his master and natural lord, to him who sheltered him from fear. Don Quixote, of course, came at the call, for he was good. And he supposed they were the feet of outlaws and bandits that had been hanged on those trees.

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So it proved when dawn came. And with the dawn, besides the dead bandits, came *upwards of forty living ones, who all of a sudden surrounded them and in the Catalan tongue bade them stand still while their captain came up.* Poor Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, completely defenceless; he thought it best therefore to fold his arms, bow his head, and reserve himself for a more favourable opportunity. Most exemplary knight! How well he has learned the lessons of ducal burlesques, bullock tramlings, and Sancho's attack! The fact is that he unconsciously foresees the approach of death.

The bandit captain, Roque Guinart, correctly appraised the situation when he saw the knight's melancholy attitude, and spoke to him reassuringly, for he had heard of him. Don Quixote, too, understood the bandit organization, and courteously sought to persuade Roque Guinart with kind words and not by force to give up that life and become a knight-errant. The encounter served to produce in Don Quixote an admiration for the life of the gentlemanly outlaw, the equity with which he divided the spoils of robbery, and his generosity toward travellers. And he, Don Quixote, who to the scandal of all serious-minded persons had liberated galley-slaves, made no attempt whatever to destroy the republic of highway robbers.

The distributive justice and good order observable in the disposal of booty among Roque's band is the necessary condition of all bandit society. Fernando de Pulgar in his *Famous Men of Castile* speaks of the highwayman Don Rodrigo de Villandro, Count of Ribadeo, who with his marauding parties and great power "robbed, burned, destroyed, pulled down, and

depopulated hamlets, villages, and towns in Burgundy and France," and tells us that Don Rodrigo "laid down two singular conditions of conduct within his ranks, the first being the maintenance of justice among them, and the other the forbidding of violence, robbery, and other crimes; and if any were guilty he punished them with his own hand." Observe that it is precisely within a society expressly organized for robbery that robbery is most severely punished, just as in armies, organized to offend and destroy, offences tending to destroy the army are punished with singular severity. And it is well to point out here that all sorts of human justice had their origin in injustice, in the necessity of sustaining and perpetuating injustice. Justice and order were invented to maintain injustice and disorder. One observer has properly said that from the first salaried bandits arose the police. The Romans formulated a system of law that still exists in use; yet who were the Romans but a group of outlaws who began their career by a robbery which they themselves have handed down in the well-known legend?

It is worth your while, reader, to pause and consider this matter. Our moral and legal precepts were born of violence. A society of men organized to slay made murder a crime when committed within their society, and on the same principle they forbade robbery of each other, because they could thus more effectively and concertedly rob others. Such is the true ancestry and lineage of our laws and precepts, such is the source of our present-day morals. A little reflection, then, inclines us to pardon, even to have an affection for, Roque Guinart and his kind. In them is no duplicity or falsehood; their bands seem what they are, whereas the nations and peoples who claim to fulfil the law and

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serve culture and preserve peace are but a society of Pharisees. Can you mention any quixotic act of a nation as a nation?

On the other hand, let us consider how good springs from evil — for, after all, distributive justice is a good thing, however transitory — and how good and evil are the two faces of one figure. From war comes peace, from wholesale robbery comes the punishment of individual robbery. In order to free itself from crime, society must take upon itself the crimes committed within its ranks; and the remorse also. For may there not be a social remorse distributed among the members of a society? Assuredly, and this social remorse, so seldom noticed, is the principal cause of all progress made by man. Perhaps what moves us to be good and just toward those of our own society may be an obscure feeling that the society itself is bad and unjust. The collective remorse of a military body may be what moves soldiers to minister to each other and sometimes to the conquered enemy. The companions of Roque kept faith among themselves because they were aware of the harm of their activities.

THIS admirable incident of Roque Guinart is the one most closely related to the essence of the history of Don Quixote. It is at the same time a reflection of the popular cult of banditry, which has never disappeared from our Spain. Roque Guinart is a predecessor of the many great-hearted bandits whose deeds, transmitted and spread about in the form of handbills, or of ballads sung by blind men, have been the wonder and delight of our people. There is Diego Corrientes, called the generous bandit; the handsome Francisco Esteban; José María, the King of Sierra

Morena; the cow-boy Juan Moreira yonder in Argentina; and many, many more; and their patron in the heaven of our people is San Dimas.

When they crucified Our Lord Jesus Christ, "one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying: If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying: Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus: Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him: Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 39-43).

Nowhere else in the Gospels is there so clear an affirmation of "thou shalt be with me in paradise," so explicit a promise of the certainty of salvation. Christ canonized one man, a bandit about to die. In doing so He canonized our humble banditry. And why not, since He scathingly condemned so many scribes and Pharisees, all honourable men according to the law? They regarded themselves as just, like the Pharisee in the parable; whereas the bandit, like the publican in that parable, owned his fault. It was his humility which Jesus rewarded. The bandit confessed his guilt and believed in the Christ.

There is nothing the people so abhor as a Cato who considers himself a just man and seems to keep saying: "Observe me and learn from me how to be honest." Roque Guinart, on the contrary, was not puffed up, but confessed to Don Quixote that there was no mode of life more restless and anxious than his, and that he continued in it from a thirst for vengeance in spite of what

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his conscience told him; "*and as one deep calls to another, and one sin to another sin, revenges have linked themselves together, and I have taken upon myself not only my own but those of others; it pleases God, however, that though I see myself in this maze of entanglements, I do not lose all hope of escaping from it and reaching a safe port.*" This is an echo of the prayer of San Dimas, and we seem to hear Paul of Tarsus: "For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do." These are words suggestive of Roque Guinart's dilemma and they cry out for further study. And first we observe that being good and behaving lawfully are by no means the same thing. Men live and die who not once in their lives entertained a generous impulse nor even once broke the law; and there are men who die after a life surcharged with crime and kindness. Intentions, not acts, befoul and deprave the soul, and often a criminal act purges and cleanses us of the intention that engendered it. More than one savage murderer may have begun to feel love for the victim as soon as he had satiated his hate upon him; on the other hand, there are those that go on hating an enemy who has died, long after the death. I am aware there are many who would gladly see a human society in which all crime was crushed and prevented although criminal feeling remained to poison the soul. But God give us a society in which there shall be violent passions of hate and of love, of envy and of admiration, a society of ascetics and libertines, each with its natural fruits. The law sees only the outside, and measures the punitivity of the act by its consequences.

A strictly moral criterion should judge the act by its cause, not its effect. But our current morals smell of the courts, and our ethical standards are deformed by the legal ones. To kill is not evil because of the damage to the victim or his relatives, but because of the perversion worked in the killer by the feeling that led him to the deed; fornication is not a sin because of any harm done to the woman, for ordinarily she receives no harm, but only delight; the harm is in the dirty desire, distracting the man from his proper career and tingeing all his perceptions with fallacy. Among the Gauchos they speak with deep feeling of the "misfortune," not of being killed, but of having had to kill. By the same token, although in the world of slavery, in the apparitional world of transgressions of law, we may fall into crime, we shall be saved if in the world of freedom, in the essential world of subjective feeling, we keep our intentions sound and sane.

Besides, recall here the galley-slaves. Will not the distrust of pardon merely harden the criminal in his crime? I believe that if all men could convince themselves that there is to be a final pardon for all and for all a life eternal in some form, all men would become better. Fear of punishment does not prevent more crimes than despair of pardon provokes. Call to mind Paul the hermit and Henry the bandit in Tirso de Molina's play of *Convicted for Distrust*, a remarkable quintessence of Spanish faith. Remember that Paul, maimed by his penances, is lost because of his distrust of his salvation, while Henry the outlaw is saved by his confidence. Read this drama again, bearing in mind that Henry, the son of Anareto, retained in the midst of his wickedness a vivid love for his crippled father and a strong faith in God's mercy, and recognized the justice of the punishment. Remember him saying:

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But I keep hoping
For my salvation, for I place my hope.
Not in my works, but in knowing that God
Brothers the worst sinner, and in His mercy
Saves him;

(II. 17)

and remember him repentant, thanks to his father.

Is this repugnant to your moral sense? From the Sancho Panza point of view it is; from the quixotic, not at all! Not long ago a German philosopher, Nietzsche, made a noise in the world by writing of what is beyond good and evil. There is something that lies not beyond, but within the good and the bad, in their common root. What do we poor mortals know of the nature of good and evil as seen from heaven? Does it scandalize you that a death of faith atones for a life of evil? Do you perchance know that an ultimate act of faith and contrition is not an emergence to external life, thereupon ended, of the kindness and love that had been active within, but confined by the thick crust of evil? And is it true, think you, that those sentiments are not in all, absolutely all, since otherwise a man is not a man? Yes, let us, poor men that we are, be trustful, for all of us are good.

“ But in that case we shall never live in security! ” you exclaim; “ with such a doctrine social order is impossible! ” Well, who told you, pusillanimous creatures, that man’s destiny is conditioned on social order here on earth and on the prevention of those apparent evils called crimes and offences? Ah, poor men, always seeing God as a scarecrow or a policeman, not a Father, not a Father who always pardons His children, simply because they are His children, sons and daughters of His heart, and, as such, children of God, always good in the inmost of the inmost,

though they themselves neither know it nor believe it! I for my part therefore believe that Roque Guinart and his followers were better than they themselves believed. The good Roque was aware of the outlawry of his business, but felt himself bound to it by fate. It was his star. And with Martin Fierro the Gaucho he might have said:

Destiny, go we together!
 Together from birth, together through life,
 Apart we cannot be ever.
 I'll open the way with my knife!

Returning to our story, it is well to record here a remark of Don Francisco Manuel de Mello in his *History of the Movements, Secession, and War of Catalonia in the Period of Philip IV*, a work published about forty years after the history of our knight. In describing the Catalans he says they are "mostly men of excessively dour dispositions" who, "when offended, show extreme feeling and so are inclined to revenge"; and he adds: "The land they live in abounds in asperities, which dispose and aid their revengeful natures to dreadful deeds on slender occasion; the affronted or injured retire from the towns and take up their life in the woods, whence they make continual sallies and endanger the highways; others with no cause but their own insolence follow them; and both the ones and the others subsist by their violence. This mode of life they commonly call being at work, as if they led it unwillingly; no act done in their midst is held for offensive, and the offended is aided by his relatives and friends." Then he mentions the famous bands of Narros and of Cadells, "no less celebrated and pernicious in their land than the Guelfs and Ghibellines of Milan, the Pafos and Medici of Florence, the Bea-

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montese and Agramontese of Navarre, and the Gamboinos and Oñacinos of ancient Biscay."

Roque belonged to the Narros band and, as such, dispatched to Barcelona a messenger to give to his friends an account of Don Quixote and his plan to go thither, *that they might divert themselves with him. He wished, he said, his enemies the Cadells could be deprived of this pleasure; but that was impossible because the crazes and shrewd sayings of Don Quixote and the humours of his squire Sancho Panza could not help giving general pleasure to all the world.* Poor Don Quixote! Now they plot to make thee the monopoly of a robber band, a pleasure reserved to them alone! What will a Catalan not think up, although a robber!

CHAPTERS 61, 62, AND 63

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE ON ENTERING
BARCELONA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS
THAT HAVE MORE TRUTH THAN SENSE IN
THEM

THREE days later, *by unfrequented roads, short cuts, and secret paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, together with six squires, set out for Barcelona.* They reached the strand on St. John's Eve during the night, and there Roque took leave of them, after presenting Sancho ten crowns.

Don Quixote is now in the city, even that famous and flowery county city of Barcelona, *the treasure-house of courtesies, haven of strangers, asylum of the poor, home of the valiant, champion of the wronged, delightful mart of firm friendships, city*

unrivalled in site and beauty, as the historian calls it farther on in chapter lxxii. There, at break of day, he feasted his gaze on the sea, which seemed to him exceedingly spacious and broad, and on the galleys; he was highly delighted. And then came galloping up the city's mockery, in the persons of Roque's friends. They surrounded Don Quixote on their curvetting steeds, and to the music of clarions and beat of drums they escorted him to the heart of the city, with a pomp that was spoiled by the boys who slipped sprigs of furze under Rocinante's tail and caused him to be thrown off.

Now thou art the butt of a city's ridicule, my señor Don Quixote, the plaything of its urchins. Why didst thou leave the country-side and the free highways, the only proper field of thy heroism?

There in Barcelona they led him to a balcony overlooking one of the principal streets, *in full view of the crowd and the boys, who stared at him as at a monkey*; there they paraded him up and down the streets on a tall mule of easy gait; he wore a surcoat with a parchment stitched to its back bearing the legend *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the knight was amazed to note that all the youngsters knew him, without having seen him before.

Poor Don Quixote, paraded through the city, with thy *Ecce Homo* on thy back! Thou art now a metropolitan curiosity. And there was one, a Castilian of course, who called thee mad and reviled thy madness.

Then there was a dinner and ball at the residence of his host, Don Antonio Moreno, and they made him dance until,

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tired out and exhausted by the strain of it all, he was obliged to sit down on the floor in the middle of the room.

This exceeds in misery all that had happened to him since the evil hour in which he chanced upon the duke and the duchess. Paraded through the streets, turned into a monkey for the delectation of street arabs, and then forced to dance; used as a toy, a top, a teetotum, a clown. Now, my knight, now is the time it is hard to follow thee, thy faithful believers have their faith put now to the proof. "Let him dance! Make him dance!" is one of the cries of derision shouted by Spanish crowds at men they would jeer and flout. And in Barcelona they made thee dance to utter exhaustion, my señor Don Quixote.

To be the target of idle curiosity, to hear close by, as one passes, murmurs of "That's the one! There he is!" to endure the eyes of a multitude of fools who stare because one is pulled and hauled about in the public prints; and then to realize that these people do not know of one's work any more than at Barcelona the little boys knew of Don Quixote's deeds, and still less of his heroic spirit; to be nothing but a name — do you know what this is? Do you know what it is to be only a name, and to be known everywhere while your accomplishments are not known anywhere? It may easily happen that these commentaries of mine on the life of my señor Don Quixote will provoke in this our Spain, as some other works of mine have provoked, a clamorous discussion. Well, then, I assure you right now that the most infuriated uproar will come from those that have not read them. Man is so sorry a creature as to prefer the name without the work to the work without the name; he had rather leave his effigy stamped on

copper than bequeath his spirit's pure gold, from which the effigy and legend shall in time be rubbed off.

There in the industrious city of Barcelona they showed him — what but curiosities of industry? There he saw and heard the enchanted head, and visited the printing-office. *It came to pass that, going along one of the streets, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes and saw written in very large letters over a door: "Books Printed Here," at which he was vastly pleased, for until then he had never seen a printing-office and he was curious to know what it was like.* A most natural curiosity in one who sought in books a balsam for excessive love and had been led by books to engage in the hazardous errandries of a glorious career. Imagine the knight with his fifty years yonder in his Manchegan hamlet, feasting upon books in his solitude, a man for whom, more than for any other, books were faithful friends, and you will understand with what sensations he entered the printing-office. He was intelligent in his conduct, he showed that he knew a little Italian and plumed himself on being able to sing some of Ariosto's stanzas, and he even allowed himself a touch of irony in regard to translators and translations.

These and other specifically literary passages in our history are among those most frequently cited by self-styled cer-vantists, but the truth is that such passages scarcely merit citation. They are the affectations and meticulousities of the trade which other folk need not bother about. It is all very well for us writers to have an eye on the workmanship of our products, to amend and again amend the wording and the style; but this is nothing to our readers. It is well for a writer to weave his paragraphs, then gin and nap and gloss them, and shear and press, cut out and sew and

fit the vesture of his thought; but let it be for the profit of its future reader. I confess that I myself, in these pages, have occasionally polished and burnished my phrases. But first and last and above all I have striven to put in writing the current spoken language, to uproot from their native soil and seize the heart of words dripping with life, fresh and lusty, as they speed from mouth to ear and ear to mouth of the good villagers of Castile and León. Overseas they say the bare and rigid Castilian should be enriched and rendered supple. Certainly it ought to be given more fluency, richness, and flexibility, but the remark applies chiefly to the weak and stereotyped speech of the cafés and newspapers. There is no need, however, to resort to foreign parts and borrow words and idioms from other tongues; it is enough to stir, beat up, and mix into current Castilian its own settlings, its fugitive and hidden words. Everyone must fatten himself.

Others say quite the contrary: what is needed, and badly needed, is to prune our language, cut it back, give it precision and fixity. They say it is a jungle, a wild, upland thicket, where on every hand sprawl and bristle overgrown branches; these Procrustians itch to shear and trim it into a prim, neat, proper little tree in a parterre, like a box hedge. They claim it will thus gain in clarity and logic.

But is it a *Treatise on Methodology* we are going to write with it when it is all shaven and shorn? To the devil with their clarity and their logic! Leave all such clipping and pollarding and rounding to languages doomed to embody the logic of ratiocinative ratiocination. But ours? Ought it not to be, first of all and above all, an instrument of passion, the splendid robe of high aspiration, the shining armour of quixotic conquest?

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As to clarity, there would have to be an understanding; for some think ideas should be administered in a chewed, insalivated bolus easy to gulp down, with nothing to do but swallow; or, better still, they would dole it out as pap.

CHAPTER 64

CONCERNING THE ADVENTURE THAT PAINED DON QUIXOTE MORE THAN ALL THAT HAD BEFALLEN HIM BEFORE

THE chivalric mishaps of our Don Quixote came to an end in Barcelona, where the Knight of the White Moon contrived an encounter with him and the pretext for it — the precedence in beauty of their respective ladies. And having unhorsed him, he demanded his submission to the terms of the challenge. The great Don Quixote, the irrefragable Knight of Faith, the heroic madman, bruised and dazed, *in a faint and feeble voice, as if he were speaking from within a tomb, replied to that demand: "Dulcinea of Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth; it is not fitting that this truth should suffer by my weakness. Drive your lance home, sir knight, and take my life, since you have taken away my honour."*

It is love, you observe, that conquers when the invincible Knight of Faith is overcome. Those sublime words of Don Quixote's downfall are Love's sublime shout of victory. He had surrendered to Dulcinea, but he did not therewith suggest that Dulcinea had surrendered to him. His defeat did not in the least dim the beauty of the lady. He, of course, had created that beauty,

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his pure faith had created it, the fire of his passion had created it; but, once in existence, there it was, and from it he himself derived his life. I, by virtue of my faith, and in the face of all men, create my truth; but when I have done so, my faith is thenceforth its own reason for being, will stand firm with its own strength; and I myself shall survive and live by its potency.

How near thou art, my Don Quixote, to thy eternal salvation! For, cured now of thy presumption, no longer speakest thou of the strength of thine arm, but on the contrary thou confessest thy weakness. As thy death approaches, how brightly its purifying light shines upon thee! Thou speakest as from the tomb, from within the tomb of the world that makes a jest of heroes and parades them through its streets with its placards upon their backs! Unhorsed and severely bruised, conscious of thy weakness, sunk in grief and despair, thou still proclaimest Dulcinea of Toboso the fairest woman in the world. O great-hearted cavalier, thou art not of those who, seeking for Glory, when she disdains and eludes them, deny her, deride her, call her Vanity or even Ruin. Thou art not of those that ascribe to Glory their own infirmities and their failure to capture her. Thou, overwhelmed and beaten down, wouldst rather die than complain of her who sent thee upon thy heroic career.

That is because thou hast faith in her, and feelest that when she seems to abandon thee and let them defeat thee, it is only to clasp thee later within her trembling arms and press thee with hungry love to her ardent bosom, until your two hearts beat as one, while, mouth to mouth and with mingled breath, you so remain for ever, in a never-ending kiss of glory and love eternal. Thou lettest thyself be overcome in order fully to know that not to

the power of thine arm dost thou owe thine eternal life, but to thy love for her. Thou didst love her, unvanquished Knight of Faith, with the greatest and most perfect love, one that fed upon her disdain and rebuffs. For though thou sawest her transformed into a coarse peasant, thy bold spirit was nowise daunted, neither didst thou quote the "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" of the wise king rotted with surfeit. When thou, inviolate knight, wast conquered, thy proclamation of Dulcinea's peerless beauty was thine only cry of triumph.

Thus to us thy faithful followers be it given when most cast down, when crushed by the world, when life most cruelly rends our hearts, when every hope has vanished, to face it all with fortitude; nay, with courage. Give us passionate courage to cry out from the depths of our nothingness: "Plenitude of plenitudes, all is plenitude!" I shall die with the challenge on my lips? Then my death will but magnify my challenge. They will outgeneral me in my fight for my truth? No matter! The truth will survive. And the living truth will prove to you that it does not depend on me, but I on it.

This I is not my rickety and perishable ego; it is not that self which eats the earth and which the earth will devour some day. The conquering part of me is my truth, my eternal ego, my pattern and model from before the beginning and after the end; it is the idea of me held by the Universal Consciousness; it is God's idea of me. And this divine idea of me, this Dulcinea of mine, is aggrandized by my defeat, and by my death acquires supernal beauty. This, then, is my whole problem: whether to allow that idea to become tarnished, sullied, and finally erased and forgotten of God, or to sacrifice myself to that divine idea and cause it to

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emerge and live for ever in the eternal and infinite Consciousness of the Universe. Either God or oblivion.

If to save your wick you put out your light, if to save your life you waste your idea, God will not remember you; you will be drowned in his oblivion as in a supreme pardon. There is no other hell than this, that God should forget us and we should return to the unconsciousness from which we have emerged. "Lord, remember me!" So let us exclaim, with the thief that hung dying beside Jesus (Luke xxiii. 42). Lord, remember me, and let my whole life be a living of my divine idea! If I let it become blurred and soiled, if I bury it in my flesh, if it dissolve in my infirm and earthy ego, then alas for me, O Lord, for Thou wouldst pardon me by forgetting me! If I aspire to Thee, I shall live in Thee; if I depart from Thee, I shall enter into what is not Thine, into the only thing there is outside of Thee, into Nothingness.

Don Quixote's conqueror, he of the White Moon, was another whom love of Dulcinea had lured from the repose of his village life. He does not kill the knight; on the contrary he exclaims: "*Live, live the fame of the beauty of the lady Dulcinea of Toboso, in all its lustre!*" and contents himself with requiring the vanquished to retire to his village during his pleasure — to retire to a worthy dying! Samson Carrasco, the Salamancan bachelor, for he of the White Moon was no other, was also in quest of glory and of a renown that would link his name with that of Don Quixote. And may it not also have been in order to attract the eyes of that Andalusian girl with whom he fell in love in the streets of the gilded city by the Tormes?

And Sancho, the faithful Sancho, *quite downcast and woebegone, knew not what to do or say. He fancied that all was*

a dream, that the whole business was a piece of enchantment. Here was his master defeated, and bound not to take up arms for a year. He saw the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, the hopes of the promises lately made him swept away like smoke before the wind.

Let us stop to consider this ending of a glorious career, Don Quixote's defeat in Barcelona, and how he was overcome by his fellow townsman Samson Carrasco the bachelor. And here, my Don Quixote, I must confess a piece of my own folly.

Some years ago, in a weekly publication enjoying renown and authority in this Spain of ours, I published against thee, great-hearted knight, this war-cry: "Down with Don Quixote!" It resounded especially in Barcelona, where thou wast conquered, and where it was translated into Catalan. It resounded and echoed, and I was quoted and applauded by many. I demanded thy death so that Alonso the Good, Aldonza's lover, might be revived in thee — as if his goodness had ever been more splendidly shown than in thy mad deeds. And today I confess to thee, my master, that that battle-cry of mine, which so pleased yonder Barcelona, where thou wast overthrown, and which they translated into Catalan, was inspired in me by thy conqueror Samson Carrasco, a bachelor of Salamanca. For though Barcelona, the beacon and, as it were, the capital of Spain's new industrialism, is the centre of the loudest protest against quixotism, the protest is inspired by the bachelor spirit, the spirit of cunning and envy. Thou wast, indeed, defeated in Barcelona, but by a Manchegan bachelor of Salamanca. True, thy spirit is defamed oftener in Barcelona than elsewhere, but it is the base aspect of the bacheloresque spirit, Manchegan and Salamancan, which makes for such defamations there. Because

there, in Barcelona, is where the bachelor Samson Carrasco is victorious.

When he revealed his identity to Don Antonio Moreno, "*Oh, sir,*" exclaimed Don Antonio, "*may God forgive you the wrong you have done the whole world in trying to bring to his senses the most amusing madman in it! Do you not see, sir, that the gain by Don Quixote's sanity can never equal the enjoyment his crazes give?*" And on this thread he went on stringing his opinions — a squalid state of mind, to wish a man not to recover his sanity because he seems *amusing* while mad, and to find *enjoyment* in his infirmity! One knows not which is the more deplorable, the pettiness of Samson Carrasco or of Don Antonio Moreno.

They are fond of Don Quixote because they like to laugh at his humours and enjoy his derangement. But since at one time they laughed at them, they now have to weep, and because they once enjoyed his vagaries, life must today be dreary for them.

I cried out against thee, my master Don Quixote. I now crave thy pardon. My intention, though mistaken, was good and wholesome, and what I uttered was for love of thee. But small-minded men, their wits perverted by their pettiness, put the contrary construction on my meaning, and, while I sought to serve thee, I may have done thee wrong. It is a grievous thing that nothing we say is understood aright, no oftener from defect of head than of heart. Pardon me, then, my Don Quixote, the wrong I did thee when wishing to do thee good. Thou hast convinced me of how perilous it is to preach wisdom to stocks and stones; thou hast shown me the evil that follows a warning to be practical when given to men who hold to the grossest materialism, though disguised as Christian spiritualism.

Impart to me thy madness, my Don Quixote, inspire me with it throughout. Then let them call me proud or what they will. I seek not the profit that they seek. They will ask: "What does he want; what is he after?" And by conjecturing according to their lights, they will not find my path. They pursue the profits of this perishable life, and slumber in the routine creed concerning the other. Let me, my Don Quixote, let me struggle with my own self; let me suffer! Let them keep for their own all public preferment, but give to me thy Clavileño, and though he stir not from the earth, let me dream of riding him up into the eternal heavens of air and of fire. Soul of my soul, heart of my life, insatiable thirst for eternity and infinity, be my daily bread! Successful? No, not successful; I do not wish to be clever and able; I do not wish to be reasonable according to that wretched reasoning that feeds the thrifty. Oh, my Don Quixote, make me mad!

Long live Don Quixote! Long live the downfallen, bruised, and battered Don Quixote! Hurrah for Don Quixote dead! Hurrah for Don Quixote! Refresh us with thy madness, our Don Quixote. Give me the gift of thy madness, let me ease my pain in thy bosom. If thou but knewest how I suffer, my Don Quixote, amid these countrymen of thine, whose whole reserve of heroic madness thou didst carry off, leaving them only the insolent presumption which undid thee. If thou knewest how in their stupid and insolent sanity they disdain all fervour of the spirit and all longing after the inner life! If thou knewest with what asinine gravity they laugh at what they take to be madness and find amusement in what to them is derangement! Oh, my Don Quixote, what pride, what stupid pride is the silent pride of these brutes who call everything a paradox which was not already

ticketed in their heads, and for whom every flight of the spirit seems only an effort at originality! For them there are no scalding tears shed in silence, in the silence of mystery, because these barbarians think they have settled everything; for them there is no restlessness of the spirit, since they believe they were born possessed of absolute truth; dogmas, formulas, recipes — nothing else exists for them. Their souls are the souls of bachelors. And though they hate Barcelona, to Barcelona they go, and there they conquer thee.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, dejected, melancholy, moody, and out of sorts, brooding over the unhappy event of his defeat, unconsolated by the counsels of his faithful Sancho, who clearly saw that in their predicament it was he that lost the most, though his master had the worse usage. And a few days later they began their return to their village, Don Quixote without his armour and in travelling-gear, and Sancho on foot, Dapple being loaded with the armour. And so it has been, ever since they conquered Don Quixote: asses have carried his arms.

On the road they met Tosilos the lackey, who told them how the duke had had him flogged, and how Doña Rodriguez had returned to Castile and her daughter become a nun. Such was the end of one of the most fortunately concluded adventures of Don Quixote.

CHAPTER 67

OF DON QUIXOTE'S RESOLVE TO TURN SHEPHERD AND
TAKE TO A LIFE IN THE FIELDS WHILE THE YEAR
FOR WHICH HE HAD GIVEN HIS WORD WAS
RUNNING ITS COURSE; WITH OTHER EVENTS TRULY
DELECTABLE AND HAPPY

JOGGING along, they came to the spot where they had found *those gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who were trying to revive and imitate the pastoral Arcadia there*. When Don Quixote recognized it, he said: "*If so be thou dost approve of it, Sancho, I would have ourselves turn shepherds, at any rate for the time I have to live in retirement. I will buy some ewes and everything else requisite for the pastoral calling; and, I under the name of the shepherd Quixotiz and thou as the shepherd Panzino, we will roam the woods and groves and meadows singing songs here, lamenting in elegies there, drinking of the crystal waters of the springs or limpid brooks or flowing rivers. The oaks will yield us their sweet fruit with bountiful hand, the trunks of the hard cork-trees a seat, the willows shade, the roses perfume, the widespread meadow carpets tinted with a thousand dyes; the clear air will give us breath, the moon and stars lighten the darkness of the night for us, song shall be our delight, lamenting our joy, Apollo will supply us with verses, and love with conceits whereby we shall make ourselves famed for ever, not only in this, but in ages to come.*

Heavens, how right is the old saying, "Every madman to his notion"; and how well Don Quixote's niece knew her uncle!

When the priest and the barber, in the censoring of his library, came upon the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor and were about to save it, "*Ah, sir,*" she exclaimed, "*your reverence had better order this to be burned as well as the others; for it would be no wonder if, after being cured of his knight-errant disease, my uncle, by reading this, took a fancy to turn shepherd and roam the woods and fields singing and piping.*"

While returning from Barcelona, Don Quixote seems to be on the road to recovery from his heroic madness and to preparedness for a worthy death; but at sight of the remembered meadow, again he dreams of becoming famous not only in this age but for evermore; because this was his radical mania, his spring of action; it was, as we saw at the outset of his story, the thing that moved him to take up knight-errantry. The thirst for glory and renown is the basic motive of quixotism, its essence and reason for being; if glory and renown are not to be had by slaying giants and monsters and righting wrongs, they are to be won by singing to the moon and turning shepherd. The aim is to leave a time-defying name, to live on in the memory of the people; the point is, not to die. Not to die! Not to die! This is the main thing, the tap-root of quixotic madness. Not to die! Not to die! Longing for life, longing for life eternal, is what gave thee immortal life, my lord Don Quixote; thy life's dream was and is a dream of not dying.

To realize that dream thou didst change thy profession of knight-errant for that of shepherd-chantant. In like manner, my Don Quixote, thy Spain, compelled to withdraw, conquered and bruised, to her own village, thinks of devoting herself to the

pastoral life and talks of domestic colonization, of draining swamps, of farms and irrigation systems.

And beneath that anxiety not to die, did not thy sovereign love quicken, my poor Alonso? "*For the shepherdesses whose lovers we shall be,*" saidst thou, "*we can pick names as we would pears; and as my lady's name does just as well for a shepherdess as for a princess, I need not trouble myself to look for one that will suit her better.*" Yes, she was ever Dulcinea, Glory; and within her was ever Aldonza Lorenzo, twelve years sighed for. And how thou must sigh for her now! How thou must call out to her and carve her name from day to day on the bark of trees, and even sometimes on thy heart! And what if all this should come to her notice and should touch her and she should come to thee, disenchanted?

To turn shepherd! To thy people also, my Don Quixote, this idea occurred, upon their return from America defeated by the shock of their encounter with the Yankee. They now talk of devoting themselves to the care and cultivation of their estate, of lighting mines, and digging canals for irrigating their parched lands; hydraulic policy is now the theme. May it not be that they feel remorse for their former atrocities in Italy, Flanders, and America?

Read *Patria*, the beautiful poem by Guerra Junqueiro, the poet of our brother people, the Portuguese. Read that bitter satire, at the end of which appears, in the habit of a Carmelite monk, the ghost of the Constable Nunalvares, the conqueror of Aljubarrota, who afterward took the monastic vows. Hear him speak, hear him describe the suffering that purifies and redeems, the suffering which,

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As wind by wind is balanced,
As wave by wave is smoothed,
Thus only by pain and sorrow
Are pain and sorrow soothed;

and come to where in an ecstasy he unhooks from the wall the old sword of Aljubarrota, stained with fraternal blood, and exclaims:

O bright flashing sword, that I brandished
So proudly in crippling feud,
See how with thy edge I have anguished
My country with low servitude!
Oh, what if, before I had found thee,
Some peasant a ploughbeam had hewed
And to it, my sabre, had bound thee
And turned in the springtime the sod
Of my fatherland flourishing round thee —
With thy blade tilled the wheat-fields of God!

and he throws his sword into the abyss of the night, exclaiming:

God go with thee! God be praised!

And then there comes upon the scene "the madman," the poor Portuguese people, our brother, and he misses the old times in which he was a tiller of the soil:

Oh would that once more I might be that rude ploughman
Working late, rising early, now smiling, now pensive,
With the soul of a wood-dove and heart ruled by justice!

Oh, would that once more I might hear the soft music
Of innocent joy in my breast meekly singing,
Like the hidden bird trilling in yon dewy thicket!

Instead of the world (plague, war, and famine!)
I would win, as my booty, my sole spoils of conquest,
Heaven's love, love celestial, and its endless rich treasures.

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On History's page let my name ne'er be written,
Let Renown never herald my deeds and my daring,
Nor Glory's effulgence e'er cast my wide shadow.

I would live like a marsh-plant, humble and lowly;
Yet, oh, that I might, on the heights, be accounted
With those that God loves, that God welcomes to heaven!

It is quite the contrary with Don Quixote and Sancho. Our knight seeks in the pastoral life to become famous and immortal; this poor Portuguese madman seeks in it to be forgotten, to expiate his sins and be redeemed by suffering:

Fearful and worshipful Grief!
O Grief, thou daughter of God, and mother of all!

After all, are they not both in quest of the same thing? When Don Quixote burst upon the world intent on righting wrongs, was he not after the same thing as when he decided to retire to the pastoral life? Is not our people at this moment seeking, in its marsh-drainings and canal-diggings and the rest of its hydraulic policy, the very thing it used to seek in its atrocities in America?

The poor Portuguese madman confesses, after his sins, his glories:

My glories! . . . the shameful, infamous deeds
Of pirate and thief and assassin!

and he begs for the cross, begs for agony; and he dies on the cross, at the head of which, "traced in blood, this irony: *Portugal, King of the Orient*" ; and he expires, blessing the tears that stream from his eyes,

For they are the sea of the tears
That long shall flow from my crimes,

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and blessing the blood that runs from his wounds, because it is
the sea of the blood
Of my pride and iniquity. . . .

Is this what is sought and prayed for by our own madman, our Spanish people? No, it is not precisely this. It is not that History sing not its deeds, that the voice of Fame ignore and the light of Glory leave unillumined its humble name; no, it is not this.

It withdraws to the pastoral life after defeat in a career of knight-errantry in order to become eternal and famous not only in the present, but also in the coming ages. It changes its course, not its guiding star.

Must the people renounce all quixotic action and retire to its native pastures, there to purge itself of its ancient guilt by herding its cattle or tilling its soil and never raise its eyes save to heaven? Must its sole thought dwell on being numbered, yonder on high, among those loved of God? Must it return to the quiet life it led before sallying forth upon its perilous ventures? Have we, indeed, ever led such a life? Have we, in fact, ever known peace?

As an ideal of a people's life it is not enough to maintain mere life at the highest level of comfort and well-being; even happiness is not enough. Still less satisfying is surrender to suffering. The ascetic ideal, destructive of life, cannot be the ideal of a people.

Aspiration to heaven? No; to the kingdom of God! At all hours, day after day, from thousands of mouths, our people lift this prayer to our Father which is in heaven: "Thy kingdom

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come! ” and not, “ Take us to Thy kingdom ” ; it is the kingdom of God which is to come down to earth, not the earth to rise to the kingdom of God; for this kingdom must be the realm of the living, not the dead. And that kingdom, which daily we pray for, we ourselves must create; and not with prayers alone; with struggle.

Oh, that I might, steadfast and free,
With eyes in the new day's fire made bright,
Lift up my arms in the goodly fight!
Not as of yore in the vanity
Of battle for riches and grandeur slay,
Not under the banner of fortune ride —
Let me fight this day on the other side,
Let me go to the long, long war today!
The narrow earth be the battle-field,
And eternity measure the battle-hour.
Let no truce come. And to every power
Let Love and Truth refuse to yield!

The battle of Love and Truth! And in that fight the Spanish people must be a genuine, complete Don Quixote; or, rather, a shepherd Quixotiz.

Rise up, thou Knight of God, and beat
The Nails of Jesus Christ, and beat
Them out till the anvil ring,
And while thou beatest, loudly sing!
Shape from the Cross a shaft; fit on
The thin sharp blade. Thy lance is done.
March, cavalier, in armour bright!
Let thy lance's thrusts be rays of light!

Yes, the battle must be fought with magnanimous lance-thrusts of light!

It is well. Let us withdraw, fence ourselves in, on our native soil. But let us find our fame in herding and singing. It comes from heroic action; it is another fresh adventure. Let us

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take up the shepherd's crook with a hand moved by the very heart that made us wield the sword. The pastoral calling is now a government, which "does not consist in giving laws," says Fray Luis de León (*Nombres de Cristo*, I. 6), "nor in issuing orders, but in tending and feeding the governed." Tending them how, feeding them with what? With love and truth.

Thy people, my Don Quixote, has been called a moribund people, by those who, giddy with their fleeting triumph, forget that fortune whirls about more swiftly than the earth, and that the traits that lessen our aptitude for the type of civilization prevalent today may be the very things that will adapt us to the civilization of tomorrow. The world turns over many times, and fortune many more.

At all events, we must aspire to become immortal and famous, not only in the present age, but in all that are to come. That people cannot, as a people, continue to exist whose shepherds — that is, whose consciousness — do not conceive of it as having a historic mission, an ideal of its own to realize. These shepherds must endeavour to acquire fame by tending it and by singing, and thus, by acquiring fame, lead it to its destiny. Can it be that in the eternal and divine Consciousness there is not an eternal idea of thy people, my Don Quixote? Is there no heavenly Spain, of which this earthly Spain is but an image reflected in man's poor little centuries? Is there no soul of Spain, as immortal as the soul of each of her sons?

Across the sea in fragile caravels our forefathers sailed to find the New World, asleep beneath strange stars. May it not be that God reserves for us some new world of the spirit, to be discovered when we shall dare, like the heroes of Camoëns, to

brave "seas never sailed before," in spiritual caravels built of timbers from our forests of people?

In my Basque country they say that the grandfathers of my grandfathers, hardy fishermen of the gulf of my Biscay, went whaling as far as the Newfoundland Banks, centuries before Columbus knocked at the portal of La Rábida. Proudly is it set forth on the arms of Lequeitio: *Reges debelavit, horrenda cete subiecit, terra marique potens, Lequeitio*. And to subdue the frightful whale they sailed, did those whaler forefathers of mine, as far, they say, as the then unknown coasts of remote America. They say even more, for there is a legend of a Basque mariner, by the name of Andialotza — that is to say, Great Shame — who was the first to give Columbus news of the New World, doubtless because the shy big fellow did not dare discover it himself. He was afraid of glory. Might this be prophetic? And if the good Andialotza, my countryman, lose his inborn bashfulness, shall we have to await the Columbus of the New Spirit of Spain?

Is there a Spanish philosophy? Yes; that of Don Quixote. And it is fitting that he, our Knight of Faith, the Knight of our Faith, leave on the rack his lance, on the wall his sword, Rocinante in the stable, and, turned into the shepherd Quixotiz, take up the crook with a firm hand and with his little flute seek the shade of the spreading oaks laden with their delicious fruit and there, while his sheep lower their heads to graze, sing, inspired by Dulcinea, sing his vision of the world and of life, in order to acquire by singing it eternal fame and renown. And not only his vision of them, but sing rather his heartening of them. And to acquire fame because glory was given us as the lodestar of life.

The poet's Nunalvares will tell you of fame that

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Great fame, for all her trumpets,
Flies not so far and high
In this world so narrow
As the little sparrow
Singing to the sky.

But trust not too much in such voices of despair; for fame does indeed fly, flies beyond the world. And even farther flies the song of love and of truth.

Perhaps at the echoes of that love-song of the shepherd Quixotiz the mill-shaped giants will fall defeated, the galley-slaves turn gentle, Roque Guinart disband his followers, the canons and grave ecclesiastics be silenced, the peace officers admit that basins in the hands of the wonder-working knight become helmets, the Maese Pedros renounce their puppet-shows, the cave of Montesinos reveal its depths, every wrong be righted, every offence atoned, strumpets renew their virginity, and the kingdom of God come to us through the realization on earth of that golden age with his vision of which Don Quixote astonished and enthralled the goatherds.

The "lance's thrusts" must "be rays of light," or, better, the truth must be thrust at the world like a lance, to the sound of the pastoral flute, while the herds are grazing; the blessed word must perform the miracle. To Apollo we must go for verses, to Love for ideas. Above all, to Love for ideas.

Is there a Spanish philosophy, my Don Quixote? Yes, thine, the philosophy of Dulcinea, the philosophy of not dying, of believing, of creating the truth. Not in school is this philosophy to be learned; logic cannot expound it, whether inductive or deductive; nor does it emerge from syllogisms nor issue from laboratories. It rises from the heart.

It was thy thought, my Don Quixote, to transform thyself into the shepherd Quixotiz and to receive from love thy themes. All concepts of life, all eternal ideas, spring from love. Aldonza, my shepherd Quixotiz, Aldonza is always the fountain of wisdom. Through her, through thy Aldonza, through woman, thou seest the universe entire.

Seest thou not this people ever more fully endowing its ideal woman with godlike qualities, Woman *par excellence*, the Virgin Mother? Dost thou not see the people given over to that cult, almost to the point of forgetting thereby the worship of the Son? Dost thou not see them exalting her more and more, endeavouring to place her beside the Father himself, as His equal, in the bosom of the Trinity, which would develop into a Quaternity were it not that they identify her with the Spirit as the Son has become identified with the Word? Have they not declared her the Co-redeemer? And why is this?

The idea of God that has been handed down to us has been an andromorphic rather than an anthropomorphic idea. God has been represented to us, not as a human person — *homo* — but as a male — *vir*. In our thoughts God was and is masculine. His mode of judging and condemning men is the way of a male, not that of a human person above considerations of sex; it is the way of the Father. And to compensate it the Mother was needed, the Mother who always pardons, the Mother who always opens her arms to her son when he flees from the raised hand and frowning brow of the irritated Father, the Mother in whose lap we consolingly recover a dim remembrance of that tepid peace of unconsciousness which was the dawn that came before birth, and of that milk which sweetened the dreams of our innocence — the

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Mother, who knows no justice but pardon, and no law but love. The tears of the mothers wash out the tables of the Decalogue. Our poor and imperfect idea of a male God, of a long-bearded, thunder-voiced God, of a God imparting precepts and imposing sentences, a Master-of-the-House God, a Roman Paterfamilias — this conception needed compensation and completion; and since, after all, we cannot conceive of a live, personal God, a person who is at the same time superior not only to human characteristics, but even to male qualities, and since we can still less conceive of a neuter or hermaphrodite God, we resort to the complement of a feminine God, and beside God the Father we have placed the Goddess Mother, she who always pardons because, looking with blind love, she always sees to the bottom of sin, and sees there but one justice, the justice of pardon; she who always consoles, the Mater Dulcissima, the Mother of God, the Virgin Mother. It is the Virgin Mother, Mater Purissima, who is the mother unalloyed, nothing but mother; and, being all that makes woman woman, she is untouched by any human clay; and so there breathes in her and is irradiated from her only the divine inspiration.

The Virgin Mother, the Mother of God. She is the Mother of God, she is poor suffering Humanity. Because, though composed of men and women, Humanity is a woman, is a mother. So is every society, every people. Multitudes are feminine. Gather men together, and hold for certain that it is the feminine in them, what they have of their mothers, which unites them. Poor suffering Humanity is the Mother of God, since it is in her, in her bosom, that the infinite and eternal Consciousness of the Universe is incarnate and manifest. And Humanity is pure, wholly pure,

immaculate, although each man and each woman of us is born impure. Hail, Humanity; full of grace art thou!

Observe, my shepherd Quixotiz, how one proceeds to Humanity from Aldonza, the modest maiden of Toboso; see how love imparts ideas. And see whether, to the sound of thy pastoral flute, a Spanish philosophy of loving-kindness be possible, in spite of the monstrous crows and coughts that nest in the mouth of the cave of Montesinos and strive to drown its melody with their cawings and croakings.

If Don Quixote were to return to the world, he would come as the shepherd Quixotiz, not as a sword-bearing knight-errant; he would be a shepherd of souls, wielding the pen instead of the crook or addressing his flaming words to all goatherds. And who knows whether he has not come again to life —— !

Were Don Quixote to return to earth, he would be a shepherd, or he will be when he comes: a shepherd of peoples. And he will seek ideas from love, and in making them live and prevail he will display all the dash and daring that he put into charging at windmills and freeing galley-slaves. We need him desperately, for it is cowardly thinking that has reduced us to our present debasement, fear to confront the eternal problems, fear to search our hearts, fear to disturb the unquiet depths of our immortal souls. This cowardice leads many to indulge in that cousin of chess, erudition, that opiate for restless souls, or occupation for spiritual sloth.

“I don’t want to study pathology,” said one coward to me. “I don’t even want to know where my liver is or what it’s for; I’d be imagining I had the disease I happened to be reading about. What’s my doctor for and what do I pay him for if it isn’t to

cure me? I turn my responsibility over to him, and if he kills me, that's his look-out; I, at least, shall die without worry or apprehension. And so with the priest: I'm not going to dabble in thoughts about my origin and my destiny, the whence and the whither and the wherefore, and whether there is a God or isn't, and the nature of God, and what the life hereafter is like, if there is one; all those things only give me a headache and rob me of the time and energy I need for earning my children's bread. Let the priest look to it; that's his business: to find out all about it, and celebrate the mass, and absolve me when I confess my sins on my death-bed. And if he deceives himself and me, that's his look-out; he will answer for himself; as for me, there is no deception in believing."

How desperately we need thee, Shepherd Quixotiz, to charge with thy love-given ideas, to thrust with kindly beams of light, at all such pestiferous lies and free the poor spiritual convicts, the galley-slave souls! Even if afterward they stone thee. For they will stone thee; if thou breakest the chains of cowardice that bind them, they will surely stone thee.

They will stone thee. The galley-slaves in spirit stone him that breaks their bonds. And this is precisely the reason they must be freed, just because one will be stoned by them. The first use they make of liberty is to stone the liberator.

The subtlest benefit is the one not recognized as such by the recipient. The greatest charity you can do your neighbour is not to fulfil his wishes or relieve his necessity, but to inflame his desires and multiply his needs. Free him; and when he has stoned you for it and thus exercised his freed arms, he will begin to want liberty.

They will stone you because they will feel lost. They will say: "Liberty? Well, what of it, what can I do with it?"

A galley-slave friend of mine, whose spiritual chains I had set about filing off and in whose soul I was sowing doubts and disquietudes, said to me one day: "See here, let me alone and don't bother me! I'm doing very well as I am, so why these trials and tribulations? If I didn't believe in hell, I'd be a criminal." And I answered: "No, you would go on being what you are and doing what you do and not doing what you don't do now; but if it were not so and you turned criminal, it would be because you are a criminal right now." He rejoined: "I must have a reason for being good, an objective on which to gauge my conduct; I need to know why a thing is bad which my conscience rejects." My sur-rejoinder was: "It is bad because it is repugnant to your conscience, in which God is present." To this he replied: "I don't want to be left in the middle of the ocean, like a man overboard, drowning, lost, and not a spar to grasp at." And I responded: "Spar? I am that spar. I need no spar because I float in the Ocean you mention, which is nothing less than God. Man floats in God without need of any spar whatsoever; and what I am trying to do to you is to take away your spar, to leave you alone, put courage into you, make you feel that you are floating. An objective for your conduct, did you say? And what is that, pray? What other objective do you want than your own self? Men must be thrown into the midst of the Ocean, without a spar to lay hold of, so they may learn to be men, to float. You have so little confidence in God that, though you are in Him, in whom we live and move and have our being, you nevertheless long for a spar to cling to? He will sustain you, without any spar. And if you sink in Him, what of it? These

trials and tribulations and doubts that you fear so much are the beginnings of your drowning; they are the living and everlasting waters that give you the semblance of peace in which you are dying from hour to hour. Let yourself drown, let yourself sink to the bottom, and lose consciousness, and become as a sponge; for thereupon you will return to the surface of the waters where you will see and touch and feel yourself immersed in the Ocean.”

“Yes,” said he, “dead.” “No!” I exclaimed, “resuscitated, and more alive than ever.” And here my poor friend the galley-slave ran away, filled with fear of himself. And later he began throwing stones at me, and when I felt them pelting down on the Mambrino helmet that I cover my head with, I said in my heart: “I thank thee, God, for letting my words fall in the spirit of my friend, not as upon bare rock, but as on good ground, to spring up.”

If thou couldst but hear the spiritual galley-slaves, O Shepherd Quixotiz, prating of their faith and their creeds! If thou couldst hear them, my good shepherd, talk about it to their pastors! I knew one of those pastors for whom the virtue of the whistle with which he called his sheep, the truth of the doctrine in which he indoctrinated them, inattention to which denied them eternal salvation, consisted—imagine!—in its being pure, in its being wholly Spanish! For him heresy was no other than betrayal of the fatherland. And I know a dog of a pastor, a barker of our country’s glories, a guardian of our traditions, for whom religion is only a literary genre, perhaps a branch of the humanities and at most one of the fine arts. Against these wretches thou art needed, my Shepherd Quixotiz, to wash off of the spirit with thy song all that nauseous coating, and to infuse valour in us all so

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we may descend into the cave of Montesinos and there see face to face the visions that may confront us.

It is well understood that the Jesuits, riveters of galley-slaves' chains, cherish a grudge against thee, my Don Quixote, and jubilantly burn the book of thy history, as once they did according to one who broke the chains of the Order, the ex-Jesuit author of *A Sweeping-out in the Company of Jesus*.

Come, O Shepherd Quixotiz, lead us to pasture, and sing the ideas that love inspires in thee!

CHAPTER 68

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE

SOON after Don Quixote had resolved upon the pastoral life, a drove of six hundred pigs scampered and scurried over him, which insult the knight took to be the penalty of his sin; but it did not weigh upon him too grievously to prevent the composition of that little madrigal in which, among other things, he sang:

*Thus life doth slay,
And death again to life restoreth me;
Strange destiny,
That deals with life and death as with a play!*

a marvellous outcry, in which the most intimate conviction of the quixotic spirit is confessed! And observe that when Don Quixote came to express the most abstruse and mysterious and at the same time the most heart-felt sentiment of his glory-madness, he did so in verse, and that, too, after his defeat and after being trampled down by a drove of pigs. Verse is the natural vehicle of

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the soul's profoundest expression. It is the form adopted by San Juan de la Cruz and by Santa Teresa for their most intimate feeling. Thus Don Quixote disclosed in verse the depths of his madness, disclosed his conviction that life was slaying him and that death would restore him again to life, that his longing was a longing for life everlasting, life eternal, for life in death.

*Thus life doth slay,
And death again to life restoreth me!*

Yes, my Don Quixote, death again to life, to an imperishable life, restored thee. Life doth slay us. So said thy sister Teresa de Jesús when she sang:

Rescue me, O God, from death!
Give life indeed!
In this net I gasp for breath,
Let me be freed!
Dying because I cannot go
To live in Thee,
Live I cannot till Thou show
Thy face to me!

CHAPTER 69

OF THE MOST NOVEL AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE
THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE
COURSE OF THIS GREAT HISTORY

SINGING his little madrigal was Don Quixote, and Sancho sleeping his life away, when the new day broke upon them; and in the late afternoon of that day occurred the last of the ducal mockeries. Some ten men on horseback surrounded them, and four or five on foot, and escorted them, to the accompaniment of abusive and

insulting words, to the ducal castle. And there they beheld on a catafalque the dead body of Altisidora, to resuscitate whom Rhadamanthus commanded that Sancho be chucked under the chin four-and-twenty times, and be given twelve pinchings and six pin-pricks in the back and arms. The six duennas so treated him, in spite of his resistance, and Altisidora came to life. Don Quixote, seeing the virtue attributed by Heaven to Sancho's body, on his knees implored him, while the virtue was still potent, to give himself some of the lashes prescribed for the disenchantment of Dulcinea.

Regardless of the vulgar tricks of the ducal pair, the fact is that the body of Sancho has the virtue of disenchanting and resuscitating damsels. The duke and the duchess, their lackeys and waiting-maids, subsist on the body of Sancho; from his body proceeds, ultimately, the power of Dulcinea to exalt her favourites to the temple of eternal fame. Sancho lashes himself with toil in order that others, freed through him, may become enamoured of Dulcinea; Sancho's whippings make the hero a hero, the singer a celebrated minstrel, the saint a saint; and the powerful they equip with power.

At this point the historian utters a great truth, which is *that for his part he considers the concoctors of the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth removed from being something like fools themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.* But hold — neither Don Quixote nor Sancho can be called fools, though the duke and duchess can indeed be so called, for that is what they were unqualifiedly, and, like fools in general, they were malign and malicious. There is, in fact, no good fool; the fool, espe-

cially if given to mischievous tricks, chews the bitter cud of envy. At bottom the duke and the duchess did not forgive Don Quixote for the renown he had acquired, and they aspired to add their names to the immortal name of the knight. But the wise historian severely chastised them by silently omitting their names, and thus they failed of their purpose. They remain merely the duke and the duchess, the mirror of fools and mould of the evil-minded.

A little after the resurrection of Altisidora this most impudent damsel entered Don Quixote's room, and in their conversation the knight uttered those memorable words: *There is no other I in the world*. It is the twin sister of that other sentence of his: *I know who I am*!

There is no other I in the world! Behold a declaration we ought never to forget; above all when, grieving over our inevitable departure some day, they assail us with their ridiculous gabble about our being but atoms in the universe and that without us the stars will continue in their courses, and that the good will be realized without our assistance, and that it is an erring pride to fancy that all this vast fabric was created for our welfare. There is no other I in the world! Each of us is unique and irreplaceable.

There is no other I in the world. Each of us is absolute. If there is a God who has made and maintains the world, He has made and maintains it for me! There is no other I! There are others greater and smaller, better and worse, but not another I. I am something entirely new. In me is summed up an eternity of the past, and from me begins an eternity of the future. There is no other I. This is the one solid basis of love among men, for neither is there another thou than thou, nor another he than he.

As the conversation went on, it developed that the light

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Altisidora, for all her mockery, was genuinely piqued by the aloofness of Don Quixote. It is impossible for a maid to feign love by way of a joke and not take it ill if she is not answered with love in good earnest. And such was Altisidora's vexation at her failure that she heaped upon Don Quixote such abuse as *Don Vanquished* and *Don Cudgelled* and declared that the resurrection was pure make-believe.

This passage should suffice to convince us of the vivid reality and truth of the history which I am expounding and commenting on, for this sketch of the scorned woman turning from jest to earnest is one of the things that are not and cannot be invented. I have a feeling that if Don Quixote should falter and yield and make love to her, she would give herself up to him body and soul, if only to be able to boast afterwards that she had been possessed by a madman whose fame resounded throughout the world. That young woman's levity all arose from idleness, as Don Quixote himself declared to the duke and the duchess. Doubtless, but we are not told what kind of idleness caused her levity.

CHAPTER 71

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS
SQUIRE SANCHE ON THE WAY TO THEIR VILLAGE

MASTER and squire departed from the ducal residence and resumed the road to their village. On the way Don Quixote offered to pay Sancho for the lashes, *at which proposal Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a palm's breadth wide and in his heart very readily acquiesced in whipping himself*, for his love for wife and

children forced him to seem grasping, as he himself said. Sancho reckoned the sum at eight hundred twenty-five reals, and Don Quixote exclaimed: "*O blessed Sancho! O dear Sancho! How we shall be bound to serve thee, Dulcinea and I, all the days of our lives that Heaven may grant us!*" And when night came, Sancho retreated among some trees, and, *making a powerful and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall*, he stripped himself from the waist upwards, and *began to lay on, and Don Quixote began to count the lashes*. After six or eight of them, Sancho asked for an increased compensation, and his master doubled the price. *But the rogue no longer laid them on his back, but on the trees, with such groans every now and then that one would have thought at each of them his soul was being plucked up by the roots.*

Observe, Sancho, this whipping transaction between thee and thy master is a perfect symbol of what happens in thy life. I have told thee heretofore that we all live by thy flagellations, including those of us who philosophize about them and put them in verses. There is a period in which force is used to enslave thee and oblige thee to whip thyself; but the time comes in which thou doest as thou didst to thy master and natural lord Don Quixote; namely, rebel against him that would force thee to it and set thy knee on his chest and exclaim: "*I am my own master!*" Whereupon there is a change of tactics and they offer thee money for the lashings, which is a fresh deceit, since out of the lashings comes the payment which is given thee for them. Meantime thou, poor Sancho, moved by love for wife and children, consentest, and preparest to flog thyself. But how canst thou do so willingly and in earnest unless persuaded of the value of the punishment? Thou layest six or eight lashes on thy body, and on the trees the

remaining thirty-two hundred and ninety-two. The most of thy labour is lost. The most of all human labour is lost. And it is natural that it should be so. With what devotion will a wretch polish jewels who polishes them merely to earn a living and without being persuaded of the social value of the jewels? With what zest will a man make toys for the children of the rich who makes them to earn bread for his own children, who have no toys to play with?

Most human toil is a labour of Sisyphus, and the people are unaware that it is but a pretext for giving them their daily bread, not as their own, but as another's, which they are mercifully allowed to earn. The point is in Sancho's receiving his salary as a thing not belonging to him save by virtue of self-inflicted punishment, which is graciously permitted him. And to confirm and perpetuate the lie about the right of private property and of monopoly of the earth by the powerful, flogging was invented, however absurd this may appear. And thus it was that Sancho laid the lashes on with the same zeal observed in those poor fellows who today pry up paving-stones when in midwinter, while floggings are scarce, they are set to work by the city authorities, with orders to dig up the pavement and then put it back, thereby justifying the shameful alms!

Penelope's web, and cask of the Danaides is the most of thy toil, Sancho. The fact is, it is costly to thee to earn thy bread; for it thou must render thanks to those who allot thee thy chastisement, must concede that they pay thee out of their own pockets, and must not set foot in their fields as thou didst thy knee on their chest. Thou doest quite right, therefore, in flaying the trees with a head-stall, since they will pay thee the same for it,

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the reason being that they do not pay thee for whipping thyself, but to keep thee from rebelling. Thy procedure is quite right, but thou wouldst do even better to turn the head-stall from time to time against thy masters and give them a good flogging instead of the trees, and drive them out of their grain-fields, or else let them share with thee in common the ploughing and the sowing thereof.

CHAPTERS 72 AND 73

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO REACHED THEIR VILLAGE

As they went on, they met at an inn Don Alvaro Tarfe; two days later Sancho had completed his lashings, and ere long they descried their village. They entered it and their homes. And Don Quixote having made his proposal to the priest and the bachelor that they all turn shepherds, Carrasco revealed his own weakness, the madness imparted to him by Don Quixote which had led him to conquer the knight, when he declared: "*I am, as all the world knows, a very famous poet.*" Did I not tell you that the bachelor was touched with the same folly as the knight? Had he not, perchance, amid the gilded stones of Salamanca, dreamed the dream of not dying?

When the housekeeper overheard that about turning shepherd, she counselled him to "*stay at home, look after your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my soul be it if any evil comes to you.*"

This good housekeeper says little, but when she speaks, she empties her mind with few words. And how well she reasons,

with what good sense! The advice she gave her master is the same we all receive from those that love us well.

Love us well! — Love us well! — Ah, love, love, how I fear thee! The moment I hear a friend say: “I love you well,” or “Heed those of us who love you well,” I begin to tremble. Those that love me well — and who are they that love me well? Those that desire me to be such as they wish their loved ones to be. Ah, love, love, terrible love, which leads us to seek in the beloved the one we have made of him! Who loves me as I am? Thou, Thou alone, my God, who, by loving me, continuously createst me, since my very existence is the work of Thy eternal love.

Stay at home — And why must I stay at home? Let each stay in his own home and there will be no God to stay in the home of all.

Look after your affairs — And what are my affairs? My glory is my affair.

Go often to confession — My life and work are a continual confession. Alas for the man who must withdraw at stated times and places in order to confess. Does not the sort of confession of which the housekeeper speaks educate us, perhaps, to be both close-mouthed and tattle-tales?

Be good to the poor — Yes, but to the genuinely poor, the poor in spirit, and not in the way they request, but the way they need.

Reader, listen: although I am not acquainted with you, I love you so much that if I could hold you in my hands, I would open your breast and in your heart's core tear open a wound and rub vinegar and salt into it, so that you could never again have peace and would live in perpetual anguish and possessed by end-

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less and infinite longing. If with my Quixote I have not succeeded in unsettling you, it is, believe me, because of my dullness, because this dead paper on which I write neither screams nor shrieks nor sighs nor mourns, because the language has not been invented by which you and I might understand one another.

And now let us go to attend upon the worthy dying of Don Quixote.

CHAPTER 74

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK,
AND OF THE WILL HE MADE, AND HOW HE DIED

*His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.*

*The last stanza of the monody composed by Jorge
Manrique on the death of his father, Don Rodrigo
Manrique, Grand Master of Santiago*¹

WE come at last, O reader, to the end of this moving story, to the coronation of the life of Don Quixote; that is, to his death, since all life is crowned and closed in death and since life should be viewed by the light of death. So true is this that the old saying, "As the life has been, so the death will be" — *sicut vita finis ita* — must be changed to read: "As is the death, so was the life." A good and glorious death enriches and glorifies the whole life, however evil and infamous that life may have been; and a bad death vitiates

¹ Longfellow's translation. — *Translator.*

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a seemingly most excellent life. The mystery of life, its secret heart, is revealed at death. In the death of Don Quixote the mystery of his quixotic life is unveiled.

A fever settled upon him and kept him in bed for six days; the doctor declared him past recovery; he was left alone and slept more than six hours at one stretch. At the end of that time he awoke and in a loud voice exclaimed: "*Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth His mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor keep them back!*" Pious words, indeed! The niece asked him their meaning and he answered: "*The mercies, niece, are those that God has this moment shown me, and with Him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of ignorance that my unhappy constant study of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and deceptions, and it grieves me only that this destruction of my illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some amends by reading other books, that might be a light to my soul. Niece, I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not that the fact should be made plainer at my death.*"

Poor Don Quixote! About to die and by the light of death he confesses and declares that his life has been but a mad dream. Life's a dream! Such, in the last analysis, is the truth at which Don Quixote arrives at death's door, and thus he is at one with his brother Sigismund.

But he still grieves that he cannot read other books,

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that might be a light to his soul. Books? Can it be, noble hidalgo, that thou art not yet disillusioned concerning them? Books made thee a knight-errant, books led thee on to be a shepherd; and what if those books that might be a light to thy soul should send thee off to other, though new, kinds of errantries? Is it not opportune to recall here once more Ignatius de Loyola at Pamploña, wounded and in bed, asking to have brought to him some books of chivalry with which to kill time, and obtaining the life of Christ Our Lord and the *Flos Sanctorum*, which urged him on to be a knight of divine errantry?

Don Quixote called in his good friends the priest, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for he wished to confess and to make his will. And the instant he saw the three of them entering, he exclaimed: "*Good news for you, good sirs, that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, whose way of life won for him the name of Good.*" A few days before, in talking with Don Alvaro de Tarfe, who called him "the Good," he said: "*I don't know whether I am good, but I can safely say I am not 'the Bad,'*" perhaps reminded of the passage in the Gospel: "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one; that is, God" (Matt. xix. 17). Yet now, at the point of death and illumined by the light of death, he says his way of life won for him *the name of Good*. Name! Renown! How hard to pull up, my Don Quixote, is the root of madness in thy life! The renown of "the Good"! Renown!

He continued piously to declare his abomination of Amadis of Gaul and of *the whole countless troop of his descendants*; and as they listened, the three had no doubt whatever *that some new craze had seized him*. And so in truth it was: he was

seized by the last lunacy, the incurable madness of death. Life is, assuredly, a dream; but tell us, ill-starred Don Quixote, thou who didst awake from the dream of thy madness only to die abominating it, tell us: is not death a dream, too? Ah, but if it were an everlasting dream, a dream without dreaming and without waking, then, dear knight, what more would the sanity of thy death be worth than the insanity of thy life? If death be a dream, my Don Quixote, why must the giants be windmills, the armies sheep, Dulcinea a rude peasant, and men mockers? If death be a dream, thy longing for immortality was indeed madness, utter madness.

And if thy madness was a dream and a vanity, what but illusion and emptiness is all human heroism, all effort for the good of mankind, all aid to the needy and all war on oppression? If thy idea of not dying was a vain dream, then the only ones in all the world who are right are the bachelors Carrasco, the dukes, the Don Antonio Morenos; in short, all the jokers and mockers who make sport of goodness and ridicule the brave. If thy longing for eternal life was a dream, a vanity, the whole truth is enshrined in these verses of the Odyssey (viii. 579-580):

τὸν δὲ θεοὶ μὲν τεῦξαν, ἐπεκλώσαντο δ' ὄλεθρον
ἀνθρώποις ἵνα ᾗσι καὶ ἐσομένοισιν αἰοιδῇ

“The gods spin threads of death for men, to furnish themes for future song.” Then we could indeed say with thy brother Sigismund that “Man’s greatest crime is to have been born.” It would in that case be better for us never to have seen the light of day, never to have breathed the air of life.

What, then, my Don Quixote, drove thee to thy mad

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quest for renown and made thee aspire to live gloriously on in the memory of men, unless it was thy longing not to die, the thirst for immortality, the inheritance received from our fathers whereby "we have an appetite for divinity and a fury and frenzy of wanting to be more than we are," to quote the words of Father Alonso Rodríguez, thy contemporary (*Exercise in Perfection and the Christian Virtues*, eighth treatise, chap. xv)? What but the horror of having to end in nothingness makes us crave to be everything, as the only escape from falling into so frightful a trap as extinction?

But there was Sancho, at the summit of his faith, to which he had climbed after so many tumbles, frights, and blunders. And Sancho, hearing him voice his disillusionment, exclaimed: "*What? Señor Don Quixote! Now that we hear of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, how can you talk so? Now, just as we are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush, for heaven's sake! Collect yourself, come to your senses, and let's have no more nonsense.*" Remarkable words! *Collect yourself! Come to your senses, and let's have no more nonsense!* But alas, friend Sancho, thy master can no longer come to his senses, but must return to the bosom of the all-bearing earth, who gives birth to us all and gathers us all again into the shadow. Poor Sancho! Thou remainest alone with thy faith, the faith thy master gave thee!

Let's have no more nonsense! "*All that nonsense,*" replied Don Quixote, "*which till now has done me such real harm, my death will turn, with heaven's help, to my good.*" Yes, my Don Quixote, that nonsense is thy profit. Thy death was even more

heroic than thy life, because at its threshold thou didst make the grandest of renunciations, the renunciation of thy glory, of thy work. Thy death was a stately sacrifice. At the lofty peak of thy passion, laden with ridicule, thou renoucest, not thyself, but something greater than thou, thy work. And glory is thine for ever.

The priest turned them all out and, left alone with him, confessed him. . . . The confession over, the priest came out, saying: "Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind. We may now go in to him while he makes his will." The housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho burst into tears, for of a truth *Don Quixote, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote de la Mancha, was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.* He was always good, first of all and above all, good, good with a native goodness. And this goodness, which was the basis of Alonso Quixano's sanity and of his exemplary death, this same goodness underlay Don Quixote's madness and his most exemplary life. The root of thy madness for immortality, the root of thy longing to live through the endless ages, the root of thine intense desire not to die, was thy goodness, my Don Quixote. The good is not resigned to disintegration; it feels that its goodness partakes of the nature of God, of that God who is the God, not of the dead, but the living, since for His sake all things live. Goodness fears neither the infinite nor the eternal; it is aware that it comes to completion and perfection only in the human soul; it knows that the realization of the Good in the process of nature is a lie. The criterion is the being good, be life's dream what it may. So said Sigismund (Act II, scene iv):

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I am dreaming, and I would
Act well my part, for what is good
Even in dreams is never lost.

And if goodness makes us immortal, what sounder sanity than that of dying? *Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind*; he dies to the madness of life, he awakes from his dream.

Don Quixote made his will and in it a well-deserved mention of Sancho, for if, when his master was mad, he had a share in giving Sancho the government of an island, *now that he was in his senses he would, if he could, give him that of a kingdom, because the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it*. And then, turning to Sancho, he tried to break down his faith and convince him that knights-errant never existed; to which Sancho, overflowing with faith and stark mad at the moment his master was dying sound of mind, answered weeping: "*Ah! Don't die, master! But take my advice and live many years! For the foolishlest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rhyme or reason.*" The foolishlest thing, Sancho?

My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die,¹

thy master could have answered thee, in the words of the Grand Master Don Rodrigo Manrique as put in his mouth by his son Don Jorge, he of the immortal threnody.

¹ Longfellow's translation. — *Translator*.

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And having delivered himself on the folly of letting oneself die, the ruling passion asserted itself, and Sancho spoke in glowing words of Dulcinea and books of chivalry. O heroic Sancho, how few observe thee reaching the top of thy madness just when thy master was plunging into the abyss of sound sense, and see that around his death-bed thy faith was shining, thy faith, Sancho, the faith of thee who art not dead and wilt not die! Don Quixote lost his faith and died; thou didst receive it and livest; it required his death in disillusion in order that thou mightest live in life-giving illusion.

Oh, Sancho, how sad at such a time is thy mention of Dulcinea, while thy master prepares for the crisis of death! He is no longer Don Quixote, but Alonso Quixano the Good, the timid hidalgo who for twelve years loved as the light of his eyes, soon to be devoured by the earth, Aldonza Lorenzo, daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo and Aldonza Nogales, of Toboso. In reminding him on his death-bed, Sancho, of his lady, thou remindest him of the pretty girl whom his eyes enjoyed, and that by stealth, only four times in twelve long years of solitude and modesty. The hidalgo would now see her married and surrounded by her children, glorying in her husband, making life fruitful in Toboso. Perhaps he thought, there on his bachelor's death-bed, of how he might have called her to him and drunk life from her there. And he would have died without glory; Dulcinea, from the heaven of madness, would not have summoned him; but he would have felt on his cold lips the ardent lips of Aldonza, he would have been surrounded by the children in whom he would survive. Oh, to have her there, by thy death-bed, good hidalgo, the bed in which your several lives had so often merged in one; to have her there, holding thy hand in

hers, imparting their warmth to thine, from which the warmth was escaping; to see the blinding light of the ultimate mystery, the light of darkness, appearing in her weeping, frightened eyes, and with thine own fixed on them and passing beyond, even unto the eternal vision! Thou wast dying without having enjoyed love, the only love that conquers death; and then, when Sancho mentioned Dulcinea, thou must have recalled in thy heart those twelve long years tortured by invincible shyness. It was thy last battle, my Don Quixote, not seen by those about thy death-bed.

The bachelor came to Sancho's support, and, hearing him, Don Quixote said: "*Sirs, not so fast: 'In last year's nests there are no birds this year.' I was mad, now I am in my senses. I was Don Quixote of La Mancha; I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good. And may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me.*" Restored, sir knight, to thy senses only to die; again Alonso Quixano the Good, only to die. Look, poor Alonso Quixano, look at thy people and see whether they will come to their senses only to die straightway. Bruised, battered, they return to their village after their defeat yonder in the Americas. To get over their madness? Who knows! — Perhaps to die. Perhaps to die were Sancho, the full of faith, not left to succeed thee. For thy faith, sir knight, is treasured up in Sancho today.

Sancho, who has not died, is the heir of thy spirit, good hidalgo, and those that are faithful to thee are hoping that some day Sancho will feel his soul swell with quixotism, and old memories of his squirely life revive and flower, and that he will go to thy house, carry thine armour to the village smithy to be

refashioned to his size and shape, put it on, lead Rocinante from the stall, mount, take up thy lance — the lance with which thou gavest freedom to the galley-slaves and didst unhorse the Knight of the Mirrors — and, heedless of thy niece's protests, sally forth to the venturesome life, transformed from squire to knight-errant. Then, then will be the time, my Don Quixote, when thy spirit will at last fit into the world. It is Sancho, thy faithful Sancho, it is Sancho the good, he who became mad while thou wast recovering from thy madness on thy death-bed, Sancho is the one who will impress quixotism upon the world of men for ever. When thy faithful Sancho, noble knight, shall mount thy Rocinante, wearing thine armour and grasping thy lance, thou wilt come to life in him; and then thy dream shall come true. Dulcinea will take you both in her arms and strain you to her breast and make you one.

Sirs, not so fast: "In last year's nests there are no birds this year." Vanished is the dream.

Experience tells me man but dreams
The things he lives, the thing he seems,
Until at last he wakes.
The king but dreams himself a king,
And lives illusioned governing,
Till Death his sceptre takes.

(Life's a Dream, II. 19)

Don Quixote dreams he is a knight-errant, until his adventures —

To ashes cold Death turns them all —
Oh, sad, oh, dreadful doom!

(II. 19)

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What was the life of Don Quixote?

What, then, is life? Illusion vain,
A moving shadow, a tale inane;
And small the greatest good.
For life, all life, is but a seeming,
And dreams themselves are naught but dreaming.
(II. 19)

*Ah! Don't die, master! But take my advice and live
many years!*

Again! What's this? Wouldst have me dream
New grandeurs, for old Time's swift stream
To melt and sweep away?
Wouldst have me reign again, my crown
Shift sudden to a leaf and flutter down
The wind of destiny?
(III. 3)

*Sirs, not so fast: "In last year's nests there are no birds
this year."*

Shadows, away! Away! Ye jest
With my dead senses, and invest
A shade with substance. No!
I will not have a picture throne;
Your shadow pomps I now disown.
Illusions all! Let blow
The faintest breeze, the lightest breath—
They fade, they wither away in death
Like almond petals.
(III. 3)

Let me be; for I say, with my sister Teresa de Jesús:

Not here! The real life is on high;
Yonder is life, above.
Joyless are life and love
Till this life dies. Draw near,
O Death! O kindly Death, draw near!
I die because I do not die.

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Sirs, not so fast: "In last year's nests there are no birds this year." Or, as Ignatius de Loyola said when, about to waken from the dream of life, they offered him a little food: "There is no time for that now" (Rivadeneira, Book IV, chapter xvi) ; and Ignatius died, as some fifty years later Don Quixote was to die, simply, with no theatrical gathering about his bedside, not making of death a spectacle, but dying as true saints and true heroes die, almost like the animals: just lying down to die.

The good Alonso Quixano continued dictating his will, and bequeathed his entire estate, in absolute possession, to Antonia Quixana his niece, but with the proviso that *if she desires to marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall first of all be ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if in spite of this my niece insists on marrying him and does marry him, she shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.* How clearly Don Quixote perceived that the office of husband and that of knight-errant are wholly irreconcilable! While dictating this clause, may not the good hidalgo have been thinking of Aldonza, and that if he had only broken the seal of his excessive love, he would be sitting beside the hearth of their home, with her arm round him, and would have been spared those chivalresque misadventures?

Thy will is being executed, Don Quixote; thy youthful compatriots are renouncing all the chivalries in order to enjoy the estates of thy nieces, who comprise most Spanish women, and to enjoy the nieces themselves. In their arms all heroism is stifled. They tremble for fear their lovers and husbands will be seized

with the same caprice that carried away their uncle. Thy niece, Don Quixote, reigns and governs in Spain today; thy niece, not Sancho. The timid, shrinking, home-staying Antonia Quixana, she who feared thou wouldst have the whim to turn poet, *an incurable and infectious disease*; she who so zealously helped the priest and the barber to burn thy books; she who counselled thee to leave off looking for rainbow gold; she who dared tell thee to thy face that all that about knights-errant was fable and fiction, a maidenly effrontery that provoked thee to exclaim: "*By the God that gives me life, if thou wert not my full niece, the daughter of my own sister, I would inflict upon thee a chastisement for the blasphemy thou hast uttered which all the world should ring with*" — this is the young hussy who hardly knows how to handle a dozen lace-bobbins and yet dares to wag her tongue and criticize the histories of knights-errant — such is she who drives, directs, and manipulates the sons of thy Spain as if they were marionettes. She is not Dulcinea, far from it; nor is she Aldonza Lorenzo, for whom one sighs through twelve years without having seen her but four times or made love to her at all; it is Antonia Quixana, scarcely able to handle a dozen lace-bobbins, who today handles the men of thy country.

Petty-minded Antonia Quixana, believing her husband a poor fellow, holds him back and prevents him from engaging in heroic adventure in which he might acquire eternal fame and renown. Even if it were Dulcinea —— ! Dulcinea, yes, however strange it may seem, Dulcinea, too, can move one to renounce all glory, to give oneself the glory of renouncing it. Dulcinea, or, rather, Aldonza. Aldonza, the ideal, can say to him: "Come, come here to my arms and dissolve in tears thy longings on my breast;

come! I see, I see for thee a lofty rock lifted up in the ages of mankind, a peak on which all thy brothers shall contemplate thee; I see thee acclaimed by their generations. But come to me and renounce all that. Thou shalt be the greater for it, my Alonso, thou shalt be greater. Kiss my mouth, all of it, surfeit it in its silence with hot kisses, and renounce a career in which thy name would be left cold in the mouths of those thou wilt never know. Wilt thou hear, thinkest thou, what they say of thee when thou art dead? Then bury all thy love in my breast. If it is a great love, it is best for thee to bury it in me and not squander it on passing empty-pates. They do not deserve to admire thee, my Alonso, indeed they do not! Thou shalt be mine alone, and thus thou shalt be a better gift to the whole universe and to God. Thine influence and thy heroism shall thus seem lost, but never mind! Art thou perchance aware of the vast outflow of life which, noticed by none, rises from a silent and heroic love and spreads beyond all mankind, to the bounds of the farthest stars? Knowest thou the mysterious energy which envelops a whole people and its coming generations to the end of time, derived from a happy pair blessed by a triumphant and silent love? Canst thou not feel what it is to keep life's sacred fire alive and even feed it to a higher and higher flame in a hidden and unspoken worship? Love, merely by the fact of loving and without any other effort, is a heroic accomplishment. Come, and in my arms renounce all endeavour, for thy repose and obscurity within them shall be a source of the splendid deeds of those who will never know thy name. When even the echo of thy name is lost in the air, and the air itself dissipated, the embers of thy love shall still warm the ruins of the worlds. Come, and give thyself to me, Alonso, for although thou goest not out on the highways

to right wrongs, thy greatness will not be lost; in my bosom nothing is lost. Come, I will lead thee from the repose of my lap to the final and unending rest! ”

In such a strain Aldonza might speak to him, and by renouncing in her arms all glory Alonso would be great. But thou, Antonia, thou canst not speak thus. Thou dost not think love worth more than glory; what thou believest is that neither love nor glory is worth the lulling peace of the hearth, that neither glory nor love is as precious as the safety of bread and butter; thou believest that the goblins will get you if you don't watch out, and knowest not that love, like glory, is ever on the watch.

Alonso Quixano completed his will, received extreme unction; expressed anew his abomination of books of chivalry, and *amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit; that is to say, died*, the historian adds.

Yielded up his spirit! And to whom? Where is he now? Where is he dreaming? Where is he living? What gulf of sanity is there where souls rest when cured of the dream of life and the madness of not dying? O my God! Thou who gavest life and spirit to Don Quixote in the life and spirit of his people; Thou who didst inspire in Cervantes that profoundly Christian epic; Thou, God of my dream, where receivest Thou the souls of those that traverse this dream of life touched by the mad thirst for living through all the ages to come? Thou gavest us the craving for fame and renown, as the shadow of Thy glory; the world will pass away; shall we, too, pass with it, O my God?

Life is a dream! Will this universe of Thine, O God, prove also a dream, this universe of which Thou art the infinite and eternal Consciousness? Is it perchance a dream of Thine? Can

it be that Thou art dreaming us? Are we perhaps a dream, Thy dream, we dreamers of life? And if it be so, what will become of the universe, of us, of me, when Thou, God of my life, awakest? Dream us, Lord! Perhaps Thou awakest, for those that are good, when death rouses them from the dream of life. May it be that we, poor dreams that dream, can dream that which is man's watch in Thine eternal vigil, O God? What if goodness be the watchman's light, the splendour of vigilance, in the darkness of the dream? To do good is better, a thousand times better, than puzzling over Thy dream and our dream, scrutinizing the universe and inquiring into the nature of life,

For even in dreams
Good deeds are never lost.

Better than investigating the things that appear to us evil, to determine whether they be windmills or giants, is following the heart's impulse and attacking them; for every whole-hearted attack emanates from the dream of life. We get wisdom from our acts, not from our meditations. Dream us, O God of our dream!

Let Sancho keep his dream, his faith, O God; let him believe in his life everlasting, and dream of being a shepherd yonder in the infinite fields of Thy bosom, ceaselessly composing songs to the eternal Life which is Thyself. Let him keep his dream, God of my Spain! Lord, on the day Thy servant Sancho recovers from his madness, he will die, and with him will die his Spain, Thy Spain. Thou didst found this Thy people, Lord, the people of Thy servants Don Quixote and Sancho, on faith in personal immortality. Consider, Lord, that this is our life's reason; and that it is our destiny among the peoples to cause our heart's truth to illumine the minds of men against all the darkness of logic and

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argument and to console the hearts of those condemned to the dream of life.

*Thus life doth slay,
And death restore our lives again.*

The historian adds that the priest begged the notary to bear witness *that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove the possibility of any other author bringing him to life again falsely;* and farther on is the declaration that he lies in the grave stretched at full length, powerless to make any third expedition or new sally.

But do you believe Don Quixote is not to come to life again? There are those who believe he has not died; that the one who is dead, really dead, is Cervantes, who sought to kill him, and not Don Quixote. There are those who believe he rose from the dead on the third day, and that he will return to earth in the flesh to resume his quest of knightly adventure. And he will return when Sancho, oppressed today by memories, shall feel the hot course of the blood he stored up during his squirely errandries, and shall, as I have said, mount Rocinante and, encased in his master's armour, take up the lance and set forth to act the part of Don Quixote. Then will his master come, incarnate in him. Up, heroic Sancho, revive that faith thy master kindled in thee, which cost thee so dear to rouse and make strong! Up!

There is no account of any miracle of his performed after death, as is told of the Cid, who as a corpse won a battle, and of whom it is related that while he lay dead, a Jew approached with intent to touch his beard, which in his life no one had touched:

Before his hand reached to that beard,
 His sword the good Cid drew,
 His sword Tizona from its sheath
 A palm's breadth came to view.
 The Jew jumped back and gasped with fright,
 With horror swooned away,
 He fell upon his back and there
 He like a dead man lay.

I do not know that Don Quixote won a battle after death. I do know that many Jews dare touch his beard. If Don Quixote performed any miracle after his death, it has not become known. But are not those he performed in his lifetime enough? And was not his whole adventurous career a perpetual miracle? The more so in view of what is pointed out in the last chapter of the work so frequently cited in these pages, where Father Riva-deneira, in speaking of the miracles God wrought through Saint Ignatius, says that of all men born of woman there has not been one, according to the Gospel, greater than St. John the Baptist; yet the Gospel itself says: "John did no miracle." And if the pious biographer considers Loyola's greatest miracle to be his founding of the Company of Jesus, may we not regard as Don Quixote's greatest miracle the fact that he caused his biography to be written by Cervantes, a man who in his other works showed the feebleness of his genius and how inferior he naturally was in the gifts necessary to one who should recount, as Cervantes did indeed recount, the deeds of the Ingenious Gentleman?

There is no doubt that in *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha* Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra appears far superior to anything we might have expected of him in view of his other works. He outdid himself, conspicuously. This suggests the belief that the Arab historian Cide Hamete Benengeli

is something more than a literary device and conceals a profound truth, which is that the story was dictated to Cervantes by another man, whom Cervantes harboured within himself, a spirit dwelling in the depths of his soul; and that the two were not in communication at any other time, either before or afterwards. The immense disparity between the history of our knight and all the other works of Cervantes, this obvious, indubitable, and splendid miracle, is the principal reason — if there were, as there is not, a lack of reasons, always poor ones — for believing and confessing the history to be true and genuine, and that Don Quixote himself, enveloped in Cide Hamete Benengeli, dictated it to Cervantes. And I even suspect that while I have been expounding and commenting on this life, Don Quixote and Sancho have secretly visited me without my knowledge, and uncovered and displayed to me the inmost sanctuary of their hearts.

I must add here that whereas we often regard a writer as a real, genuine, historic person because we have seen him in the flesh, and consider as purely imaginary the characters he portrays in his fictions, the truth is just the contrary: his characters are the realities, the real people, and they make use of him who seems to us of flesh and bone in order to take on form and being themselves.

In this respect there will be many strange things to be seen when we all awake from the dream of life. The wise will be startled when they learn what is true and what is false, and how far astray we were in believing there was any value, even the slightest, in that riddle which we call logic, outside of this miserable world in which those tyrants of the spirit, time and space, hold us fast.

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Strange indeed the things we shall learn yonder, respecting life and death. We shall observe the profundity of the first part of the epitaph which Samson Carrasco placed on the grave of Don Quixote:

*Here lies a gentleman so brave,
Whose matchless courage rose so high,
He triumphed even o'er the grave.
Death sought his valour to defy;
Yet, dying, he made Death his slave.*

And so it is. For Don Quixote, because of his death, is immortal. Death is our immortalizer.

Nothing passes away, nothing is dissipated, no thing is reduced to nothingness. The smallest particle of matter is eternalized. The feeblest touch of energy is everlasting. And there is no vision, however fleeting, which does not for ever remain reflected somewhere. Just as if, on passing a point in the infinity of darkness, all that passed were to kindle and shine for a moment, so for a moment shines in our present consciousness each thing that passes through it from the unplumbed deep of the future to the bottomless depths of the past. There is no vision nor thing nor moment of consciousness which does not descend to the eternal abyss from which it rose, and there it remains. This sudden and momentary lighting of dark matter is a dream, life is a dream; and when the flash is gone, its reflection sinks to the dark depths and there remains and persists until, some day, a supreme effort illumines it again and for ever. Death, that is, does not triumph over life with the death of life. Life and Death are ineffectual terms we use in this prison of time and space; both have a common root, and the network of this root ramifies throughout the eternity of the infinite, in God, the Consciousness of the Universe.

The story ended, the historian put aside his pen, and thus addressed it: *Rest here, hung up by this brass wire, on this hook, O my pen! Whether thou art of skilful make or clumsy cut I know not; but here shalt thou remain long ages hence, unless presumptuous or malignant story-tellers take thee down, to profane thee.*

God forbid that I meddle here and tell things that may have escaped the notice of Don Quixote's careful and punctilious biographer; I never pretended to erudition, nor have I ever examined the chivalric archives of La Mancha. I have only tried to expound and comment on the life of Don Quixote.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; it was his to act, mine to write, the historian makes his pen declare. And I say that Don Quixote and Sancho were born so that Cervantes might narrate and I expound and comment on their lives. Cervantes was born to record and interpret them, and I was born to comment on them.—Neither narrative, exposition, nor commentary, my dear lord Don Quixote, is possible except to him who is touched with thine own madness for not dying. Plead for me, then, O my lord and patron, intercede in my favour before Dulcinea of Toboso—now disenchanted, thanks to thy Sancho's penance—pray that she take my hand in hers and lead me to the immortality of renown and fame. And if life be a dream, let me dream it endlessly!

We, Fortune, now begin our reign.
Wake me not if I do dream.

(*Life's a Dream*, II. 4)

καὶ μάχόμεν κατ'ἑμ'αὐτὸν ἐγώ
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α' σοά

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